

Pokemon Reset Bloodlines (Ash Ketchum Peggy Sue/Alternate Universe Fanfic)

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Pokemon Reset Bloodlines

Summary:

Going back to save the world is tough; it's tougher when the...

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Introduction

Pokemon Reset Bloodlines

Summary:

Going back to save the world is tough; it's tougher when the process ends up radically altering your reality. When the new world Ash wakes up in differs from the old one in many ways, Ash will have to adapt his battle experience to a new world, and what are these mysterious Bloodlines that everyone fears? Ash X Harem, Anime world with some Adventures and Game canon.

Premise:

Cyrus has destroyed the universe, and to stop this from happening, Arceus sends Ash Ketchum back in time to stop him before he could succeed. However, Arceus was not as skilled as Dialga and Celebi at sending people through time, and the process caused unpredictable changes to the timeline.

When Ash arrives back in time, he encounters a world both familiar and unfamiliar. With a certain few others who could remember the original timeline, Ash explores this new world and discovers what stayed the same and what changed.

The main story is a multi-chaptered story first published on December 20, 2013. The finalised version is [here](#).

The TvTropes page is [here](#).

Discord invite is here: [Join the The Official Pokémon Reset Bloodlines Server Discord Server!](#)

Last edited: Apr 11, 2021

Main Story Snip 1

I was given a suggestion to show you some of my work in progress. Here it be.

So behold, the one scene so far not taking place in the Safari Zone.

...

Otoshi would like to say he had no idea how he got talked into this, but he knew exactly how.

The scraggly brown-haired kid with the foreign accent had apples, his food bag had been snagged out of his hands by a Fearow two days ago, and his father had always told him about honoring debts, especially involving apples.

He figured the kid would just want help with moving a couch though, not something so elaborate.

Said favor found themselves on a mountain top, wind blowing amidst dark clouds that rumbled threatening sounds that one really should not be hearing when atop a mountain.

The kid, at least in appearance given his lack of height and muscle mass, was kneeling in front of Marowak. Marowak looked uncomfortable as the process continued, before the kid stood up and nodded.

"Voila!" He declared as he stood back and let Otoshi see what he had done.

Otoshi only had one world for it.

"Huh?"

The kid held up a finger as he began to explain what it was he done, and more importantly why.

"These mountains are infamous for intense lightning storms since ancient times. The lightning here is particularly noted for how it reacts to the local mineral deposits, creating a electromagnetic feedback loop that is highly addictive and aggression inducing to Electric-type Pokemon." The Kalosian noted as Otoshi cringed.

He knew that quite well. He and Marowak had to fight off 3 Electabuzz acting like the worst drug addicts he had ever seen, just with electric fists instead of bongos. It was good training, but there were healthier ways to prepare to go for his sixth badge in Pewter City.

"Yes, but I still would like to know why that involves my Marowak standing on top a mountain, with my keystone, in a bowtie."

Marowak adjusted the blue and green stripped adornment with the Keystone in the center as the kid continued.

"It's a simple explanation. You see my granny is a master Mega Evolution trainer. She won the Kalos league with it, and she knows more about it than perhaps anyone alive. Mega Evolution, as I am sure you know, is created when the Pokemon's Infinity Energy is enhanced by the unique energy humans produce as filtered through a conduit known as a Keystone, inducing a temporary state of additional evolution."

"That isn't simple." Otoshi noted as the kid laughed.

"Oh believe me I'm simplifying it. You don't want to hear the unabridged version. Anyway back on topic, a Keystone isn't the only way to do this. Alolan trainers use special crystals to create a similar reaction, only with them it creates a singularly powerful attack known as a Z-Move. There are however, manners of enhancing a Pokemon that don't require a stone or a crystal. They're just harder to achieve." The kid turned to the still fidgety Marowak.

"Marowak is unable to mega evolve, believe me I am familiar with all 41 Pokemon known to Mega Evolve into 42 forms so I would know this. However Marowak should still be able to use the non-conduit methods with the correct stimulation. One of which involves using Infinity Energy to create temporary bonds with stray photons and harnessing them as a form of lightweight armor that enhances the Pokemon."

"Stray photos?" Otoshi questioned. This was still not making any sense.

"Photons are connected to light." The kid explained as Otoshi scratched his head. "Your Keystone can be used as a crutch for the manipulation of Infinity Energy until Marowak is able to draw upon the skill at will."

"So, you are going to use my Marowak, his Lightning Rod ability, and my Key Stone to attract light, take the light atoms from it, and form a powerful armor?" Otoshi questioned as the kid shrugged.

"That's one way of putting it, though Photons are not at all like atoms. First of all..."

".....Why the bowtie?" Otoshi had to ask as the kid grinned.

"I'm Kalosian." He (not) explained as the sky rumbled, before exploding in intense light.

"Shield your eyes!" The kid shouted.

Well duh.

The flash blinded him for a good minute before Otoshi opened his eyes once more, to find the kid over by Marowak and holding his arm up, grinning.

His now golden, sparking arm, the color of which coated part of his shoulder as well.

Oddly enough the bowtie was still intact.

"... Behold my Kanto-born friend, something amazing. The beginning of a power used across history that matches the power of Mega Evolution, Z-Moves, and even Bond Phenomenon. The Break Evolution."

He let go of Marowak, who observed his arm in unease before cautiously using it to hit the ground.

The stone cracked from even the gentle touch, causing Marowak to hold the golden arm up to his face in amazement.

Otoshi was at a loss for words. Such power....he and Marowak could win the league with it if they mastered it.

Eventually a question did bubble up from within himself, and it was one he felt was quite frank.

".....It can be turned off, right? I like gold as much as the next guy but I don't think Marowak wants to be that color the entire time."

"Maro." Marowak agreed with him.

As for what the compete Marowak Break would look like...

Its TCG origin

[img:
[
AAALAAAAABAAEAAAIBRAA7](
AAALAAAAABAAEAAAIBRAA7)]

Main Story Snip 2

For the curious, I only have four more scenes I want to write for the chapter to go of the currently 16,000 word project.

They'd probably form two mega scenes with two of the ideas combining into one larger scene. So two major scenes, and I might do something with Red and Yellow in addition. Not sure, I could easily have their actions beyond what is shown remain mostly unseen.

But while I consider if Red and Yellow get one more scene....here is their first scene in the chapter.

Walking along a lake shore, Red kept his eyes focused on the horizon, scanning for movement. For a moment his eyes focused, glaring down a nearby bush that shook with potential.

A Ratatta scurried out of it, quickly revealing the lack of potential.

Steps behind him was Yellow, who had a notepad out and a pen in hand.

"Okay, with that Scyther you just caught that makes three Pokemon from your 'I really would like to have' list', along with a Doduo and a Nidorino. You also caught a Sandshrew, Ekans, and a Psyduck because we happened to walk past them earlier. Your 6 for 7 so far!"

Red abruptly stopped in his tracks and let out a sigh of frustration as Yellow reminded him of the one that got away.

He was sure that Chansey had been caught, and with infinite Safari balls he should have been able to keep throwing them with abandon even if he had to run after the plump thing for a while. He had all day after all. Since when did Chansey have the ability to use Teleport?

"Now, if we can just find a Rhyhorn or Rhydon, Ponyta, and a Kangaskhan....why do you want one of those?" Yellow inquired of the later as the lake water's serenity was disturbed as a massive form rose from it.

A massive white and blue body of power and rage, a wild Gyarados had appeared.

Roaring loudly at them, hissing with rage and fury.

Yellow whimpered in fear as Red held a Safari Ball up to it. Gyarados roared again, countered only by Pikachu's sparking cheeks, and a thrown Safari Ball.

The ball hit the serpent on its mid torso, opening and sucking the raging beast inside of it. The ball bounced back to his hands, where he held it tightly even as it shook with immense intensity.

His hands still vibrating he turned to the still unsettled Yellow and answered her question.

"Because Kangaskhan, just like this Gyarados, is a Pokemon that is capable of Mega Evolution. I still need to find a Megastone to work with my keystone, so it pays to have as many options for a matching Pokemon as possible."

Meanwhile the ball still shook violently, the Gyarados was not eager to stay inside it.

"....Well in that case I hope we don't find a Gyarados mega stone then. He doesn't seem very happy?"

Oh yeah, the Gyarados did look male didn't it? He had missed that.

He had been distracted by the imminent threat of mauling and incineration.

There was a reason he didn't put Gyarados on his list. That and he did want to participate in Johto one day, and they tended to get

offended by the use of Gyarados in leagues.

Something about a crazy person riding 20 of them around, blasting things and the like.

The Blackthorn Gym leader only got away with it because of family tradition, and glaring at people who objected and reminding them that Gyarados was her going easy on them.

Ch29 Snip 1

While Chapter 28 remains in beta, I will begin work on chapter 29.

As a day passed, then a second and third, Ash Ketchum prepared for the next gym battle.

Training for all sorts of possibilities and tactics that he had come across in his history with Poison Pokemon, from Roxie's direct poisoning strategies to Paul using Toxic Spikes he prepared for them all, and finalized what Pokemon he should bring with him based on advice the Pokedex had to offer given the Poison types of the Kanto and Johto regions.

However during this time he was not alone in preparing for the future.

Paul was taking a more casual approach to his day today.

After the fiasco that was the tag tournament he had needed some breathing space from the place. Having left the city, he had traveled and found a minor gym.

He promptly released his anger on it, and now had five badges to his name.

Nidoking had performed excellently there. It had done as well as to be expected when fighting with an advantage, and Paul had felt the need to properly thank him.

Competency must be rewarded after all.

It had coincided with a needed toe trimming, so Nidoking was currently in the next town over being given a nail trim, plus additional

frivolities that came with the package that he was sure Nidoking understood the meaning of.

Good performance, good treatment. Bad performance, Raichu.

Of course even his casual day had to have something of merit to it, hence his project.

"Karp." The Magikarp at the end of his line declared. Behind him he could hear Torterra's head rise up in slight interest.

Paul tapped the thing in the face with his Pokeball, sucking the fish inside. After a few moments of pointless struggling against it he held the captured fish in the ball.

"No way!" The Pokedex informed him.

"This fish will go nuts when it evolves. It will be powerful, but way too cray cray."

Paul scowled at the choice of his Pokedex's words, but released the Magikarp regardless.

If he was going to have a Gyarados, he needed to find a Magikarp would not be as untameable when it evolved. It was a weakness of his training style that a Gyarados he evolved would probably not respond to training well, and thus finding one with the right composition was a must.

It was time consuming, but the only strenuous part of the process was his Pokedex's voice.

While Paul enjoyed a calm day fishing, two others were experiencing a much more fiery contest for a fifth badge.

The light within the gym was unnaturally tense as the bald gym leader pointed at his challengers.

"You won't be blocking this as easily. Rapidash Solarbeam!"

Green light flickered around the horse Pokemon for only moments before firing at the Sandslash, who tensed in imminent pain.

"No, we're just switching the roles around! Scizor!"

Between the grass blast and the ground type appeared a red bug-type one would not usually see at this gym. With a glowing white claw, the attack was deflected away, blasting into a nearby wall with a loud boom.

Blaine chuckled at the sight of the two trainers.

"A simple but effective solution, but it takes more than that to win here. Arcanine!" Leaping up from behind the horse was the massive canine, fangs blazing with fiery rage.

And so the double battle for two Volcano Badges for the pair of Jeanette and A.J continued.

...

"Say kid, you wouldn't happen to know two other guys in hats with Pikachu, would ya?"

"No." At a different port of call known as Vermillion City, a boy named Ritchie was confused at Lt. Surge's question, even while their Charmander and Voltorb stared one another down.

"Huh, well I guess hats and Pikachu must in fashion then. I'll have to remember to break out my old army hat then."

"I'm pretty sure that isn't the right type of hat. Zippo, Dragon Rage!"

"Char!"

In the hills around Pewter City a large boulder was lifted into the air with a psychic glow.

The Slowbro that was doing so was focusing intently for the sluggish species, even as its trainer pointed at the stone.

"Lapras!" Solided commanded. Seconds later from behind a blast of water flew at the boulder.

It shattered, exploding into shards and remains that radiated from the spot Hydro Pump had struck outwards, before the blue psychic glow intensified and pulled the pieces back together into a uneven mass.

Unrecognizable as the boulder from before, but still the mass that had once been said boulder.

"Excellent." Solidad told both of her Pokemon seconds before the sound of dislodged stone caught their attention.

The trainer and two Water Pokemon turned, spying a trainer standing atop a nearby rock ledge, glaring down at them.

Alongside him was a Pokemon unfamiliar to them: a large red and black Pokemon with a belt of flames.

Their eyes had met, and that meant only one thing.

Battle.

...

As one battle began, the aftermath of another was still being felt.

Gary Oak sat at a table, a cup of coffee half drunk and a croissant only nibbled at. A dark mood hovered over him.

His pocket vibrated.

"Would you like me to replay the Professor's message again sir?" It asked.

"No." Gary told it, and silence returned to the dining booth, even as a bell rung at the door, signaling a new customer.

"Oh Erika, the usual I assume?" He heard the lady at the front greet.

"Yes, that would be wonderful Edna. I'll find myself a table."

Gary didn't react to the sound of the Gym Leader's arrival, still staring at his coffee as the steps of expensive shoes rang through the restaurant.

He did react when they stopped, and seconds later were met by the sound of someone abruptly sitting down.

"Well you seem glum." The Gym leader commented from the other side of the booth.

"Hardly what one normally sees from someone whose won a gym battle. You look like you didn't earn your badge." Erika observed.

"....I barely did." Gary muttered to himself, which might have worked at not being heard if he was still with the bard.

But no, he had gotten the lampshade off his head days ago and no longer could hum a dozen songs. He had recovered from the experience.

"You know there's a walking PSA on gambling who says a lot of stupid thing, here's one of them. *"A beautiful loss is still a loss, and an ugly win is still a win"* Personally I don't like ugly wins and can work with beautiful losses in business and politics, while as a gym leader it is much the same. Your win was hardly an ugly one."

"It was down to the wire." Gary recalled.

"It's worrying when a gym battle isn't concluded that way. That suggests either a subpar leader or a subpar challenger, and rarely a challenger sneaking a Dragonite against an Oddish. Your Growlithe, Pidgeot, Golbat, and Magnetron performed well, you performed well."

A cup of tea was delivered to the gym leader as she finished, and the conversation was paused for a sip before she continued.

"Something else is on your mind, isn't it?" She asked. Gary moved to stand up after that, only for a leg to stick out from seat to seat.

"Don't be rude."

"Says the stranger who sat down randomly at my booth without asking." Gary muttered.

"You haven't finished your croissant." she responded evenly. He didn't move, to leave or to consume said pastry, and so the gym leader took a sip and continued.

"I have a suspicion of what is bugging you. You feel like you should have beaten me better. That you should be stronger, smarter, more efficient. That against someone whose type has a myriad of weaknesses, that a victory would be child's play. If I may quote someone who isn't a walking PSA on how not to behave, *"Depending on which Pokémon you choose and what moves they use, I could be your most challenging opponent yet or I could be a total pushover"*. He was talking about Ice types, but it applies to me just as well."

"By word alone that was in play. You had the correct Pokemon, and the correct moves. However there is a element missing, one that is more in spirit than in phrasing. You just have to figure it out and fix it, unless you want to mope over a *croissant* after your next gym battle, and then the league."

A plate delivered to the Gym Leader ended the conversation.

Yeah, Gary's continuing to have some issues from the last chapter.

Ch30 Snip 1

Chapter 30 has surpassed 3,000 words. Here's a section of it for you to comment and dissect.

Training

Ash of course couldn't hear this, and was currently lying on the ground, panting heavily and exhausted.

The Tauros who had come along for this training mooed in contentment over the workout, even as he could just make up Iris in the corner of his eye nodding in approval. He could translate it, this was a Tauros he knew well enough, but all he really got from it was 'sigh of contentment'. Nothing

Glad that she approved, it would be a bit of an odd situation if it turned out he was running 'wrong'.

"If you add another 20 minutes to your time, you would earn the world record for longest length of time running in front of a charging healthy Tauros. That sounds much worse than it actually is, but you did better than many trained sprinters." The Pokedex chimed from his pants pocket.

His jacket itself was hanging from a tree, as was decided pre-running. He did wince when he found that hole.

And that tear.

And that stain that was probably from a burst pen or something. Said jacket had taken a bit of a beating.

While he wallowed in tiredness though, he could still hear the surrounding conversations quite well.

"Pikapi." *'That there is the mountain where we nearly froze to death.'* Pikachu was pointing a nearby peak.

"Ro!" *'Really?'*

"Squir." *'Yes, we nearly did, but we got through it and were better for it. It built character.'* Squirtle boasted.

Pidgeot squawked in disapproval, citing that if it had built character Charizard would have behaved himself afterwards.

"Rog?" *'We, aren't going to do that again, are we?'*

The three Kanto Pokemon promptly burst out laughing at the idea of freezing themselves again.

...

After regaining feeling in his legs, it was back to training.

Training his Pokemon at least.

With Charizard up in the sky practicing air combat with Pidgeot, mostly in the art of efficient evasive actions and the like, he had the ground to his own.

"Rog!" Roggenrola called as her ear nob glowed white, before shooting several solid masses Tauros's way.

Rock Blast, and without evolution this time.

"Alright Tauros, I already know you have speed going for you, let's try seeing how you can fight power on power!" Ash was curious to see how this would go. Tauros bellowed in agreement as his head flashed white.

The Rock Blasts clattered against Tauros's head with little impact.

"That is Iron Head. Of course, I already told you this Tauros's moves: along with Iron Head the Tauros you have on hand can use Horn Attack, Double Team, and Scary Face. I have all the Tauros's moves in my databanks, and I can tell you which Tauros you have.

Why go through with this?" The Pokedex questioned from a nearby rock, partially covered by his jacket.

Said jacket still not ready to be put back on after all the running and sweat.

"Yeah, I know what they can do. That doesn't mean that I know how they'll use them." Ash reminded the Pokedex as the training continued.

"Now, show me how you'd attack!" With that declaration Tauros charged toward Roggenrola, who tensed as Tauros's horns shined white.

"I see, you like to use Horn Attack." Ash took note.

"It would be more logical to use Iron Head." The Pokedex snarked from underneath the fabric, even as Ash knew it was also taking the same note for later reference.

"Logic isn't everything in a battle." Ash retorted.

"....That, I am painfully aware. I could write a thesis paper on that with you as a primary source." The Pokedex's snark predated the impact from Tauros's Horn Attack, which Roggenrola took with a shimmer similar to that of Iron Head.

She was pushed back, but didn't seem to have taken damage.

"That would be Iron Defense, in case you didn't know." The Pokedex noted.

"Awesome!"

Roggenrola did something that was probably blushing, or the equivalent, in response.

"Now, speaking of move rosters, might I make a suggestion for the next time you training yourself under Iris's instruction." The

Pokedex spoke up, catching Ash's attention.

...

The next day found Ash standing, shaking with exhaustion, in the middle of a field littered with holes.

Iris's idea for helping him gain better senses was working on avoiding Excadrill. Excadrill would come at him from underground, and he was to learn to pick up the minute hints of where Excadrill was coming up and avoid it.

That had taken a bit longer than he expected. Anabel's suggestion he remove his shoes had been a life saver.

Again as before Iris nodded his success.

"You will need to learn to do it with shoes, unless you want to stop wearing them." She did suggest. He nodded numbly in response as he tapped a green Pokeball at his belt.

It burst out into the Pokedex's suggestion.

"Chansey!" The shiny Pokemon greeted, before noticing him and tapping her egg. The egg glowed pink and awashed both himself and Chansey in a pink aura.

He could feel the pains wash away as he stopped shaking.

"Thanks." He told Chansey, who nodded.

"Huh, I had not thought of that." Iris admitted to sharing his oversight.

A terrifying thought of Iris declaring that they could 'do it even faster' went through his mind, but she didn't voice such an idea.

Perhaps she understood something he had long learned of, the fact that training could not be nonstop. You got the best results by

having days of rest the same as days in practice.

Perhaps she worked under the assumption instincts could not be rushed, and were something that could not be rushed.

Or maybe she simply didn't think about it.

No matter what it was, Chansey would make training a lot less painful an experience.

BOOM!

A distance explosion suggested the training activities of Charizard and Goodra had ended just as it probably was always going to end.

"Chansey, you can help out, right?" He asked the healer, who nodded empathetically. With that determined, they both ran into the nearby woods, ready to heal the all too likely damaged training duo.

Behind him by a few minutes were Pikachu and Ambipom, the latter carrying his jacket he had again taken off for the training.

Ch30 Snip 2

Time for more Chapter 30 (and will try and get some more done on other projects, including a co-op, in the future).

...

Another day of walking, and another day of training on all fronts, found Ash walking through the woods with Anabel, Pikachu trotting right behind them.

Anabel herself walking with a bit of a tired gate, and Ash had a theory what was the cause of it.

Said theory involved Iris deciding he wasn't the only one who needed training.

"I can get Chansey if you...." Ash offered as she held up a hand and shook her head.

'*No no, I'm fine.*' She declared. The fact she nearly tripped on a branch that was obvious enough that someone who wasn't tired should have noticed it did not help her case.

He grabbed her arm before her face could hit the ground, just around the point her body glowed with psychic powers that provided the same effect.

Huh, was he always that quick on the uptake?

"Pikapi." Pikachu commented as Anabel was re-righted on her feet. '*Clearly training has effects on humans beyond getting them larger.*'

"Sorry about that." Ash told her. At her confused expression at his apology, Ash continued.

"I didn't really hear the part about her also wanting you guys to get trained too. I was...." He and Anabel blushed in unison: the memory ringing in his mind and Anabel now seeing it.

He did not need to elaborate that he was not at the top of his negotiating game. Not that he was all that good at it anyway.

'No, it's more my fault than anything. If I was able to tell that Janine had weapons she'd probably be less concerned that we aren't as sharp as she is about danger. Take it from someone who can see inside a person's mind without trying, she's worried about us. I guess she's concerned that the next time someone thinks you are her brother, she won't stop being homicidal'.

Anabel's declaration was followed by her holding her wrist in thought.

'It's odd really. I feel sore and tired, but I can feel it. Not sure what it exactly is, but I do feel like it is doing something. Like my arm does feel stronger.'

She let go of her wrist.

'You know, of all the things I thought I'd see and do with you guys, never thought developing muscle mass would be one of them.'

Ash smiled back at her in response.

"That's the thing about journeys. You can go on them for one thing, and find tons of other things on your way. I mean, I always thought I'd be earning badges...." he reached into his bag for emphasis as he pulled out the shrunken form of Sir Aaron's staff.

He extended it as he finished his sentence.

"But then I also got this, for example."

Anabel smiled at his example, before a familiar set of words rang through the air.

"Prepare for Trouble!"

"Make it Double!"

Neither exchanged glance nor thought was needed to convey what was to be done as Ash, Anabel, and Pikachu ran towards the sound of the troublesome trio.

"Meowth that's right!"

The trio finished their motto in front of an old man, wizened but with some strength still visible in his limbs.

His eyebrows were bushy and gray, his head bald, and his chin covered by a soul patch the color of silver. On his shoulder were a pair of Wingull, though both the Wingull had green stripes across their wings instead of blue.

"You know, back in my day criminals didn't give intros like something from a cartoon." The old man told them as Jessie rolled her eyes.

"Back in your day, I'm pretty sure criminals used those phones with the spinning dial... whatever they were called."

"Rotary Dial." James filled in for her.

"Yeah, what he said. Anyway, we aren't really on the take at the moment, but there is a motto that all Team Rocket members must follow old timer."

"Raid On the City, Knock Out, Evil Tusks.?" Meowth offered.

"The other one, the bit about never letting rare Pokemon go by when you think you can take them. Shiny Pokemon certainly count, wouldn't you say."

"You'd take my life's work? I spent decades finding Shinegully a mate just like her. I traveled the world, and braved the most

dangerous seas for her! You think I'd just let you take them, when I didn't let rampaging Gyarados, Draconids, Rangers, Icebergs, and the Phantom himself stop me?"

"Win!" Both birds squaked in response.

"Well stealing generally doesn't take into account what the person being stolen from did to get their stuff." James noted as the three took a step towards the old man, who glared back at them defiantly.

"Team Rocket!"

It was on that cue that Ash and Anabel ran at them.

"Funny how work always manages to follow you around whatever ya do." Meowth snarked

"Hey, we're not on the clock right now. We're resume stalking you later, can you just go?" James waved the two off, a action that left Ash and Pikachu staring at them in confusion.

"I'd prefer you never resume it, but I'm not going to just let you attack people!"

"....The attacking part hasn't started yet. That's when I throw out Ekans." Jessie pointed out.

"But if you insist on joining in, we're attack you too! Go, Yamask!"

James through out the floating ghost Pokemon, who hovered between the trio and Ash.

"Yamask use Return!" Yamask began to glow a solid white color, the power of friendship coursing through the ghost.

"Counter with Zap Cannon!" Ash called as Pikachu began forming the electric ball between his paws.

Yamask flew at Pikachu, friendship in full force, as Pikachu charged with the electric ball.

The ball collided with Yamask, sending the ghost flying back at the trio, static covering in paralysis as Zap Cannon left its lingering effect.

The three were hit, and were sent instantly flying into the air.

"Looks like Team Rocket is Blasting Off and possibly defying the laws of physics!" They declared as they flew into the sky above and out of sight.

"Pika." *'That was quicker than usual.'* Pikachu declared as Ash silently agreed, walking over to the man to see if he was alright.

The man smiled as he saw the two approach.

"Why thank you. Not sure I could have gotten rid of them that well, not without putting my dear Shinegull and Shinegully in danger." He told them as both shiny Wingull squawked in thanks.

Ash could feel the Pokedex vibrating in his pocket, taking in the data. He'd ignore it for the moment.

"It wasn't a problem. They'd been following me around for too long." And how long they actually had been was lost to the ages, same as however old he was before time broke.

"Well it may have been easy enough a thing for you to do, but it was a great help to me. Hmm... oh yes that'll do. Tell me young man, you're still going to be around these parts come tomorrow?"

Ash looked at Anabel, who visibly responded to him with a shrug.

'We aren't in a hurry.' She reminded him.

"We should be, why?" The man gave a wizened grin.

"Well if you are, I insist you must come over to 3-14 in Stone Town. Tell them old man Masuda sent you. It's going to be a big party, free food and all sorts of party favors. True you hardly need my recommendation to be let in, but you're probably get the better stuff with my name attached." With that the man turned and began walking down the path, leaving Ash and Anabel to watch him hobble away with his two Wingull.

"Stone Town is a major source of Evolutionary Stones. 'The Good Stuff' likely refers to such stones." The Pokedex noted.

"I knew that." Ash told it. After all, this was not his first time at 3-14 Stone Town. This was where Mikey and his Eevee lived, along with his three brothers, and this was probably the Evolution Party again.

"You should go." The Pokedex stated.

He turned again to Anabel, wondering if she'd want to go to a party. She nodded.

'I'd go just for the food, same as the others I'd guess.'

"Well then, looks like we're going, at least as long as Iris and Misty are willing." Ash declared.

"One of these days, I am going to develop a program so I am not only getting one end of these conversations." The Pokedex muttered to itself.

...

Not the smoothest way to get there, but next up is the party, and Karen. Should be fun.

Also question, is swearing about the FCC at the end of the chapter divisive enough to avert my 'do not scream my political points on Reset even though they are what keeps me away from Lysandre', or

is it a universal dislike that people could assume I'm either way with it?

Ch31 Snip 1

Another bit of Reset 30 coming your way, now past 9000 words.

The return of Foxes twins and the sand

"Bellossom, use Sunny Day!"

The battle field was covered in bright light, blinding Ash a bit.

Across from him Elwood and Aideen, who they had run across quite at random, were looking rather excited.

They had wanted to even the score after he and Red beat them last time, and he was always interested in a good battle.

It was good training after all. Plus with Misty out at a nearby lake with his H.O.P.E glove checking in personally on all her Pokemon, and Iris having conscripted Anabel to go retrieve some fruit from atop a nearby hill, he had nothing else to do right now.

"Solarbeam!" both shouted. At the call both Aideen's Bellossom and Elwood's Venusaur rapidly gathered light into their petals, before unleashing it in a massive beam.

"Servine use Leaf Storm!" Ash called. His Unovan serpent darted in front of Tauros and began forming the grass attack.

The Leaf Storm flew into the path of the two Solarbeams.

"Do you really think one attack can block two?" Aideen questioned. Ash could only grin back.

"Nope, but I do think it is good cover. Tauros!" Tauros darted off to the side of the two beams, charging forward with a glowing Take Down.

The same take down, from the same Tauros, who helped him win the Orange Islands and take down Anabel. It was good to have him back.

The Solarbeams broke through Leaf Storm, but Servine darted to the side to avoid them with the opening Leaf Storm formed. Meanwhile Take Down was about to land home on Bellossom.

"Stop it"! Elwood shouted to his starter, who obliged and sent a vine swinging at Tauros's head.

However unlike a Vine Whip, it was glowing pink. A Power Whip?

"Block with Aerial Ace!" Ash countered as Snivy darted at the Power Whip with a glowing blue tail.

Her slice struck it from an angle, sending the Power Whip flying away from Tauros, who successfully nailed Bellossom.

The Sun Stone evolution was knocked back, but it got back up.

".....I can see why you won." Elwood commented as Venusaur retracted the Power Whip vine back into itself.

"That doesn't mean we haven't been practicing." Aideen added.

"Solarbeam again!" Both shouted as the rapid fire sun attack was once more fired, this time much closer in range. The same strategy would not work again.

Sidestepping at least. He had his suspicions the other part would work.

"Alright Tauros, attack once I clear this, Servine use Leaf Storm!"

Servine hopped onto Tauros's head and used it as a springboard to fly right at the combined pair of beams.

"Wait, isn't this Pokemon one with Contrary!" Aideen exclaimed, apparently having seen the finals video with Paul.

"This is going to suck." Elwood observed as the powered up Leaf Storm flew right into the beams path.

The two attacks cancelled each other, as Tauros burst through the lingering light and leaves, covered in a swirling purple light bordered by orange streaks.

Giga Impact. One of his main Tauros's moves at the moment, along with Take Down, Fissure, and Double Team.

The attack struck both Grass types at once.

Bellossom was sent flying, but Venusaur, with audible snarling, dug itself into the ground as it took the attack.

Elwood shouted something in the midst of the attack that started with S. Ash assumed it was probably cursing.

While Bellossom looked down for the count in Aideen's arms in the aftermath, Venusaur was still standing.

With Tauros right in front of it, unable to move due to Giga Impact.

"... Bash now!"

And with Elwood done giving a command, which turned out to not be cursing.

It was actually the move Skull Bash.

"Skull Bash is a move used to increase defense before attacking." The Pokedex observed as Venusaur shimmered, before slamming its head right into Tauros.

The wild bull Pokemon was sent stammering back from the blow.

"Now let's even this us: Sludge Bomb!" Elwood shouted as the inside of Venusaur's flower glowed a sickly purple.

Tauros was still immobile, he'd have to practice more in the future with non-flying Giga Impact users. In the meantime though....

"Servine!" His call was met by a speeding green grass-type, who charged at Venusaur.

"Saur!" Venusaur shouted as it was just about to fire, only for Servine to run past it.

With a glowing green tail, powered by the force of Leaf Blade.

Venusaur promptly collapsed.

"No." Elwood said quietly as the twins accepted defeat.

"Great job!" Ash shouted to his Pokemon, a call Pikachu echoed as Tauros mooed in content. Servine merely nodded.

He approached his opponents as they returned their Pokemon with consolations for doing well and held out his hand.

"You wouldn't have won if you didn't win that tournament." Aideen took his hand while making a playful jab. Not serious in a 'Georgia losing to a non-Dragon' way, but in a playful tone.

"I don't know, I do have a Chairzard, and a Goodra, and a..."

"A what?" Elwood questioned as Aideen retracted her hand, wincing a bit before holding it up to Ash.

"Ouch. Were you playing in sand before this?" She complained.

"Huh?" Ash asked as she held her hand up. Indeed, little sand like crystals were embodied in it, much as one would get with a palm into the sand.

However it wasn't the color of sand. It was instead green.

"Sis, sand isn't green." Elwood noted.

"Green sand feels like regular sand." She retorted.

"Sorry....honestly I don't know where that came from. Though if I have to be honest, something like that actually did happen before." The twins looked at him oddly as he continued.

"Right after I battled Lilo, my hand was also covered in sand. It was brown though, more look dirt than sand."

"Interesting." Elwood noted, before his gaze turned pointedly to the Z-Ring.

"And both of those, had a Z-Ring involved."

"A ring that makes sand huh....how interesting. A man of mystery behind the veneer of a loveable fool." Aideen teased.

"Still though, please check for sand before you give people handshakes or hugs next time, would ya? What if I had been Serena and you hugged her with that sandy hand?" Aideen said in complete seriousness.

"Well if it had been Serena, I am quite sure she would not have been as angry." Elwood snarked.

This scene exists entirely because I meant to have a scene like this in last chapter, but forgot to.

Ch31 Snip 2

A bit of Chapter 31 for you all to enjoy and tell me where I misspelled things.

5th move lore

"You know, I've decided." Ash declared to his gathered Pokemon suddenly.

Charizard let out an annoyed growl.

'That hippies suck no matter what?'

"No." Ash clarified, glad they were done dealing with that Snorlax hippie. Ash swore he was a better guy last time, and that the Snorlax was not the Hippie's he used to extort money out of people.

"I think we should see if we can pull off having more than four moves." Ash explained as all Pokemon present cheered.

Pikachu, Ambipom, Charizard, Servine, Pidgeot, and Butterfree specifically.

"Now....does anyone know how to do that?" Ash asked his Pokemon, who paused mid cheer.

The clearing was silent for a moment as they all tried to wrap their heads around the very serious question.

"Geot!" Pidgeot offered up to break the silence.

'We did so before, so I guess we just have to remember'.

Servine and Ambipom stared at the bird in confusion.

"Ser...." *'No, we did not do so before. I never had that.'* Servine told the bird slowly.

Charizard gave a thoughtful growl.

'No, I definitely feel like I had that at one point, but then I stopped for some reason....'

"Pi." Same, though I can't remember why I'd ever forget how to do it. Electro Ball and Volt Tackle at the same time would have been fun. I feel like Snorlax still knew. I know he used more than four moves fighting Greta....'

"Ot?" *'Ash caught a Snorlax?'*

"Free...." 'Let's blame this confusion on Cyrus. This is obviously his fault somehow....'

"You learn five moves by pushing your power with training, and then working on a move that does not overlap with what you possess. For example I'd highly suggest not having Charizard try to learn Fire Punch, lest you have Flame Charge morph into it." The Pokedex answered the question for them as Charizard looked at his hands wistfully.

Clearly the fact that learning to punch things and set them on fire would be difficult was a tough pill for him to swallow.

And so, training began.

And even after an hour it was....not going super well.

Pikachu was running around the clearing, half activating thunderbolt to try and create an electrified running attack without using Quick Attack. The result: no Volt Tackle, but a few scorched patches of dirt and a brief grass fire.

Charizard flew into the air, ripping trees out of the ground and spinning them around in the air before throwing them to the ground. Each time Charizard would look at the wrecked tree, shake his head in self disappointment, and redo the process. Except that one

time he reached for a tree and the Pokedex let out a loud beeping noise that was the unholy child of a fire alarm and chalkboard scratching, as he was about to grab a protected species.

The rock that Servine attempted to smash with a theoretical Iron Tail was undamaged. She was lying on the ground, grumbling in pain and indignation however.

Butterfree's attempt to manifest a Hyper Beam ended in a massive coughing fit.

Pidgeot was standing firm in the center of the clearing, the instant desire for shielding and protection racing through her mind as she tried to get a Protect to form around herself. Nothing formed as a result, except a single feather falling to the ground, knocked off her tail by an elm slammed into the earth by Charizard.

As for Ambipom....

"Ambipom has forgotten Astonish. Ambipom has learned Shadow Claw!" the Pokedex declared of the money Pokemon as she held up two shadow clad tails in embarrassment.

"Am...." *'I thought it was far enough away....'* She admitted of her flub.

"We... may need more time on this." Ash admitted as Charizard slammed a birch tree into the ground, shook his head once more, and ripped out an oak tree and taking off back into the air.

"Ser..." *'We'll also need more trees.'*

That too....though it was starting to look more like a proper Seismic Toss.

Ch31 Snip 3

Next chapter, 31, is now at 10,500+ words with a bit of inspiration from a thought about the SeaFolk.

Not a huge scene overall, but a bit of in chapter build up to the shopping madness of Princess vs Princess and a bit of a tease.

Mentions of The Crystal Onix inside

In retrospect, they had taken a wrong turn.

Yes, they were going to Cinnabar, but this was not the way to Cinnabar.

According to the Pokedex, this would be a better way to find himself going to Sinnoh's very eastern edge.

The very wrong direction for one going to Cinnabar.

Anabel was about to teleport them back onto the beaten path when Misty spotted something on the water.

"Is that a Onix in the water!?"

Ash looked down, wondering what was going on.

If it was a Onix drowning, he'd have to move fast. Either getting it out of the water, or possibly capture it to save its life.

That would be kind of neat, and he wouldn't have to trade a Tauros for one.

Or was it like the Crystal Onix that feared water not. It would be a bit out of place for it, but that wasn't unheard of was it.

Or could it be... an Alolan Onix!

But at closer inspection down at the water's edge, it was not a Onix in the water, just an Onix shaped boat coming ashore at a little seaside village that was mostly dock.

'That's an odd design.' Anabel noted.

"What kind of person makes a boat like that?" Misty, sounding a bit embarrassed for jumping the gun as to what it was, wondered aloud.

"They are Boat People," Iris explained, "My grandfather told me stories about humans whose home were ships. He had nothing but good to say of them, and said they were nomadic."

"They are the people driven from their homeland by a fiery devastation, brought upon by a mountain of fire. They traveled the world, living and dying on the very ships they escaped on, for years. Some were sent adrift to Hoenn, where their boats were stranded on a Corsola colony and so they stayed. The rest became nomads, adrift in the ocean with no fixed point, though a few remote places tend to have them often congregate, such as Poni Island in the Alola region. Their culture is a flexible one, with a famous story revolving around a temple called Samiya, though they do not share much of their language with outsiders. Their true name is unknown to the wider world, though they are often called the Seafolk. All that is known is that one of the groups that was an ancestor to the tribe are known as The People of the Water, though it is believed they have many ancestors mixed into their gene pool since then, including Sootopilian, Alolan, and Draconid." The Pokedex elaborated on Iris's point.

"Pikapi?" 'Ash, did we meet any People of the Water? I feel like we did at one point, or was it the People of the Vale? I swear, I can barely remember anything about that one....which dragon did you ride during it?'

Ash shrugged, unsure of the exacts, and followed his companions as they walked down to the ship in question.

...

Boat People, Seafolk, People of the Water/Vale, whatever they wanted to call themselves, set up shop fast.

It hadn't even taken them ten minutes to get down from the cliff, and only another five to get into the village, to find an several sea wizened men and woman older than her parents had already set up several stands laden with random items.

Just from her end, she could see Corsola horn pieces, coral statues, and items that looked like they had been obtained from all over the world.

A sign at the bottom of each sign read clearly.

*ACCEPT BOTH PHYSICAL CURRENCY AND PHYSICAL
BARTER. WE BUY AND WE SELL*

Misty winced at the physical part. Clearly they weren't going to get anything if that was the case.

Their cash was all digital. Harder to lose, absolutely useless here.

And the place had to have some sort of cooking apparatus going that Misty had no idea the identity of. Whatever it was cooking, it smelled good, and it would be ready soon.

And they would not be able to eat any of it.....

"Barter agreed!"

The declaration from the cook grabbed her attention, as Ash gave the old man doing the cooking a half-dozen Nest Balls.

The Pokedex apparently could duplicate those things in mass, and they were perfectly fine to use and give away apparently.

Not sell apparently, but bartering was perfectly acceptable.

Where it learned to duplicate pokeballs she wasn't sure exactly, but whatever the case it took care of their lunch needs.

And that was always important.

"Servings for the party of Ash, Iris, Anabel, and Misty will be ready soon. I will call you." The man told Ash as Misty turned to browse at the stuff at offer.

She wasn't sure she really had anything to barter, but it couldn't hurt to look. And if something absolutely did jump out, she could probably get some duplicated spheres to trade for it.

And so she strolled slowly in front of wares, peering over locals who had come out to peer the wares in interest.

Or, as she noticed in the corner of her eyes, for the youth of the village to watch a pair of young Sea Folk dance and play music.

It was nice music, even if not quite the music of a shopping area. Though that would be a reason for the youth to care for it beyond the shirtless guys playing string instruments and the lithe dancing girls that accompanied them.

The items were many she noted: Corsola horn molded into statues, regular coral carved into the shapes of Pokemon and places.

Whoever made a coral duplicate of Suicine was particularly fine at the craft she noted.

Things from lands beyond were also on display: flutes made of glass, little cars that looked like they were made for rather larger square shaped batteries to operate them, some sort of square purple Pokemon statue with large, unblinking eyes....

The eyes blinked, and Misty jumped back in fright as what she had thought to have been a statue hopped down from its perch, turning

to the shore and walking away, cheek pouches inflating and deflating as it muttered Croa again and again.

Oddly in its wake was a pile of what looked like golden bottlecaps.

"....That was weird." Misty declared. It almost was like that Pokemon left those gold caps as payment, as one would do a taxi.

But why would....whatever that was... Misty shook her head.

She probably did not need to know what that was all about.

Ignoring... whatever that was, she moved down the stalls looking at what they had with an idle eye.

She had to raise an eyebrow as a motherly looking woman walked away from a Seafolk stall with what looked like a very modern gaming system in the arms.

They stock those things?

So shocked was she at what she saw sold that she nearly walked past the mega stone that sat between a stone that looked like ice and a large chunk of amber.

Almost. Though had she been Psyduck, she'd have tripped due to her sudden stop.

"Ah, I see you noticed this little gem, though it is more of a stone." The old woman at the stall front grinned a toothy grin at her as Misty nodded.

"It's a megastone, right?"

"That you are youngin', that you are. This stone hit my boat a while back, a fragment of a space stone. You know, it's an interesting story about these stones: my ma told me stories that these stones were the creation of Lord Rayquaza, who blessed meteorites as they fell to the earth. Scientist types say they are the result of a

radiation from 3000 years ago. Makes you wonder if they can be both: radioactive meteorites perhaps?"

Whatever it was that made said stones, she didn't really much care. However it was still a rare find.

While she couldn't really see it too clearly, it didn't *feel* water-like, if that made any sense. It didn't make her go 'if I give this to Psyduck, Psyduck will become an juggernaut of power and might'.

Even if it wasn't water however, it was possible that it was something the others could use.

The image of Ash, standing victorious at a league holding the stone she got him, made her happy inside.

If she could get the stone, perhaps it would be something he could use.

If not....well if it was some sort of Arcanite or Nidokinite or something like that, it could become something that could help him in the future.

If it was Excadrite or something, that wasn't much less reason to get it.

"I see you are interested. Will you buy, or barter?" The old woman questioned as Misty reached into her bag.

"Given that the cash I have access to is all digital, I'm going to have to barter."

The woman gave a sigh at the decline of the physical medium, as Misty plopped down in front of her several little things that she had collected.

Three Red Shards that Staryu had found while training in the water some time ago.

A few poison barbs from the Tentacool army from Gringy City. She was told some people used them for things, and if anyone would see value in Tentacool barbs it had to be Seafolk, right?

A scale that had fallen off of Gyarados a while back that had slipped into her bag somehow. She had seen someone using the material on the doc, so the same idea as the barb, right?

It was her first attempt, and she tried to make it clear on her face to the woman this was not her max offer.

She seemed to pick that up as she eyed the items presented.

"That is hardly what anyone would call a suitable trade." She simply said.

"However, be free to obtain items you may wish to offer in addition, though if you want to get your friend with the Pikachu's help, do be warned that I have no need for Pokeballs and they will add no value to me." The old woman shot down that idea before Misty could even have it.

The idea of going to get Ash to help pay for the thing she wanted to give him....seemed odd for some reason. Off, like asking someone to plan their own party.

She'd have to manage on her own.

"I take berries." The old woman offered as Misty got the hint.

A toss of Wingull to go fetch some from the forest later, Misty was digging in her bag again for things to offer.

What she pulled out....

An Everstone, which she had been handed for free by someone from 'the B-Button League' while in Crimson City.

A towel from the S.S Anne. Why did she have that? It was quality material, and so she offered it up.

And with Wingull returning with a branch of Oran berries, she added her barter to the pile.

"Better. If you wanted this Amber, you'd have it. If you wanted this Ice Stone, the berries alone would do. But for the Mega Stone....you must understand the value of it and why I must be difficult on it." The old woman declared as Wingull flew off for more berries, as she dug her hand into her bag for anything more.

She noted with unease that she wasn't finding much beyond her Pokeballs and clothes.

She grasped something more solid and pulled it out, revealing a slip of tough paper.

A Rydel Bike Voucher for one free Bike, in Mauville City.

....Why did she keep the thing? Her sister's nasty joke about her wanting a bike wasn't worth anything, and was just a nasty jab.

Perhaps to barter, as she put that down, along with a branch of Citrus berries from Wingull, who circled around back to berry hunting.

Next she pulled out the Water Stone that Ash had gotten for her in Crimson City.

She paused as she looked at the stone.

Was it right to use a gift to pay for a gift to the gift giver? Would it be an insult?

Would she get another one if she needed it?

"... I have no need for Water Stones. I have more of those on my boat than I have wrinkles. If that was a Fire Stone we'd have a deal,

but as it is...." The old woman declared as Misty returned the stone to her bag.

What was left?

Wingull returned with a branch of Pecha berries next, joining the pile as the old woman shook her head.

"You could pay me in berries, but that would take all day and you understand why that would be a bit much." The woman looked her over for a moment, before nodding.

"This is for someone important, isn't it?" Misty was taken aback by the old woman's observation as she continued.

"You know, I'm adapt at cloth modification, and I have a granddaughter about as tall as you. My daughter met this nice Unovan lad ages ago, but alas a Jellicent has him now. Still I have a granddaughter getting to be as tall as you, if only just as tall. Clothing is never in enough supply for her...."

"You want all my clothes?" Misty gasped as the old woman shook her head.

"No no, not the ones on your back. Your spares will do. Do that, and the Megastone is yours to give to that nice Pikachu lad. Plus I'm told it is a holiday for womens shopping soon in Kanto, you can certainly hold out until then to resupply yourself. We'll be gone by then, if we could bare the big city enough to handle such a day."

It took Misty a bit to decide, but in the end she left the place with a much lighter bag and back to only a single set of clothes, just as their lunch was called and she could tell Ash the great news.

It would later turn out that the stone was something called Sceptilite, much to her dismay.

Not even Dugtrite? She had to look up what a Sceptile even was.

I feel like a scene after this would be good to address a bit of the aftermath, but not sure I can pull it out. Am struggling with a scene that would not involve this scenario up top, the first part of three pieces I've shown to the other writers already.

If someone wants to write it, I'd cite them in the chapter.

Ch31 Snip 4

Vinylshadow said:

Maybe for the Sevii Islands, you could make each chapter one island and have them be written by different people and uploaded to one account (Probably CPL since that's the one that most people who hear of Bloodlines visit)

Plus, then I wouldn't have to make seven or eight different covers

Pokémon Reset Bloodlines: Red & Yellow's Sevii Islands Adventure

Or something

Click to expand...

Click to shrink...

That would make a certain seal happy at the very least. I mean, they could just reuse a similar cover to the original, just altered a bit.

EDIT: Also have a bit of fanfic to show off. Fox, if you would happen to do some particular feedback, as it has a character of yours make his main story debut.

Joshua Martin appears

Later

"It was a bit of a walk to get there, but I think that cliff was good work for the both of us." Iris declared as Ash held his hands out, possibly trying to get back feeling in them.

It was nice to see that her efforts were paying off. Ash, already doing well for himself, was doing better for himself. Everyone was.

It was reassuring. Janine was enough of a wake up call, but if she had to be honest with herself, she had reason to do so earlier with them.

The Gringy City episode for one, and before that J.

Just....J.

Iris felt a snarl form on her face as she remembered that woman. When she ever would see that foul woman again, she would be dealt with.

"Iris, are you okay?" Ash asked in concern, Pikachu edging away from her. Clearly they could see her teeth and were concerned, unless she had started outright hissing.

"Just thinking." She stated simply.

Their walk, as Iris saw no reason to make it into a jog after scaling a cliff, passed by a open area where several other trainers were gathering. Iris didn't pay them much thought, she had other things to think about.

"Believe me, I am trying to make this effective. That does not involve me trying to kill you." Iris told Misty a few days ago, a mound of acorns at her

"What is effective about throwing acorns at me!?" Misty demanded.

"I told you I was going to do it."

"That doesn't make it better! Look, I get that you got rattled by a ninja, but that doesn't mean you can...."

"The shadow girl." Iris simply said as Misty stopped complaining.

"It is not just Janine. We have run into threats before, and I expect to see more. You are my friend, I want you to live." Iris told Misty honestly as her annoyance at her dimmed.

It came back a bit as the acorns were thrown with the clear instruction to start deflecting them, at least until she remembered about Whirlpool.

Misty promptly began slapping herself in the head for some reason.

"Curses!" She heard someone shout in frustration, breaking Iris from her thoughts as Ash stopped.

He appeared to recognize the person shouting it. Was it the one in armor?

"Heh, you should know better than to use Bug Pokemon. A Bug Pokemon can never win anything after a while. How many badges did you say you have?" Another voice questioned, a tone of superiority and arrogance to it.

Iris did not like it.

"Three! I just won a third badge, where my Paras and Pinsir were invaluable...."

"Well I have four!"

Iris would have just walked away, having no need to deal with whoever was making that racket, when she caught sight of Ash.

She might have had the same surprised look on her face as Pikachu, as Ash had a look of anger on his face.

Perhaps fury.

It was not aimed at the armored bug user, and he began marching over to the trainers like a unrelenting force.

Iris followed, unsure of what was going on.

What she did notice when they did arrive at the group, was something she had never seen before.

A Shiny Human!

At least, that was probably why the human seemed unusually pale, even among the lighter pigmented. The possibly shiny human looked at their arrival and had a nasty look on his face that was something between arrogance and anger.

"Well well well, if it isn't Ketchum. It's been a while."

"Joshua." Ash growled. Iris noted said growl with surprise, Ash didn't take that tone with most, honestly the last time she heard it was in dealing with Paul.

It couldn't just be the arrogance of Joshua the Shiny Human. Something else was at play... did Ash ever mention a Joshua before?

"So, you actually made it this far? I was sure after failing that old coots little playtime that you would have cried back home before you even got to Pewter. Or did you aim to go there, but just got lost. Can't say that's not a possibility too."

"This human placed second behind Gary Oak." The Pokedex beeped from Ash's jacket pocket, causing Joshua to stare dumbfounded."

"You? Second best, only losing to that twat?"

"Unlike some people, I can study even if it makes me want to stab my eyes out." Ash declared back in a cold tone.

It was starting to come to Iris: Ash mentioned a kid named Joshua in relation to how he got the Pokedex and something called a Summer Camp, which also related to those twins he knew.

She was missing something though....

"Well, so you somehow did. Proof the old man was on something I say. Still...." His gaze turned towards her, and Iris felt an odd

feeling of nausea as he looked her over for a moment.

Misty had said something about 'checking you out' at one point. She was rather sure Ash did that once or twice while showering, though he seemed to be trying not to. A complexity of some sort she suspected.

The idea of that, even if not by Ash, didn't bother her. It was something else in what this Joshua was doing as he looked her over that was bothering her.

'So this is the new Serena? Bit hard to top Kalosian eye candy, and I doubt she'd mess up Rhyhorn as badly, but really, even you could do better. You reach a point where height becomes too much, and this girl has long passed it.'

Insulting her because of her height? Iris did not follow, though now a bit more of why Ash was so angry jogged her memory.

Serena, as she recalled, was a friend Ash had made at the Summer Camp. They had been very good friends, which for some reason bothered Misty, then Joshua had been responsible for getting her kicked out when she lied to protect Ash.

That would explain why Ash was acting the way he was, as he had with Paul the first time she had seen him.

Ash was looking even angrier now, and now Pikachu was sparking as well.

"Now, do be a good twerp and tell me how many badges you have? Don't be shy, I'm sure even Serena would understand why wouldn't have any...."

Ash shut him up by ripping his jacket open, revealing his five badges and also the muscles that Iris had been helping further develop.

The shiny human became even paler as he breathed five repeatably, and he also seemed a tad perturbed by the musculature of Ash.

"... How on earth did you get five badges... and from Celadon of all places!? What, did you have to disguise yourself in drag and let her feel you up to that get one!?" Joshua demanded as Ash pointed a Pokeball right in his face.

"Why don't I show you how I got it?" Ash declared as the crowd of trainers stepped back, which Iris took to doing as well.

Joshua, to his credit, did not try and get out of it, but took a Pokeball out himself.

"I'm going to expose you, right here and now!"

"Defeat him for the honor of all Bug-Pokemon, and also myself!" the armored one cheered for Ash, before muttering something about it feeling odd to cheer for Ash.

Did he also have history with Ash?

He cheered even louder when Butterfree was sent out to face an Arbok, Joshua dropping a few Pokeballs that were locked at his feet. Perhaps they were the ones used earlier.

As the battle started Iris noted that Ash, again, was suffering from the same level of anger that was present in his first battle with Paul.

Though unlike that battle, which was fed by the loss of a Primeape, possibly to death, by Paul, this was fueled by something more dormant, and older.

The Serena incident, specifically. A simple act of fate that separated two friends, and all that could have led to.

Perhaps a possible companion, and one capable of the rare skill that Humans shared with few Pokemon species: the ability to cook.

An admirable skill, and one that even Misty, for all her odd bother at the idea of Serena being around, admitted to wishing to have around.

As Arbok was defeated and the battle became one of Pidgeot against Onix, which required a few steps back by all watchers and someone to drag the cheering armored one back as he called for the glory to the Bug Pokemon, Iris couldn't help but notice a difference between the two.

In that fight, Ash's anger had caused him to not be as effective in his commands and calls, and that had made the battle swing a bit in Paul's favor before Misty snapped him out of it.

Here....while she could tell that Ash wasn't at the top of his game, again due to anger, Joshua simply wasn't as innately skilled as Paul.

So while Ash would probably look back at the fight and wince at missed openings, or sloppy calls like the one that led Onix to headbutt Pidgeot after an Air Slash missed, the battle would still go Ash's way.

The Steel Wing knock out was proof of that.

As the battle became Raticate against Pikachu, Iris made a note of herself to add something else to Ash's training.

Ways to control these episodes of anger.

While infrequent, and always with a stressor or cause that was reasonable....it was something that had to be worked on.

From what Ash had said of his confrontation with Belladonna, as well as how his argument with Red had gone, Iris suspected it was a nature thing, not a nurture. That would be harder to work on, but it had to be done.

Because it wasn't going away, and it needed to be worked on before it came at a time where Misty could not talk him out of it, or when the cause of it was unable to be defeated as easily.

It was a problem that even Ash seemed unfamiliar with having, as if he didn't have such things to induce anger in him before his journey, and he needed help with it.

More than just because it was a problematic trait that was more her brother's than her own. More than just the idea that it would be a mark against him being a good mate.

(It was bad sure, but she was not looking for perfection)

It wasn't even out of some concern that it could turn against someone who did not earn it. It was simply for the benefit of Ash's health and wellbeing to help him deal with it himself when it came up.

She was still gathering what human and human culture valued in mates, but caring for the others well-being beyond the physical needs of food and such was a big part of what she had noticed. It wasn't something she could rest on her laurels about, just like the risk of Ash or any of her friends being harmed by some sneaky threat.

The Wild Charge from Pikachu took the battle, and Iris ran to Ash and gave him congratulations, which seemed to calm him down in combination with winning.

....Though come to think of it, she probably should have tried calming him down earlier. Was that the wrong call?

I decided to do some extra scenes with Ash and one girl in the chapter, and this goes along with Misty's Seafolk scene there.

Pikachu ends up learning Wild Charge in trying to get Volt Tackle again as a 5th move.

For why Joshua Martin angers Ash so much in detail, see the Summer Camp Oneshot by Fox.

Last edited: Jan 3, 2018

Ch31 Snip 5

Now for the set up for what's been in the works since around 8/18/2016

Gary feels better about himself

Celadon Battle Club

Gary had a grin the entire time the room was alight with blue light.

The light faded as the Don George nodded, shortly before the massive tongue of Arcanine licked Gary's face.

"Well, that'll do it. My patented '50 trainer challenge, formerly because of Erika but now just being there' is complete. You were the first to pass it of all who have tried it, and you've been rewarded as such!" The Don declared as holograms sprung up all around Gary of all the other Pokemon bar his new Arcanine he had used to accomplish it.

Blastoise

Golem

Seadra

Fearow

Pidgeot

Alakazam

Tangrowth

Magneton

Qwilfish

Pinsir

Porygon

Dodou

Machoke

Venomoth

Above all of them was a bold font of 'Congradulations!'

Gary stared at the spelling for a moment, before turning to Don George.

"You misspelled it. It's *congratulations*" Gary emphasized as the Don George blushed.

"Oh....well that's embarrassing. Hey....promise you won't say anything and I'll pop you over to a new town. I've got an Abra, and my brother over in Gardenia runs a pretty good training run himself."

Gary nodded as Arcanine barked in agreement.

After all the thinking he did, Gary had come to a conclusion.

He needed to fix what was wrong with him, and the best way to do that was practice battling.

Battle more, battle harder, battle longer. With everyone.

If he wanted to feel good, to really win an eighth badge, he had to push himself and his team farther and harder.

He needed to be sharper, faster thinking just as they needed to hit harder, move faster, and take more hits.

That eighth badge would be properly run!

A teleport later found Gary staring at a battle in progress as his Don George greeted another Don George and engaged in the traditional Don George muscular handshake.

Said battle had four defeated Pokemon on one side and a fifth one struggling to hold on, and four returned Pokemon on the other and a fifth one dominating.

Said returned Pokemon being a Magikarp (as there was a pool in the center of the battlefield), a Magnemite, a Lickitung, and a Shellder, with a small red Pokemon breathing fire on the other side's Pidgeotto.

"Magby, a Baby Pokemon that evolves into Magmar. Magby drips magma from within itself when sick, which creates severe home damage. They are not good pets" Gary's Pokedex informed him as the Pidgeotto was knocked out.

The winner smirked as Gary's skin crew and an anger swept through Gary, particularly as he saw the total number of badges displayed for both.

Five versus one.

The moment the owner of the five badges walked out, Gary was on him.

"You must feel so proud of yourself, beating up on some noob. I'm frankly amazed the kid even had a Pidgeotto, I'd have sooner guessed a Pidgey." Gary snapped.

Paul rolled his eyes at his response before giving him a response that sounded like his gramps explaining something to Ash back in his denser period.

(Seriously, a nine year old Ash was not a smart Ash. He grew on it but sheesh....)

"If I wanted to knock that kid around for my amusement, I'd have used Torterra. You see, that was me training newer Pokemon that aren't quite up to snuff right now. I'd figure the Magikarp I was using would be proof enough of that, I'm hardly a member of the B-Button league, that's more of Ketchum's thing."

"Of course, I haven't been slacking off with Torterra either."

"Well I haven't been slacking off either." Gary declared as Paul looked at his Arcanine.

".....A waste of a stone." Was his comment as Arcanine snarled.

"This 'waste of a stone' helped me win a Rainbow Badge!" Gary declared as Paul's eye twitched.

"Well, good for you then. Now you have six badges and a 'you entered the building' badge. As for me, I plan to take that badge last. It'll be sweeter that way."

"Well as someone who *does* have the badge, allow me to show you what you'll need to win it. Right here, right now!" Gary declared as Paul eyed both him and Arcanine, who was still growling.

"You've both battled today, as have I. While I would beat you, it would give you the ability to write off your loss as being tired, and I'd hate to allow you to lie to yourself that easily. Tomorrow will work much better."

"You scared?"

"I'm smart, you're just well read. Bring your six best Pokemon at nine o'clock, here." Paul turned before walking away, leaving Gary and Arcanine glaring at his retreating back.

"That just gives me more time to plan on how I'm going to beat you, jackass!"

It was perfect really. What better way to really tell himself 'Gary, you've gotten out of the rut and once Indigo runs around you can take on Ash and Red' than by wiping the floor with the jerk.

"So Arcanine, you up for wiping his clock?" Gary asked his newest evolved Pokemon. Arcanine answered with a lick to the face.

Also while I am here, I feel like I should test the waters for some other Drake stuff. For example, Yvonne Gabena/Y's team (which, as I've been hinting at stone composition that negates the limit in the area, is in effect)

Haunter, Gliscor, Scyther, Cyogonal, Pidgeot (mega), Yanmega (if she has Break, Break), Starraptor, Talonflame, Skarmory, Swellow, Croaky (Bond Ph.)

(Not all will appear most likely, but I may name drop them at some point). Note that the plan for Drake's oneshot will feature a decent variety of battles both training and serious, so some diversity is helpful to it.

Last edited: Jan 6, 2018

Ch31 Snip 6

Stuff for the commentary as I have a bit of fun

Ash may in fact have a type

Anabel began the morning with lavender bangs covering her face.

She stared at the ceiling of the Secret Power induced hole in the wall for a few seconds, wondering when her bangs had gotten long enough to cover her eyes.

Another thought came to her as she lay: just how long was her hair anyway?

With a blue glow her hair was flung out of her face, as Anabel darted out of the hole in the wall and past the other three secret base holes to the waters edge, where there would be a reflective surface.

What stared back at her was a nest of lavender hair that had grown well past where it normally stayed.

Her look for years had been a hair length only to the bottom of her ears. It was a nice look, little maintenance and it did its job.

It could occasionally make her be thought of as a boy, but she tried not to have that bother her.

The hair that stared back at her had climbed mid way down her neck, along with down along her face.

She needed a barber. Or something sharp. She could cut her hair herself, right?

Or maybe Misty or Ir... Misty could help her with it. Would that go better, and possibly less messy or painful if she poked something wrong.

“Oh, good morning Anabel!”

Ash waved to her as he ran her way, Pikachu flanking him. A brown fabric case was in his hand, and he was in only a white sleeveless shirt and a pair of shorts. Sleepwear.

Anabel herself was in a oversized purple shirt, which she did idly touch to make sure it was on.

Ash came to a full stop in front of her, a curious look on his face.

“I don’t normally see you up this early.” He noted.

‘It happens sometimes....though why are you up? Not even Iris is awake yet.’

She had to resist looking over her shoulder to see if she was up and planning some new exercise for them.

“Nothing much. I was actually just shaving my face. I really don’t like being all bushy and I like to keep on top of it.” Ash informed her as Anabel recalled that she had never really seem him with stubble or unshaven looks.

She paled when a thought went through her: when was the last time she shaved?

Iris certainly didn’t shave, and she had no idea if Misty had any and unlike Iris she didn’t have a shower scene in Ash’s head to clear up if she did or not.

“Uh, Anabel?” Ash asked, clearly noticing her paling.

‘Oh, nothing nothing.....just a girl thing.’ Anabel resisted the urge to check her legs and armpits right there and now.

Ash seemed well willing to avoid getting into a ‘girl thing’, and thus he looked like he was looking for something else to talk about.

“You know, I only just noticed it. You let your hair grow out.”

Though that something else was still somewhat related.

She nodded.

‘Well, let it grow out, can’t really make it stop growing out, same thing. Sort of. You don’t have anything that can cut in there, do you?’

Perhaps Ash’s shaving kit, which she assumed was what he had on him, could solve this little problem, or at least provide the means to fix it.

Maybe Ash could do the hair snipping for her.

Ash for his part was already going through the bag, poking around and pulling a few things in and out of it. A deodorant stick, a pair of tweezers, a shaving cream bottle, a comb and brush, a packet of ear cleaners....

Ash eventually pulled out a razor.

“This is the best I’ve got, what do you need it for?” Ash asked her. In response she closed her eyes and telekinetically moved all the hair she found having grown in when she wasn’t looking.

‘Not really what a razor can help with, but maybe you have another idea in mind. Regardless, I’d like help removing all of this.’

“You want to cut your hair?” Ash questioned for confirmation. She nodded as she let the hair go, the bangs covering her eyes again.

‘As you can see, it is getting to be a bit of a problem.’ She blew the hair out of her face as Ash seemed thoughtful. Meanwhile in the background Pikachu’s tail was glowing white.

Could Iron Tail cut her hair? Would that even be safe?

"I mean, your bangs are getting to be a bit long, even mine could use a trim. But the rest...." Ash paused on them before continuing.

"I honestly think it looks good on you."

Anabel stared at him for a moment, the comment taking a while to set in.

When it did, she felt her face light up with red heat at Ash continued.

"You had a nice hair style already, but it looks pretty good long. Better than my hair would anyway."

At Ash's comment she turned to the water and stared at it, her reflection staring back.

The longer hair, really looked that good on her?

"I mean if I let it grow out, I'd probably look like a hippie, or maybe a barbarian. What's worse?" Ash babbled a bit as the mental image of both came into her mind.

The mental image of Hippie-Ash and Ash-the-Barbarian caused a wave of mental laughter to wash both of them, as both laughed at the image for a moment.

"It would probably depend on which bathed less." The Pokedex snarked from Ash's jacket pocket.

'So Ash, between saying my hair looks good growing out, and your little soak with Iris....do you have a thing for long hair perhaps?'
Anabel couldn't stop a wicked smirk appear on her face as Ash began looking very nervous.

'Be free to say whatever you want, Misty's hair is probably long enough I doubt any response you'd give would hurt her feelings.' ‘

Ash promptly began gaping like a Magikarp amidst Pikachu's laughter, a mixture of mortification and what honestly seemed him actively wondering if he did indeed have a thing for long hair.

Shall I apologize to the Blue Angel shippers who may be reading Reset at the end of the chapter?

Ch31 Snip 7

Not as much to the Fossil/Togepi bit as I thought there'd be.

Still has the chapter at 18300 words now

Ash wasn't sure this was right.

He was fairly certain that they should have hit a major city before they got to the place they found Togepi/where he was nearly eaten.

Emphasis on the 'slash where he was nearly eaten' bit, as that did not narrow it down as much as he'd like.

But, without teleporting in any manner but 'how did we end up on a sheer cliff', and 'Dark City had some very bold signs about no trainers they heeded the jump over', they had found themselves in the dry as bone canyon.

Though it was a bit different than last time, given that while there was a giant pit with people digging inside it, he did not see Gary Oak doing his best Harrison Ford cosplay in it.

The people seemed more professionally unprofessional, if that was the best way of putting it. Also a pair of burly men were standing at the entrance to the canyon, glaring at the four of them to go away.

"What's their problem?" Misty wondered aloud.

"Their problem, is that we don't need trainers stealing fossils, or worse trying to get them themselves. At least thieves don't break as much."

To all their credit, they had turned to the flannel wearing man before he was done pronouncing 'th'. Misty actually had a surprised look at how sharp her alert time had been, though Ash felt there was some pride in her surprised expression.

"Now, are you here to steal fossils?" He asked them bluntly.

Everyone from Pikachu to Iris shook their heads no as he nodded.

"Good. I wouldn't try crossing through here until noon passes, so come with me to my trailer. I'm sure you'd rather learn about fossils than suffer heatstroke."

'.....I am not sure about that one. Can I go look for Togepi's egg instead?' Pikachu wondered to Ash directly.

'I have no idea where it is without Team Rocket blowing stuff up, and I am pretty sure you can get heatstroke too. He might have it on him and might be willing to give it to us.'

It wasn't unheard of for people to randomly give people Pokemon and Pokemon eggs after all. Plus what would a flannel wearing man even want with a Togepi egg?

There was no egg in the man's office, just coolers and maps and trays filled with bone thinner than pencils.

He reached into a cooler with bottles of water in them (after skipping over a cooler that was filled to the brim with beer he accidentally opened), and tossed them bottles as he began with an apology.

"I am sorry about the concern: ever since people found the way to revive Fossil Pokemon, for all the good it does my fellow paleontologists who specialize in behavioral studies, it does have side effects. Among them is the tendency for people to try and grab fossils to get Pokemon for themselves. I have no problem with the use of poor quality fossil material for such endeavors, and especially not when someone puts their own effort into the process like the gym leaders Brock, Roark, and Byron. However I don't need the discoveries of the century stolen by a random trainer trying to get type coverage."

“is that a problem?” Ash would have asked how fossils tell you anything about behavior since he assumed there were people doing that before fossil revival, but he wasn’t sure he could understand it.

Or that it could be explained in a timely manner.

“Thievery? Of course it is with Team Rocket around. They love stealing fossils, it’s why we don’t work in Mount Moon anymore. They know better than to dig for them themselves, given that the average member can’t tell a fossil from a geode and break them with shovels and drills. So like scavengers they have a bad habit of grabbing what we’ve already found.”

The comment about people breaking fossils with a lack of knowing what a fossil was made Ash wonder: was the Great Fossil Rush a bust because it was a lie, or because people ended up breaking the fossils that they were after out of ignorance.

A question that he was sure one could ponder for many days.

Oddly enough though, it was Iris who had the next thing to say.

“Your maps are odd.”

Her comment drew Ash’s attention to the maps.....and he had to agree.

For one thing the maps of the world, which Ash would not try to figure out if it was different from what he was used to as to spare his mind from thinking about the implications too much, had the landmasses in wildly different places.

At some points the continents were all jumbled together, either as a solid landmass or several large groups that were not how he was pretty sure they normally were.

One map, labeled as 100 MYA, had Kalos much farther north than normal, even farther north than Sinnoh was. It was all but covered in white. He could only vaguely see what looked like Kanto, Johto, and Hoenn, as they were all shallow ocean with islands that made him think of places where mountains were like Meteor Falls and Mount Moon. Sinnoh was much farther south, pretty close to the equator.

“Well today those maps are, but millions of years ago they were quite accurate.” He noted Iris’s confusion and so continued.

“Continents, ever since their formations, have always been moving. Slowly, but in the course of millions of years they can drastically change their location. Mountain ranges, some volcanos, and earthquakes are side effects of this phenomenal called Continental Drift.”

That was how mountains were made? Ash always thought it had something to do with volcanos, though if they were also caused by continents slowly moving that made some sense.

Also some volcanos? There were volcanos that were formed other ways? How did that happen?

“Of course these ancient forms of continents and the seas had life on and in them: and not just plant life. Amidst the ancient conifers and ferns, before even grass and flowers and fruit evolved” pine trees and ferns were ancient? Grass, flowers and fruit weren’t that old?

You learn something new every day. He had never thought about asking what was older, a fern or an apple, but now he knew.

Perhaps he could win trivia night next time he was back home.

“Pokemon paleontology is not an old field, but we have identified a constantly growing number of ancient species. Most of them are clustered around two time periods that have a number of major

fossil bearing formations: 300 million years ago, and 100 million years ago.”

The paleontologist darted off to a shelf and grabbed a handful of figurines. They were of Pokemon, several that Ash knew to be fossil Pokemon, and a few that were still around today, like Relicanth, Shellder, and Sunkern.

And a lot Ash did not recognize at all. Apparently in his dealings with (occasionally not having been dead) Aerodactyl, Kabuto, Kabutops, Omanyte, Omastar, Lileep, Cradilly, Anorith, Armaldo, Cranidos, Rhampardos, Sheldon, Bastiodon, Archen, Archeops, Tortuga, and Carracosta did not even scratch the surface.

The figures were promptly plopped on the map, with Kabutops and a Pokemon that looked like a naked Genesect at 300 million years ago, while Omanyte, Omastar, Cranidos, Lileep, Cradilly, Rhampardos, Sheldon, Bastiodon, Archen, Archeops, Tortuga, and Carracosta at 100 million years ago along with Shellder and Relicanth and several he didn't recognize among the two locations and several other maps.

He didn't see a Aerodactyl, Anorith, or Armaldo figurine: perhaps he didn't have any. Maybe they were rare and hard to find on the open market of figurines, if such a thing existed.

“Why only bones from those time periods specifically?” Iris asked.

“We have other periods represented, but fossils aren't the easiest things to form. They require the bones to be deposited in the right conditions at the right time and be found quickly enough. It's why places like Alola do not have fossils, as they are too new land masses and mostly lack these factors. Anyone who finds a fossil in Alola found something someone dropped.”

The last line was said bitterly, as if it was part of some old peeve. Ash decided it was best not to ask.

“Of course these figurines may not be the most accurate. They resemble a Pokemon revived from a fossil, but there is evidence that such revivals do affect a Pokemon’s type and physiology. There have been some interesting studies involving Tyrunt fossils and revived specimens that explore this.”

Then why were the Omanyte and other such Pokemon he met that were living fossils look the same as revived fossils? Or was that a time reboot thing?

The only way to check was to see if an Aerodactyl was still around to try and eat him, and was it worth going through that again? Probably not.

Wasn’t the Pokedex going on about this idea itself during the last gym battle: extant forms or something?

“So when do people come into the picture?” Misty brought up the question as the man shrugged.

“Not my field. I do know that humans are said to have originated in the region of....”

“Professor Cycad!” the trailer door was burst open before the question could be given an answer, revealing an intern that Ash half expected to run into around Pokemonopolis’s ruins, but was instead another girl, thankfully nothing resembling him about her.

“Yes, what is it... oh I see. The thing in your arms.” The professor observed as all eyes were drawn to what the girl was carrying.

Clutched in her arms was the egg that would hatch into Togepi.

The moment of silence that followed was the length of forever in Ash’s mind. Was there any way he could steer this so they could get the egg without it being too strange a conversation...

“Well, that’s an odd find, but that isn’t a fossilized egg and none of us have time to care for such a thing. Would any of you like to have it?” Professor Cycad asked, solving all the issues that could result in an instant.

Pikachu let out a huge sigh of relief from his shoulder, nearly falling off as a result.

Ch32 Snip 1

Reset 32 now at 4700 words, and here to be looked over, commented on, etc etc.

The main writers had seen part of this already, but here's the full first scene.

Jessie confesses to 'window shopping', as Fox called it
In the aftermath of Ash being abducted, panic ensued.

She could only stare in shock at the spot Ash had just been as Misty and Iris shared her action, before they immediately exploded, if in different ways.

Neither of which involved chemical reactions.

Misty broke out into fearful, panicked tones interlaced with swear words, while Iris jumped over to where Ash had been, looking around for anything it seemed.

Footprints, scent, even as Iris was probably all well aware there wasn't anything she could find. Just sheer instinctual want to find anything, anyway, to track him.

The Abra hadn't been there quick enough to really get a read on what it wanted: she hadn't caught it in time. She felt a lead weight of guilt hold her down at the thought, though she tried to keep thinking instead of dwelling on her error.

She had to figure out what she could do to track the Abra.

That was the problem though: she had no clue on how to do it, a state of confusion that was shared by the denizens of a nearby oak tree as well as Iris and Misty.

Before she could decide what to do with the three in the tree, Axew had noticed as well.

“Ax!”

And with a searing Dragon Rage into the tree, it exploded and flung out the white clad criminal trio at their feet, dirtied and bruised.

“Hey, what was that for!”

The complaint of the male one, James, was not followed up as the three found themselves the center of attention.

Iris and Misty’s specifically, who were glaring at them with a furious look in their eyes tinted by a sense of successful deduction.

They thought they had the guilty party at their feet.

“What the hell did you do to Ash!?” Misty demanded of them, the fury of the worst sea storm in her tone.

Iris, while not giving them a verbal snarl like Misty, was giving them a particularly nasty look with fury glimmering in her eyes. The fury of untapped nature ripping into something with savagery not seen in the age of modern civilization.

“What? Why on earth are you blaming us? Does James look like the kind of guy who’d have an Abra?” Jessie demanded.

“Actually, I wouldn’t mind.....”

“None of us have an Abra, we’re just as shocked as you all.”

The fact that the trio were pleading not guilty meant nothing to Iris: the man she cared for greatly had vanished randomly, and the self titled criminals and thieves were present where it happened. Those who openly said they stalked him, it was hard not to see why her ire was now on them with an unforgiving, furious focus.

There was a distinct possibility that Iris would not let them walk away. If they were guilty of the crime their lives would last only long enough to tell what, why, and where.

Anabel wanted to find Ash too, but she was trying to not let anger and confusion overpower her and forget things.

Things like the fact Ash would not want them chewing into people who were not in fact guilty.

'They're not the ones. They're innocent.' Anabel clarified to Misty and Iris before Iris did something she'd regret later.

Mostly in how she'd be hurt by Ash's reaction to her deeds.

"Yeah, listen to the telepath. Our job is to watch everything he does for the boss for some reason; it is not our job to go from stalking to stealing him." Meowth clarified as Misty leveled a new glare at them.

"You know that doesn't make you two any less disturbing."

"Why are you looking at me like that?" James demanded indignantly. He was quite truthful in his disbelief that he was being non-verbally accused of lechery on Ash, though Misty did not notice this and continued to give him a glare.

"Oh yes, I've watched him, and *oh* how I watched him! Who wouldn't enjoy some abs like these? And those *shoulders*! And well, everything else, really! Truly one of the best bodies I've ever seen, you're lucky to hang with him so closely every day. Good job on improving on what's already good, wild girl! You have my approval!" Jessie quipped in a manner that Anabel found quite unpleasant to know about, even if she did pick up that she was exaggerating quite a bit with it to get her off James's back.

Misty seemed to agree with her on the idea of Jessie watching Ash while he showered to be highly unwelcome (Iris didn't seem to care

about that point at all, while James and Meowth were staring at Jessie in confusion), exaggeration or not, which led Jessie to quickly add.

“But if you want to go and think that’s just me suggesting I really did kidnap him and have him locked in my basement for my own personal use, you can rest your little heads that I’m hardly interested in doing that. Definitely not after Jessibelle. Your boy isn’t really my type, but it’s too friggin soon to do that after that little incident.”

Anabel got the memory of what ‘Jessibelle’ was, and felt sympathy for James, and fought the blush of what the intent of said Jessibelle was.

Those weren’t fictional inventions of a bad book?

Misty and Iris had no idea what Jessibelle was, and didn’t seem to care.

“Then who is responsible? Where did that Abra take him?” Misty demanded of the trio.

“Like I said, we’re completely clueless on both questions. Just like you three.”

Anabel gave a level look at the cat for the remark, before all three glowed with her psychic powers. Moments later, they were flung into the air.

“Looks like Team Rocket is blasting off only for being insensitive!”

“Hey, I was just speakin’ the truth! I do that from time ta time!”

She could only just overhear Meowth complain over Jessie and James’s statement as they vanished over the horizon.

She’d have not done that if she was not aware they survived these things. Also it was probably best they be removed before they raise

tempers further.

After all with the trio gone, Misty and Iris were no longer being aggressive in their panic. They instead had begun grasping at straws.

“We can use those other devices....”

“They were in Ash’s backpack which was on Ash!”

“Oh, well perhaps we can contact Professor Oak and have him.....”

“He called Ash and said he was going to be out all day today.”

“We could just....”

“As in he’ll be unconscious for a minor surgery.”

Anabel remembered that call: nothing life threatening, but the best mind in Kanto would be unavailable for most of the day. By the time he’d be back in the lucid world and sharp enough to help; it would be well into the night.

There were interns sure, but none of them knew them and who knows how much time it would take to convince them to help.

A necessary caution perhaps, but one that would not really help them today.

Anabel closed her eyes, extending her senses as far out as she normally could.

Her thoughts quickly washed through Misty and Iris’s minds, feeling immense layers of concern and worry as she passed through, before sweeping through the forest.

She eventually felt her reach strain like a rubber band pulled to the maximum, and nothing. Not that it was too much of a surprise.

She couldn't exactly push her mind that far and an Abra could teleport much farther than she could feel with all her senses.

Though, what with only some of them?

Perhaps if she wasn't trying to look for everything, she could look farther. Though she had never tried it: she hadn't even tried the idea of working with Kadabra to sense things farther away yet by combining their minds.

It required a uniting of both their minds to a central will; otherwise it would just be two minds looking over the same area, or perhaps her looking one way and Kadabra the other.

She'd probably have better work narrowing her search herself than trying to combine minds with Kadabra. Though she doubts the idea would work.

After all, how far could she see if her thoughts weren't trying to feel for every sense?

'Sometimes to win you've got to go with your gut feeling, even if your brain thinks it doesn't make sense.' She remembered Ash saying once.

It seemed an appropriate time to try that approach. After all, even if she had to question how well this would work, they needed some solution.

So, Anabel extended her thoughts again in a sweeping web, this time without trying to feel the sensation of touch with her thoughts.

Her thoughts swept out again, though this time when they went through Misty and Iris she did not feel a definitive 'you are entering her mind', or 'you are leaving her mind', sense, as her thoughts raced to where she had been overextended before....and kept going.

She kept going and going, though eventually she again reached a mental limit. Still no Ash to be found, even with a wider search area that could still be made wider.

She tried again, this time also removing taste. It only pushed her a bit farther.

Next was without smell: and the resulting mind search felt oddly empty as her thoughts raced out, and out, and out.

Her mental search was pushing even farther than ever before, though she was starting to notice that the people whose mind she briefly ran over were barely registering.

She barely noted a thing about who they were or where they were. Only that they were there, and a brief snippet of mental thought. Though when she felt her mind waft over Fuchsia, she noted that a mind did stand out as somewhat more familiar than the mass of minds across the city.

Janine.

It was shortly after she again found herself at her limit, and so she resolved to even farther.

She'd drop hearing this time, and so she pushed ahead....

Only to find herself in utter nothingness, blacker than night and without light.

Her mind was there, yet she couldn't say anything about it. Where, when, what....who.....she knew who she was, but she could say little else.

What was there even to find? Why did she stretch so far? What was there to find in nothingness?

Ash.

Ash Ketchum.

A traveling companion.

A nice trainer.

A nice person.

A nice man.

A good looking man she enjoyed being with.

A person she did not want to lose.

A person she wanted to find.

That was who she was looking for. In this nothingness, that was the only thing she needed to find.

And so blue light burned like flame in the nothingness. Flames scattered around, many but uncountable despite Anabel being sure she could in fact count them.

Where they were, what was one and what was another of them, if they were alive or a place she couldn't tell. They all felt like Ash, be it place or person.

But which one was actually....

She was shaken out by a concerned looking Misty moments later, her senses flooding back to her in full in a mass rush, along with her fuller mental faculties.

It made her feel dizzy.

"Ax." Axew called in concern as Iris gave her a look of concern.

"Are you well?" Iris asked in concern as Anabel gave a reply to let them know she was in fact well.

'Buttermilk waffles'.

Misty and Iris seemed more concerned after she garbled that out, so she quickly tried again.

'Sorry....mind was a bit scattered. I think I may have an idea though.'

And so she explained what she'd been doing, what she had found, and what was the obvious plan.

She'd teleport them to those blue lights, and one of them should be Ash. Eventually....

Iris and Misty still looked at her in concerned though.

"Anabel, you might not know what you look like when you do that.....it's not encouraging." Misty struggled with her word choice, she could tell without looking into her thoughts.

"You want to jump in the dark at things you cannot tell the nature of, or if you have already done so. That is not safe." Iris added.

'It's the only lead we have, and we don't have any better options. The only other we have is waiting here if Ash can get back, and that isn't likely. Plus maybe with practice, I can narrow it down.'

Misty and Iris still did not look convinced, even if Iris did reluctantly tell Axew to get ready to move while Misty picked up the egg that Ash gotten from Grandpa Canyon, before each taking a hand in preparation for teleporting.

She didn't feel the sensation of their touch for a moment before she teleported them all, all of them landing inside a room of green crystal, with a center crystal within.

Within it floated a Pokemon she had never seen before, which stared at her curiously.

“Mew?” *‘You seem lost, I don’t think you meant to come here?’* It asked in a very cute voice, though one that also sounded oddly old at the same time.

Anabel responded to something along the lines of cumquats, followed by a questioning of if the Pokemon had seen Ash.

First attempt, no Ash. Though the Pokemon, a Mew, did seem to know who Ash was even if he wasn’t in fact wherever they were.

Oddly Misty and Iris were just as surprised as to why that was. Was there a story to this?

Ch32 Snip 2

Now that a side project I felt sparked to do is done, Reset 32 at 6200 words and a new segment for you all

Turns out the Omake with Midori and co is actually foreshadowing Slowpoke having been defeated, Ash found himself staring at a nearby window, knowing exactly what this situation called for.

“I’ve fallen out of worse: Roggenrola!” The Rock-type’s knob glowed white as Rock Blast fired.

The rocks hit the window, shattering on impact as a shimmering veil covered the window.

“That window has Reflect on it.” The Pokedex noted.

“Pika!” *‘Well this isn’t reflectable!’* Pikachu fired a Thunderbolt at the window, which glowed yellow but otherwise did not suffer an effect.

“Light Screen is also in effect.” The Pokedex didn’t need to know what Pikachu had assumed to add the retort.

Ash walked up to the window and began pushing it up, only for it to shimmer and refuse to budge.

“Reflect also locks things?” Ash exclaimed in frustration as he swung his fist back around.

It caught the Abra that appeared in front of him seconds after it materialized, knocking it down and out even as a Thunderpunch attempted to spark into being on Abra’s left arm.

“Rogg.” *‘Clearly Iris is being proven right.’* She noted it in a complementary tone for both his reflexes and Iris’s correct assumptions.

Ash nodded in agreement, but looked at the downed Abra sadly.

"That doesn't mean I particularly like punching Pokemon."

Sure they were attacking him, but it wasn't something he was enjoying doing.

"Pikapi." *'Stick to punching Pokemon attacking us, and I think you'll be okay.'*

Fairly good advice, even if he'd probably never fully take it to heart.

"So, any ideas for getting out of this place?" Ash asked Pikachu and Roggenrola, though they were not the ones to answer.

"I do have a plan which I am currently in the process of implementing to expedite our escape. However it will take some time to fully realize, and further still to extract us." The Pokedex chimed.

"You're going to call a Jenny SWAT team?"

"Negative. That would only open up job openings for young and upcoming Jenny."

The Pokedex's dire declaration of a Jenny based intervention was not followed upon, as a Starmie teleported in front of them and used a Psychic attack to fling Pikachu down the hall.

Roggenrola charged for a Headbutt, but a Bubblebeam blasted Roggenrola into the wall.

Ash tapped the Great Ball at his belt even as he ran to get Roggenrola.

"Hrp!" The Starmie declared as it sparked, before being sliced by a glowing green tail.

Ash picked up Roggenrola and began channeling Heal Pulse through his only Rock-type as Servine eyed the defeated Starmie in confusion.

“Ser.” *‘I take it some odd hijink is at hand’.*

Pikachu darted back over and filled her in.

“Pika.” *‘We got kidnapped by an Abra and need to get out. The windows are locked and Psychic Pokemon keep jumping us.’*

Servine eyed the defeated Starmie for a moment before raising a question.

‘Is this Pokemon wild, or is someone ordering it around?’

Ash put Roggenrola down before giving her the answer.

“I’m pretty sure the Gym Leader Sabrina is calling the shots.”

‘But do you know for sure? We’ll all want to smack ourselves if we find out we could have gotten some information out of them by capture.’

He had no answer to Servine’s point, and a motion with the Pokedex in hand only invoked an ‘I am busy trying to save all of us, I don’t have the resources to run that program’ from it.

Thus Ash pulled out a Net Ball and tossed it at the Starmie.

A red glow formed around Starmie, but it petered out and the ball returned to him.

Okay, so now they knew.

As if summoned by his attempt to capture a trainer’s Pokemon, a ring of Abra teleported around them. Each one had a sparking, burning, glowing, or chilly fist of some sort, and lunged at them, quite possibly to punish.

Or just to randomly attack him like all the other Abra today, one of the two.

Ch32 Snip 3

We have another Reset Chapter 32 bit, this time clocking at 8200 words.

Laser Spoons are present

Ash was fairly certain this wasn't going to work, but he probably should try.

After all, it was possible that it was only the windows that were being enhanced, and that they could possibly get through the plain walls.

With that he felt the power to increase others strengths flow, and spread to all his Pokemon present.

Pikachu, Roggenrola, Servine, Muk, Tauros, and Squirtle.

They promptly charged at the wall at once: Wild Charge, Headbutt, Leaf Blade, Body Slam, Giga Impact, and Return striking the wall along with his own Power-up Punch.

The power increase, spread out among them all but still potent, struck the shimmering barrier of the Gym with enough force to shake the foundation of the building and everything within it.

The wall remained though.

Picking up Pikachu and healing the Wild Charge recoil, Ash looked at the wall with a thoughtful gaze.

"Think it might work better if he try and attack a single point at once?" Perhaps avoiding dispersing the blow might enhance the damage they were inflicting.

That sounded right enough, and while it might just leave them with a small hole they could work from there.

He noticed Squirtle look over the rest of the Pokemon present as he put a healed Pikachu back on the ground.

“Squirtle Squir.” ‘If you’re looking for that precision, it would just be me and another Pokemon. That first Pokemon would be the one making the initial attack, and I’d match their attack on point. No one else here has that level of accuracy for a ranged attack.’

Servine gave him a pointed look for that remark, though Ash noted Muk, Tauros, and Roggenrola did not share her annoyance at the putdown.

“Tle.” ‘A bunch of leaves aren’t the most accurate thing. Maybe if you knew Solarbeam.’

That would have the issue of sunlight to gather, but Ash was hesitant to bring that up right now. Maybe after they got out of here.

“Alright Pikachu use Thunderbolt! Squirtle, match it with Water Gun at max power!” Ash added the Max Power part as both attacks struck the wall.

Water Gun adding to the pressure Thunderbolt was placing, all the while striking at an angle to reduce electrifying the water stream.

The wall shimmered again, but this time Ash smiled as he started to see what he could only call a crack.

This would work...

“Ka!”

His joy was interrupted by a pair of Kadabra appearing at either side of him armed with glowing pink spoons extended out like lightsabers.

He barely avoided getting cut in half by the two Kadabra, who promptly used said energy spoons to fend off an Aerial Ace and Take Down from Servine and Tauros.

A Exeggutor appeared over Pikachu and Squirtle and landed with a thud, scattering the two and stopping their attacks before firing a wave of Barrage attacks.

Muk stood up to absorb the blow before it hit him as the Kadabra hopped back behind Exeggutor.

“Why does Sabrina have so many Pokemon? And since when does Kadabra have ‘Laser Spoon’ as an attack?” Ash asked two questions as the Kadabra fired Psybeams and Exeggutor Bullet Seed.

Roggenrola and Squirtle blocked the Psybeams with Rock Blast and Water Gun, while Muk’s Sludge Bomb overpowered the Bullet Seeds and struck the Grass-type, knocking it down in defeat.

“She most likely has nothing better to do between murdering people than breeding and training them. As to the ‘Laser Spoon’, I actually have some data about such a technique being used by a Coordinator at a Saffron Pokemon Contest a few years back.” The Pokedex offered up.

“So, she’s plagiarizing?”

“Kidnapping, Murder, and Plagarizing, yes.” The Pokedex agreed as the Kadabra charged forward with their stolen laser spoon techniques.

Only for Tauros and Servine to charge the Kadabra that had blocked them previously.

With the shimmering purple force of Giga Impact, Tauros shattered his opponent’s Laser Spoon before sending the spoon’s user right into the wall.

(“Broo”! *‘That is quite enough of that’*)

Meanwhile Servine's Leaf Blade powered tail slashed into her Kadabra's Laser Spoon. It held up, but Servine used the force to push herself up into the air, and have Kadabra stumble forward.

She then slashed back down with Leaf Blade, also scoring a defeat of Kadabra.

("Ser!" *'You're done.'*)

And with that, the latest wave of Psychic Pokemon attacking them was over, though he suspected the Farfetch'd he caught would be very upset he was not here to battle psychic energy spoon users. However the Pokedex had already told him that he was too busy trying to set up their escape plan to use the H.O.P.E gloves, so there was nothing he could do to rectify things for the duck.

"Okay, now that we should have a few minutes to ourselves, let's get back to making ourselves a door. Pikachu, use Thu...."

Ash found his voice promptly muffled by a pale hand covering his mouth from an individual shorter than him.

Though given who that person was exactly, that wasn't much help in the 'do not freak out' category.

"That was clever, I'll give you that. You are the first person to think it might be easier to break my walls than my windows, and I can't forget your Squirtle's suggestion either. That was also quite smart. However, I am going to have to ask you to stop." Sabrina declared in a tone between her pre and post Haunter extremes.

Immediately at the sight of her all his Pokemon lunged at her, but a reflect barrier formed around her and knocked all of them back.

"You know, I probably should have told you the rules of my Gym Battle first, and how to win it first. Call it a mistake on my part. Of course, you probably should be aware that what is not a win

condition this time is getting me to laugh. Even if Haunter decided to follow you again, he would not save you.”

Ash felt all the blood in his body chill at the simple declaration Sabrina made, a chill that he saw mirrored in Pikachu and Squirtle.

Not that all of his other Pokemon weren't surprised, but to them what was going on was 'someone knew about time who wasn't them'.

But for himself, Pikachu, and Squirtle, there was something else entirely going on.

Sabrina knew what had happened to time.

“Now...” she declared as all of them blinked out of existence for a moment before being deposited in very much the same gym arena/throne room as before, before Sabrina removed her hand from his mouth and floated to the foot of her throne before smiling his way.

Smiling a smile that was creepier looking than her non-expression she had once worn.

“Let's talk.”

Next up, Ash learns that Gym Badges are at the top, Primeape the bottom, and Sabrina lets him know his grandfather's opinion on his existence.

Also Misty, Iris, and Anabel continue teleporting around.

Last edited: Feb 13, 2018

Ch 32 Snip 4

Okay, a quick question of a lampshade hanging, a bit of fanon talk, and a question of taste from Chapter 32.

“I could make a joke about you not earning my badge the first time around, but I sense such jokes are meaningless. That such jabs are either friendly jokes from long held companions, or by the jealous and petty people without even a badge ‘out of pity’ to their own names. Plus I hardly see a lack of effort in the first time you obtained the Cascade and Rainbow Badges even without a definitive victory. If how a battle went was a factor, you’d think the Dynamo Badge would warrant you teasing.” Sabrina observed as Ash and his Pokemon remained tense, ready to strike the moment she tried something.

“I offered to give the badge back, but Wattson was...” Ash stopped his explanation of the Dynamo Badge incident when something occurred to him.

“How do you know that?” He had never seen Sabrina after he won her badge, not even when he returned to Saffron City for May’s Contest.

Unless Iris or Cilan had run into Sabrina after they got on the Magnet Train, how could she know that detail?

Heck that wouldn’t even explain it: he hadn’t mentioned that incident to the two at any point.

“Oh, how do I know about your first *and* second battles with Wattson? How do I know of your two sumo tournament victories, your defeat at the hands of Montgomery’s Throh and your triumph over Volt? It’s quite simple really, I read your mind. I learn from the

deepest depths of it, and reread when I feel the need to double check something.”

She read his mind?!

“Yes, and I’ve been doing it for a while. I know *everything*.”

She paused for a moment before adding an addendum to her declaration.

“Except how long you actually were traveling. By the best I was able to count you should have been about this age sometime before time broke, either in Unova or Kalos, and yet you were not. I swear it honestly looked like that May girl aged *backwards* at one point.”

May aged backwards?

Click to expand...

Click to shrink...

Now, the 'May aging backwards' bit is a reference to an observation of May's character design between the ADV and her Wallace Cup appearance that several have noted on T.V tropes and elsewhere, and I myself actually only noticed from said tropes.

As in, May is generally held to have the largest bust of Ash's female companions... but this was not in effect with her Wallace Cup Appearance.

Most fans, as you can probably guess, ignore this design change even while acknowledging the Wallace Cup arc.

Now, as I am fairly certain Ash being 10 in Shadow of Zekrom was only mentioned by the narrator (I have not watched the episode to spare my sanity), I mention this to continue the in-story joke of 'how old Ash actually was', and one of the more solid moments of time behaving strangely visible without narrator or word of god.

... Is this going to be a problem?

Ch 32 Snip 5

A small Chapter 32 scene

Anabel P.O.V

Anabel had regained her mind, but she still had to lean against a tree to stay up.

Teleporting the way they had to was incredibly draining, and it seemed like each time she did it was even more so.

It took her longer to regain full faculties.

She took a deep breath.

Every teleport they did would require more time on her end to be ready for her next one. Minutes adding up every time for her to be in full awareness again.

How many more of these did she have until she'd require an hour to be ready to go again?

"Sparky, Zippo, it's the egg! I think it's about to hatch!"

Looking down from yet another cliff she had landed on, she saw one of Ash's brothers again with his own Pikachu and Charmander, staring at a solid green egg with amazement in their eyes.

This was the second time she had seen him, his name was Ritchie she believed. A nice guy who even dressed a lot like Ash.

But he wasn't him, and every time they returned to where he was it would take even longer to find Ash.

The egg was fully covered in glowing light as it began to take a form: a Pokemon with a spike on its head, a conical tail, and a red

scaled belly distinct from its overall green form. It looked up at Ash's brother in fresh confusion.

"Lar?"

"Welcome to life little guy. My name's Ritchie and these are my partners Sparky and Zippo (Both Pokemon greeted the new Pokemon), what's yours?"

The Pokemon looked at him in confusion, and so Ritchie went into a bit of explanation about what names were and why he liked to give them to Pokemon.

She had known her Kadabra wasn't interested in one, she had asked about it a while ago.

She didn't overly follow his conversation, but focused on the recently hatched Pokemon.

So that was how Pokemon hatched from eggs. She wasn't sure if they broke out of them or evolved out of them, and she wondered how long it would be until the Togepi egg hatched.

Would Ash have the same look of joy and wonder that Ritchie had on his face when his new Pokemon hatched?

The thought reinforced her resolve, and she felt her body force back what remained of her exhaustion from the last teleport.

She'd be feeling the after effects of it later, but that was, as she noted, later.

There was a need now, and she would find Ash.

They would find Ash.

"Alright, Cruise is it! Welcome to the team buddy!" She heard Ritchie declare happily to his new Pokemon as she walked uneasily

to where Misty and Iris were, nibbling on some apples that she didn't have the stomach for at the moment.

Chapter 36 Snip 1

Got something for you all to chew on.

It had taken Belladonna some time to fall asleep, and she was pretty sure she was using Evanna as a pillow when she eventually did. However when she eventually did she found herself in a place she'd rather not be.

Dreams.

Dreams had always been weird for her. When she wasn't having a peaceful sleep, she was prone to having dreams of just the most random things.

Like this one, where she found herself on a floating island next to a small white house with a red roof.

The house had been nicely sized, when she was ten. Now she doubted if she could even fit in it.

Especially as the door to the little house swung open and a Pokemon darted out of it before staring up at her for a moment, before hissing.

She narrowed her eyes as the Pikachu doing the hissing, though she wasn't sure exactly why she was doing that. The narrowing seemed to be autopilot.

Said Pikachu wasn't Ash's, or Red's for that matter. The Pikachu had an older appearance, with gray-yellow fur around its nose and lines around its eyes similar to what you would see in aged humans.

"A rodent, really?" The words that left her mouth weren't her own. They didn't sound like her at all.

The words were colder and more sensual.

The Pikachu hissed at her more, cheeks sparking as her body continued to move on her own and talk with a voice that wasn't hers.

"You could do so much better. You are my son, and yet you'd use that pitiful creature. What is a Pichu worth?"

Her body promptly moved as to glare over the Pikachu, as if at something behind the old Pikachu.

Or someone.

She felt her eyes flash with power, though her own wasn't the one being activated.

"Your not going to sleep for forty-eight hours." The not her own voice came out of her mouth moments before the Pikachu fired an electrical attack.

She woke up before she felt the attack, her eyes jolting await.

It turned out that, in fact, she was using Evanna's toned stomach as a pillow, just as Aurora was using her own the same way.

She didn't move to avoid disturbing either of them, though she wondered how long it would take to fall back asleep.

She might have that dream again.

Unbeknownst to her however, in a region far away an elderly Pikachu also awoke from a bad dream, though a tad less unnerved than her.

For he had done something he had wished he had actually done all those years ago, and electrocute the evil woman who had made his friend and master's life hell.

...

All I'll clarify here is that this is in fact the Dream World, as has been hinted at being in play before.

Chapter 11000 words

Last edited: Mar 30, 2018

Chapter 37 Snip 1

Very well.

An obligatory hotspring scene

After the buffet dinner, Ash found himself enjoying an after-dinner soak in the hotspring that Blaine had at the Big Riddle Inn.

It was a bit different from the original one, beyond the fact that Blaine actually had customers this time around.

The barrier between the bathing areas seemed more solid. Was that because the gym secret entrance didn't need to break it down to open?

(Also was that an intentional design choice by Blaine originally? Hard to tell with the crazy old man).

It seemed a bit better at muffling sounds from the other side, though he couldn't remember just how much he could hear Misty back in the day so maybe it was always like that.

Regardless of the exact reason, his thoughts drifted to the next day's battle.

Blaine used Fire-types, which were weak against Ground, Rock, and Water-type Pokemon, along with the occasional Rhydon. He had no idea just how many Pokemon Blaine would be using. He used three Pokemon last time, but he could easily change that up.

The obvious Pokemon to use were Squirtle, Kingler, and Boldore, but type would not be the only factor.

Anabel wasn't wrong in pointing out just how fast a lot of Fire-type Pokemon were in Kanto. They weren't a bunch of Slugmas.

Plus he was pretty sure all of them could use Solarbeam, and by not being in a volcano Blaine would have all the sunlight he could need.

He would not be able to get away with not using Charizard, and Pikachu was always with him. That just left a single other Pokemon.

Assuming he didn't decide to leave Kingler behind: Kingler might be a bit more vulnerable to speed than Squirtle and Boldore were, and using two Water-types could make him vulnerable to some odd strategy.

If Erika was able to use rain and Janine Stealth Rock, who knew what sort of tricks a man of science could pull off.

Anabel had suggested Goodra as an option: setting up Rain Dance could work. Of course there were also Ambipom and Tauros, who Ash could see doing pretty well. If a Magcargo came up Primeape could be a good choice if Yawn was around, as Primeape's ability was Vital Spirit.

He'd probably not use Pidgeot, seeing as he didn't think Blaine would have a gym open enough to really let his Flying-type use her full potential.

Could he possibly use Farfetch'd?

A few splashes idly broke his train of thought. Some people were leaving the pool and others were coming in, not a problem. He could take the heat for quite a while longer before he'd need to get out for a bit for a cooling shower.

The sound of displaced water came his way, and soon a trio of guys within the area of his age had waded over to his end.

As he was sitting on the end where the water was being pumped into the spring, they were probably here for the feel of the water

flow...

"... So this is the fence? Gotta be a hole here somewhere."

Or not.

Ash glared at the trio as they examined the dividing wall closely before giving them a piece of his mind.

"What do you think you're doing?"

His accusing tone stopped the trio's wood examining before turning his way with blunt expressions.

"Gee, we're three hot blooded fellows looking for a peeping hole in a hotspring. What do you think dumbass?"

"You know that is what creeps do, right? Also I'm fairly certain that's illegal."

The trio did not seem perturbed by his comment.

"What, you don't want to see the babes. Sure there are some grans, but there are some real stunners over there. Like that redhead. She's got all the stuff."

Ash did not like the grin the trainer had on his face when he was talking about someone who could only be Misty. He didn't see any other redheads here after all.

Except for Alish he guessed, but that just another name to put forward in the 'don't be creeps' argument.

Also no word about the legality?

"Sure she's a stunner, but she's a tad too tall for my taste, and don't even get me started on that really tall one with the exotic skin. Where do you even get skin like that? Now that lavender-haired friend of hers...."

The second of them licked his lips when talking about Anabel, and it made him glare at them even more.

"I mean, how could you not want to see them in all their..."

"Pretty sure he's their friend actually. I saw them check in together."

The third fellow interrupted the question of the first, drawing the attention of all three on him as more than the guy 'interrupting their fun'.

Though this fact didn't really cause them to go 'oh, that's why he's telling us not to be creeps. We should totally stop being creeps'.

They just looked confused.

"What, you travel with three attractive girls and you *don't* want to see them *au naturel*, as the Kalosians would say."

Ash leveled a long glare at them.

Sure, with the recent admittance to himself that he did find them attractive sparked by knowing they found him attractive, he wouldn't mind the sight. But peeping on them, even ignoring the entire part about moral and most likely legal consequences, would not be worth the fact that it would likely be quite easy for Anabel to tell that he was doing so.

All that would do would make him look like scum to her, and she'd probably inform Misty. She'd react the same way.

So no, he was not going to stare through a hole in the fence at them. There was no way that would end well for him even if he didn't get thrown in jail.

Plus, if he really wanted to see one of them naked, he could just ask Iris.

While he maintained his glare at them, internally Ash wondered where that thought had come from. Why on earth would that come up?

What brought it up: indignation at them thinking he was like them? A bubbling of snark kept internal? Puberty?

He had invoked puberty as being rarely a problem for his life, was it now getting back at him for saying that by making itself a lot more bothersome?

Did it team up with Karma, and his jokes with Bulbasaur about it were now coming back to haunt him?

The question of if Karma had decided to punish him was promptly answered when the water began to enter the pool at a hotter temperature. The trio winced and tried to suck it up, before leaving the fence woozily, a tad pink as they got out the sides of the spring, needing a cold shower before they could get back into the water safely.

The water returned to its old temperature soon after, leaving Ash soaking in the water, quite glad to see those jerks were gone.

Though due to the direction the conversation had eventually gone, it became necessary for him to take a bit longer to leave.

Curse puberty, even if it wasn't plotting with Karma.

Hopefully Togepi was asleep by now in his room, which would let Pikachu sleep too. He might be a bit longer than planned.

Meanwhile on the other side of the fence

"Be careful how close you get to the fence, or how long you hang around there. Grandpa has motion sensors in place that will react if someone stands too close for too long, and then you'll be steamed out."

Alish's point only made half sense to Misty, who stared at the fence in confusion.

"I get on the guy's side, but why the girl's side?"

Sure if she knew for a certainty that Ash was directly in line of sight of a hole she *might*, or *maybe* or *possibly*... but it seemed more likely she would catch sight of an old man.

"Because an old lady snuck in the screwdriver, not an old man."

Chapter 37 Snip 1 (edited)

Hmm, I'll try out an edit. How's this?

Edit per the Imp. suggestion

"... So this is the fence? Gotta be a hole here somewhere."

Or not.

Ash glared at the trio as they examined the dividing wall closely before giving them a piece of his mind.

"What do you think you're doing?"

His accusing tone stopped the trio's wood examining before turning his way with blunt expressions.

"Gee, we're three hot blooded fellows looking for a peeping hole in a hotspring. What do you think dumbass?"

"You know that is what creeps do, right? Also I'm fairly certain that's illegal."

The trio did not seem perturbed by his comment.

"What, you don't want to see the babes. Sure there are some grans, but there are some real stunners over there. Like that redhead. She's got all the stuff."

Ash did not like the grin the trainer had on his face when he was talking about someone who could only be Misty. He didn't see any other redheads here after all.

Except for Alish he guessed, but that just another name to put forward in the 'don't be creeps' argument.

Also no word about the legality?

"Sure she's a stunner, but she's a tad too tall for my taste, and don't even get me started on that really tall one with the exotic skin. Where do you even get skin like that? Now that lavender-haired friend of hers...."

The second of them licked his lips when talking about Anabel, and it made him glare at them even more.

"I mean, how could you not want to see them in all their..."

"Pretty sure he's their friend actually. I saw them check in together."

The third fellow interrupted the question of the first, drawing the attention of all three on him as more than the guy 'interrupting their fun'.

Though this fact didn't really cause them to go 'oh, that's why he's telling us not to be creeps. We should totally stop being creeps'.

They just looked confused.

"What, you travel with three attractive girls and you *don't* want to see them *au naturel*, as the Kalosians would say."

"Or do you already see them that way, and you want to be the only one who does? Did your mother never teach you to share? I mean, all we'd be doing is looking, while you can probably do a lot more than just looking."

Ash leveled a long glare at them.

Sure, with the recent admittance to himself that he did find them attractive sparked by knowing they found him attractive, he wouldn't mind the sight. But peeping on them, even ignoring the entire part about moral and most likely legal consequences, would not be worth the fact that it would likely be quite easy for Anabel to tell that he was doing so.

All that would do would make him look like scum to her, and she'd probably inform Misty. She'd react the same way.

So no, he was not going to stare through a hole in the fence at them. There was no way that would end well for him even if he didn't get thrown in jail.

Plus, if he really wanted to see one of them naked, he could just ask Iris. It wouldn't be the first time that had happened after all.

While he maintained his glare at them, internally Ash wondered where that thought had come from. Why on earth would that come up?

What brought it up: indignation at them thinking he was like them? A bubbling of snark kept internal? Puberty?

He had invoked puberty as being rarely a problem for his life, was it now getting back at him for saying that by making itself a lot more bothersome?

Did it team up with Karma, and his jokes with Bulbasaur about it were now coming back to haunt him?

Chapter 37 Snip 2

A chapter 37 snippet for you all.

This bit is much funnier when one also reads my little nonsense oneshot I wrote recently

Pallet Town, also early morning

The Professor should be smiling today.

There was plenty going his way. His research was going well, the investor interest in the tech he had worked on with Boxer was high and both of them could finally relax around the sight of numbers, and despite his fears from some odd casting choices and story changes in pre-release material that reboot of a show he liked from two decades ago was actually good five episodes in.

And yet, there was a simple problem.

“Hey Gramps, you won’t hear me for a while. I need to do something serious. See you at Indigo.”

His grandson. That was the last he had heard from him a while, and he was worried for him, even as that phone conversation continued to linger in his mind.

What had happened to his grandson to warrant such a choice? Where was he? Was he going to be alright?

How would he know if something happened to him? The world may be safer than in his day, but that just meant plungers didn’t need to also be capable of fighting off Grimer attacks from the toilet.

The fact that plungers didn’t need the bayonet attachment did not mean that his grandson couldn’t get eaten by a swarm of some and he’d never hear from him again.

He still wasn't sure if his decision to not tell Daisy that her brother was out of reach at the moment was a good decision or not on his part.

A knock at his door removed him from his family worries.

"Come in!"

His shout was followed by the door swinging open, and a familiar set of steps approaching him.

"Oh Professor, pardon me. I just....just want to talk."

It was Delia. The professor nodded at his old friend, who took a seat on one of his couches. She did in fact seem worried about something.

She also looked a bit tired. Did she not sleep all that well?

"Go ahead my dear. Talking and being talked to is literally part of my job description, and I appreciate conversations that don't require a citation list every so often."

He took his own seat as she yawned, confirming his suspicions about her lack of sleep.

"Ash is in Cinnabar, right?"

He nodded to Delia's question. He was there earning his sixth badge after defeating the Fuchsia Gym, even if he really didn't need to be doing so.

"Are you worried about making everything look nice before he comes here? A ferry from Cinnabar to close enough to here isn't that fast moving, and I doubt he'll be picky about the state of the home. Trust me dear, after traveling for days a single dusty mantle isn't going to drive him to contempt."

There was also the fact that Ash Ketchum was not a stickler for cleanliness, but that was beside the point.

“No, that isn't it. I'm honestly just worried. Little old me, worry-warting over my fifteen year old son like he's still my little baby.”

“They never stop being your little babies, even when they're dead.”

His morbid comment on his own experience caused Delia's eyes to drift to a family photo from nearly two decades ago, from shortly before he became a grandfather.

“They never do, do they. Ash can get taller and taller, and I can only see that little boy sucking his thumb. Yet, I can't help but worry what my little boy's seen and experienced since he's left. Manipulative gym leaders, falling out of the sky, I don't even want to know why he has all of those affectionate Grimer...”

Both their eyes drifted to the doors to see if any of them were present with an interest to smother. Thankfully it was not the case.

“... And worse, if he's met people who don't see him as just a friendly boy, but something to be afraid of.”

Oh yes, that would probably worry her from time to time.

“I'd love to tell you that wouldn't ever happen, but I'd be lying if I told you that isn't possible. Animosity is as likely an obstacle for him to face at some point as a hailstorm or a great storm.”

He specifically avoided referencing something that was inevitable, as it was possible to keep things similar to Bloodliner status hidden.

He still had old buddies from the day coming out. He'd never have guessed his old partner in elementary sciences was Pansexual.

“Yet, I think he can get through it. He's a wonderful kid, and anyone who can look twice at him can see that. Plus he has friends with him who are just like him who can help him through it.”

He was still getting data from his machines about all four of them after all, even if he never went up to him and said that his two new companions were like himself and Misty.

It was certainly interesting data, though he wasn't sure he could make it into anything major yet.

Delia seemed to wince when he mentioned Ash's companions, and at his curious look she elaborated.

"That's not helping me sleep either. I'll admit it's silly of me, but I can't help but think you know. My little wonderful boy and three girls. All alone... and Ash isn't as oblivious as we all joke."

It was probably not going to help, but the professor couldn't help himself. He raised an eyebrow at Delia and pointed out, in some amusement, the irony.

"I distinctly remember you talking to me once about Ash not noticing how many girls found him attractive, and now you are worried about him doing so. How times change."

Delia blushed at the reminder.

"Well, I guess I did ask for it. I'm just half worried I'm going to get told I'm going to be a grandmother when he gets back here is all, quite possibly multiple times over."

"Ash isn't completely oblivious, but he isn't that aware."

The two laughed that bit off. It was probably true: he knew the boy fairly well, and Delia infinitely more so.

Ash certainly could have started noticing girls more while traveling with several, but it was probably a new thing. Factoring in youthful awkwardness and Delia was certainly not going to be told anytime soon she was going to be a grandmother.

Still, they should see Ash and his friends soon, and when that happened Delia could hopefully stop having dreams about her son going through innocence destroying trials of barbed put downs and hatred filled glares, or her being made a grandmother before she was thirty-five.

Then she could start having new concerns. Like the fact that when Ash returned, the attention girls had for him would be amplified with that of his gained fame.

If he came back with something more, like perhaps a few more inches of height or muscle, Delia may need to barb the windows.

Chapter 39 Snip 1

Chapter 39 scene for you all!

... Chapter 38's already in beta, and aiming to be out by the end of next week.

Setting up the Johto-Hoenn-Sinnoh team set up

The training session over, Ash found himself sitting in a clearing, catching his breath with a good number of his Pokemon.

They two were catching their breath or taking a rest, with the exception of Togepi, who was also the only Pokemon not in on time travel who was here at the moment.

Togepi was still jumping into the air, doing a flip, and slamming a branch into the ground in a cute attempt at a Seismic Toss.

It was cute and effective, seeing as the stick broke apart on impact, much like the other sticks Togepi kept finding and promptly shattering against the ground.

The sight made Pikachu stare in shock, and Charizard to give Togepi a thumbs up, which got Pikachu to move his stare of shock to Charizard.

“....Pi....” *‘What did you...’*

Charizard chuckled proudly in response, which grew louder when Jigglypuff wandered over with a stick of her own in hand, though before the song could occur Togepi used Seismic Toss.

It wasn't that effective, though Jigglypuff bounced from the impact to the ground and bounced away like a bouncy ball, so there was that.

“So, I was thinking...”

He ignored the imitation Pikachu did of a scream of terror, or perhaps it was of that painting about screaming. Regardless of what it was it wasn't that funny.

"We're all probably going to do everything in the same rough order. Even if the G.S ball isn't a thing, I'd want to find Snorlax anyway, and I'd like to make sure Lapras isn't a cyborg or something."

With his luck that could happen, even if it did make Bulbasaur look at him questionably. In his defense Sabrina was more nuts, J popped in earlier, Team Rocket was competent earlier than they should have been, he got sent a power ring out of nowhere, nightmare monstrosities entered his dreams from time to time, and Brock's parents were dead.

Cyborg Lapras was certainly possible with all of that. He'd need to make sure that Lapras wasn't going to tell him that 'Kalosian science was the best in the world' in a half mad tone or something.

In part because that would mean that something was seriously wrong with Clemont, and Lapras might then explode.

"Orange, Johto, Hoenn, and everything else."

"Ser?" *'So, what do you plan to do everything important from a region is accounted before. I mean you ran into myself and Boldore already, what happens if you run into the rest of us before you ever go to Unova. With Iris already here and Cilan....'*

Serperior paused when she brought up that Cilan was M.I.A and presumed deceased. Her thoughts were caught up by the reminder, and her question stopped there.

"I'll play that by ear. Even if I wake up tomorrow and find Staraptor, Torterra, Buizel, Infernape, Gliscor, and Gible on the front lawn I'd still go to Sinnoh to stop Cyrus, but other than that..."

Did he do anything he'd need to go do again while in Unova? If Team Rocket was following him he didn't think the Forces of Nature would go on a rampage....

He'd probably need to think on it a bit seeing as how much he did in any region, and the other regions too. He didn't want to wake up one day and find that he had thought that something he didn't do led to cyborg Lapras attacks.

But back on topic.

"When we do go to Johto, I'm thinking that maybe I can go in it fresh like in Hoenn and the other regions after it."

The curious looks of Squirtle, Ambipom, and the other Pokemon with him prompted him to continue.

"I was just thinking that I don't think I was able to bring out the full potential of everyone. When it came to pushing through the tough battles it always came back to Charizard or Snorlax or Pikachu..."

"Squir." *'Also me.'*

Ash nodded in agreement before he continued.

"It might have been me only having like, only twelve gyms of experience going in, but I'd like to see if going forward like I did elsewhere would have the same results. I mean think about how far I got with just Pikachu and the Hoenn and Unova crew, and even with you guys helping in the league the Sinnoh guys did great too. They matched Pokemon Paul had for who knows how long head for head."

Charizard grumbled at the mention of Sinnoh. The entire time he was out for that league due to a broken tooth, much to his dismay.

"I can only imagine how far I'd have gotten in Kalos."

He lingered on that thought for a moment, before Ambipom interrupted him.

“Am.” *‘Slight problem, Paul.’*

He wasn’t sure what Ambipom was getting out, and she continued.

“Ambi.” *‘Correct me if I am wrong, but most of the time you don’t have trainers you know follow you to new regions, yet there is no reason Paul or Gary would not do so to Johto, or Red for that matter.’*

Ash nodded, that was true. Gary went to Johto when he did, Paul said he went to Johto before, and Red hadn’t implied otherwise.

Yet as he so rarely saw Gary, it wasn’t really a case of him even being there the same way Paul or Trip were. He only ran into Gary three times before the Silver Conference: at the creepy forest with the creepy old women, that time with the power plant, and Eggseter.

He honestly saw more of May’s rivals across regions than he did Gary.

“Bipom.” *‘We have no idea where Elekid came from, but he definitely had it longer than Chimchar. So he probably does not do as complete a team refresh as you do, if at all. Meaning he probably always had Torterra around, and could have thrown him at Turtwig or me if he wanted to specifically beat us to a pulp rather than train Chimchar on us for experience sake. However now he definitely has an issue with us, and probably would go to Johto.’*

Ash followed Ambipom’s reasoning, and it gave him the mental image of Torterra glaring down at Cyndaquil.

He saw the point Ambipom was making: his strategy was good for training more Pokemon up to stronger levels, but if he did have

people around who knew he wasn't some boonie idiot and had Pokemon already at such stronger levels...

Yeah, that could be a problem, and it made him rather glad Paul didn't go to Unova with him. Even with the post league battle attitude adjustment, that could have been a pain to deal with.

"Yeah, that could be a problem, but if Paul also goes to Hoenn and Sinnoh..."

"Bul." *'If I may offer a suggestion.'*

All eyes were on Bulbasaur, who nodded before continuing.

"Saur-Bul." *'As I recall from talking with the Sinnoh team, most of the battles you had with Paul, with the exception of the battle at Lake Acuity and the Pokemon League, were three on three. That means you can probably split the difference. Three Pokemon to make sure Paul or Red don't beat you twelve ways to Sunday, and three Pokemon to train the way you trained Sceptile, Krookodile, and the others.'*

Ash thought about the proposal, and he couldn't help but feel a smile form.

"You know, that's a good idea. I can cycle everyone through here where they can train as well, and I probably can change the exact number when I'm about to challenge a gym or have a major battle coming up. It might take a while to get to that point though, seeing as it took a while until I had three Johto Pokemon..."

"Ser." *'That's assuming you don't turn the corner and find Oshawott just randomly there.'*

Better randomly there than a cyborg in any case, and handy for the Whirl Cup. Though how'd he make sure Misty didn't claim him on the spot was a different story.

He'd rather not have to battle for every one of his old water Pokemon.

Chapter 39 Snip 2

Got for you all another small scene from Chapter 39.

Togepi wins a fight

“Mankey use Scratch!”

“Dodge it!”

Ash would love to explain in detail exactly how this battle had started, but really there wasn't much story behind it.

He had darted up to Viridian City to pick up a parcel for Professor Oak, and on the way back he had been challenged to a battle by a fresh trainer and his Mankey.

It was just how things went, and he wasn't complaining much.

It gave Togepi some good practice, as the little ball of spikes hopped out of the way of the swiping attack.

It was a pretty good dodge, he had to give Charizard compliments if he was responsible for it.

It didn't mean Pikachu looked any less tense as the battle continued on though.

“Try a Low Kick!”

The young trainer's call was panicky and unsure, though Mankey swept at Togepi with its foot regardless.

“Seismic Toss!”

Togepi grabbed said foot and hopped into the air, spinning before throwing Mankey to the ground. Mankey landed there in a oomph of pain, before Togepi landed on top of Mankey for further damage.

It wasn't a Body Slam, but it did the damage as Mankey was well and defeated.

"Toge!"

Togepi cheered at his handywork as the trainer ran up to his mankey, concern all over his face as he cradled the fallen fighting-type.

"Mankey, I'm sorry."

He picked up the still cheering Togepi as he walked over to the trainer and Mankey.

"... How did you get so good?"

The trainer's question was whispered, and he repeated it at a higher volume. Ash shrugged.

"Practice mostly. It takes time to be sure about the calls you make and how to counter effectively. You'll get it eventually."

"But I don't want to be eventually."

The trainer's muttering turned into a bit of loathing as he looked in the direction of Viridian Forest.

"Most everyone in my grade on journeys already went for the forest, but most of them have Pidgey or Ratatta. Mankey doesn't do super well against all the bugs."

Fighting attacks were only half effective on Bugs, Ash was pretty sure that was a question on the test he got right.

Same with poison... so that was why he wanted to practice with Mankey so much.

He wanted to prepare before he went north.

'Pikachu, I don't have a timelimit, do I?'

Pikachu shook his head at his mentally projected question.

Good.

He shifted Togepi so he'd only be held up by a single arm as he reached for the Great Ball, as well as a Safari Ball.

"You know, sometimes it is better to work smarter instead of harder. Instead of picking fights with everything to get ready for Viridian Forest, you should have an ace in the hole."

As the nervous rookie looked at him in confusion, he threw out both his balls, revealing Serperior and Chansey both.

"After my Chansey helps Mankey out, I'm going to teach your Mankey Aerial Ace."

When he returned to Pallet a few hours later, it was with the sort of smile only a successful helping session could provide.

Not only does this work some Togepi battle experience in should I move to have a Togetic in time for Indigo, but also this keeps up that bit about 'patrons'.

My current plan is having the people Ash helps on and off screen all play roles when Ash gets outed, and the more people he helps inspire the better for it.

Chapter 39 Snip 3

Chapter at 5000 words, and something teased a while back comes to fruition

Ash will have HOW many Pokemon?

“Sludge Bomb!”

The Exeggutor that had emerged as the battle favorite stamped his foot into the ground as a series of brown bullets shot out from the top of his head.

Yanma avoided the bullets in turn, flying circles around the Grass type with a green trail from the ability Speed Boost following in his wake.

Yanma turned suddenly, moving in right at Exeggutor, shimmering white wings signaling the use of Wing Attack.

“Use Teleport!”

Exeggutor vanished in an instant, though surprisingly as Yanma flew in the bug vanished as well.

Exeggutor reappeared a few feet away, looking around nervously for the bug, as said bug reappeared behind Exeggutor and slammed into the tree from behind.

Exeggutor stumbled forward, unbalanced and with significant damage as Yanma continued to speed around it, a white wind surrounding it.

Not the Quick Attack style wind, but...

“Is that Aerial Ace?!”

“The data suggests so.”

The Pokedex's confirmation in hand, Yanma buzzed happily at the declaration of his achievement. Exeggutor meanwhile muttered something that was probably complaining about being the test subject for the new move.

He'd ask Pikachu for confirmation, but he had darted off somewhere with Raichu and he didn't want to know why.

"Hey, you're both looking great. Yanma learned a new move, and your Sludge Bomb is looking pretty good too."

Exeggutor seemed a bit less bothered about the entire thing, though before he could return to giving more training a Grimer slithered his way.

"Gri!"

Ash felt the muscles in his legs tense in readiness to run before his brain could remind himself that having Exeggutor teleport away was a smarter escape plan.

Before either plan could be executed though the Grimer rose up to full height, revealing an egg held within the slime.

An egg with a marking on it he knew well from however long he had to deal with James and Smokescreen.

"Exe!"

"A Koffing Egg, and before I could even get the data for it. My program is now reduced to being redundant!"

Grimer nodded, oblivious to the Pokedex's concern, before retracting the egg back into itself as Ash wasn't quite sure what gender the Grimer was. Done showing off the egg proudly Grimer promptly slithered off somewhere, most likely to show off the egg elsewhere.

"... It happened."

Ash felt a bit weightless at the realization. The Pokedex had commented on it, but it didn't feel all that real until just now.

"Yes, yes it did. Your Pokemon count will increase even without proper catching vigor on your end."

As Grimer vanished from view, Ash couldn't help but think.

Once upon a time, he had seen being a Pokemon Master as capturing as many Pokemon as possible. He had grown beyond that over time, and saw more value in the quality of Pokemon before quantity.

Yet here he was, finding himself getting Pokemon without even trying. It felt... off somehow.

"Does it even count? I didn't catch that Koffing."

"Yes, but your Pokemon did, and you caught the Pokemon."

Ash shook his head at the blue snark his Pokedex had in the former part of that sentence.

"Plus I'm sure you will appreciate having more Pokemon to save you next time a crazy person kidnaps you and you need a full on rescue force."

Did the Pokedex really think Sabrina was just a prelude to future repeated scenarios where his entire team would need to break roofs to rescue him?

Ash would like to call it paranoid, but he was pretty sure he lost the ability to claim that given the fact Sabrina was not the first person to kidnap him this timeline.

Chapter 40 Snip 1

Well, ask and I can find a place for such a scene. Now at 4000 words in the chapter

At least in my own sort of twist.

Ash wasn't entirely sure how the conversation really started.

It had been the post oven, pre removal doldrums of muffin making. There had been nothing to do at that point.

Pikachu was still asleep, and he hadn't taken up coffee.

"What was your dad like?"

If it had been boredom to bring it up, or the fact that his tiredness had made him not consider the ramifications of asking it, but the question was none the less spoken.

As a result, his mom's eyes were no longer on the newspaper she was reading (Unovan tax percentage bill defeated by arm wrestle), and on him in curiosity.

"Your grandfather? Is there any reason you're asking? I don't mind, it's just a bit random is all."

Having to explain what could possibly prompt his question would be tricky.

"Well you see, there was this thing in which he came up...."

His mom rose her hand up before he continued.

"If it's anything remotely similar to how you ended up catching a dragon-type I had never heard of in the sky, despite neither of you having wings, I don't want to know."

He bit his lip trying to find a way to say that it wasn't like it, despite the fact the incident did involve kidnapping, exhaustion, and minor breaking of the laws of physics. His mom quickly waved him off.

"You look like you're trying to figure out if it is or not, so let's skip over what it was. How did he come up?"

"Well, about me."

The words sounded awkward, even as he remembered the meaning.

That his grandfather did not want him to be born.

His mom flinched, though she seemed to know what he meant.

"I have no idea how that could have possibly come up, but it was true. He would have been quite happy if you never were born. However, I know he'd have changed his mind if he met you, and I'm not just talking about when you were a little baby."

Given how often he had ended up going backwards in time even before this new reality, that wasn't as out of the question as his mom made it out to be.

She took a sip of her coffee before continuing.

"Ashton Ketchum wasn't a bad man; he was quite a good man actually. If he wasn't I'd have never named you after him, though if he had lived to see you I'd probably have named you something else. Like Casey, or maybe Bob. I was always somewhat partial to Satoshi myself; your grandmother's side of the family had names like that."

"However, he was always a bit rough around the edges. He wasn't a guarded or a reserved man, and he didn't have problems with drinking or drugs or anything like a lot of men of his generation did, but there was always something unpolished about how he

expressed himself in anything. If it makes any sense, try to imagine that everything he did from love to concern to scolding me about my skirt lengths was always more of a rough draft instead of a more complete version of itself. I'm sure that if he had been born a few decades later a psychologist would have had a word for it, but that wasn't really something done when he was born. I always knew that, though I won't lie and say it didn't hurt when he gave a first draft equivalent of a 'this is why you can't go to that party on a school night' talk, or the 'I care about your future' talk. I knew it wasn't him being deliberate, but it still wasn't ideal."

Ash wasn't sure what to say, and his mom was able to continue.

"I do mean what I said though. He died hating him, and he would have preferred that you weren't born at the same time, but he would have loved you as much as my mother did, and perhaps even as much as I do. You have his smile, and he'd have been happy to see someone bring it out much easier than he could even when he wanted to. You also have his need for a razor, but he'd have probably laughed about that if I brought it up, as he always did."

The last part was said in a way that he wasn't entirely sure if his mom was telling him to use that wax he got from Seafoam, and to avoid getting roped into that time sink he moved onto a topic that was perhaps more unnerving to go into.

In part because it did involve a bit of fudging details.

"Around the same time that came up, I also was pointed to a few people who happened to look like me. Especially in the ways that I don't look like you..."

"I am in no position to claim offense to that, nor do I have any interest in doing so. If they were from the same family I sincerely apologize for the sense of betrayal and world shifting that they may have experienced. If they weren't, well can't say I'm surprised."

Unlike the possible barb at himself and his namesake, there was no mistaking the tone his mom had as anything but disdain, though entirely aimed at his father and not at any of the others involved in it all.

The shift away from talking about the yesteryears Ketchums (Ashton, Hanako and Delia) to him possibly going on to figure out which sibling to mention to his mother and in what context was prevented by the ding of the muffin timer.

Not coincidentally, he also heard the footsteps of Pikachu, Misty, and Anabel the moment it went off.

Chapter 40 Snip 2

Chapter now at 7000 words, and a scene for the forum to note.

Oak's Dragonite appears in this
"Breakneck Blitz!"

The power surged through both himself and Pikachu before being unleashed in a massive tackle by Pikachu towards the defending target.

Said target wasn't standing still for entirely though.

"Alright Dragonite, Horn Drill!"

The Professor's command was met by the dragon-type in question leaping into the air and flying towards the charging Pikachu, spinning like a drill into the Z-Move head on.

The two attacks collided for a moment, before Horn Drill was quickly overpowered and Dragonite was flung back.

Dragonite's heels dug into the ground first, and it was likely the combination of that and the Horn Drill that it used that it was still standing.

Panting like Drake's Dragonite after going through all the rounds of battle it did with him sure, but still standing.

"Oh my, and to think that's even with Multiscale halving the force! Medic!"

So Dragonite was barely standing, even with a good landing, Horn Drill taking the attack partway, *and* an ability that halved damaged.

Ash, even if he did feel a rush of exhaustion come on from the Z-Move, had to grin. Z-Moves were so amazing, perhaps even as

much as science!

"Pikapi." 'Do all Dragonite's have that ability, or just this one? Because I feel far too exhausted to still have them stand after doing that.'

As Pikachu panted out a complaint and Chansey responded to Professor Oak's call to start healing his Dragonite, the old man turned to him with a wide grin.

"Simply incredible. I don't claim to be an expert on Z-Moves, but the power that showed was simply incredible. To think that you managed to create the crystals for it."

"I'm just as surprised as you."

Really he was. Just when it seemed like he had a clue on what went on in his life, he'd find out something new.

He half expected to wake up one day and find out he could turn his toast into mega stones. Then the Sceptilite he had would have company.

The Professor dug into his jacket eagerly, talking as he did.

"Move expertise is handled by a young professor named Kukui in the Alola region. I don't see him that often, and the person I more often talk to over there is my cousin Samsom. He's the funny one of the family, and he studies regional variants. I've always been asking him to send me some for study, and if possible trainers from Alola with such Pokemon on top of it all, but it never works out when we try to arrange things. He runs a school you see, but he does have time to send less time consuming things."

One such thing was possibly what the professor just removed from his jacket: a flash drive with the same symbol as his Z-Ring on it.

The Professor held the flash drive out, which he took and held up to Pikachu, who sniffed it before looking oddly at the Professor.

“Young Kukui also works with my cousin, and he’s familiar with all the poses for Z-Moves. This flash drive has all of the moves on it step by step, and can be uploaded to the Pokedex.”

The Pokedex hummed in his jacket pocket approvingly, as the Pokedex did whenever it was told it could get data drives of information placed inside of it.

(The moment Ash phrased it like that Ash felt a need to smack himself. Taking months to pick up that his traveling companions found him attractive and liked him didn’t mean he didn’t get blue humor.)

Ash nodded in thanks, though stopped mid-nod as he realized something.

“Professor, how exactly did me having a Z-Ring come up, and probably more importantly the Z-crystals that I didn’t get from anyone?”

The Professor smiled at him in a reassuring way.

“My cousin and I talk about all sorts of things, many of which are more dangerous than your ability to create Z-Crystals. If anyone spied on us that would probably be looked into after about three rounds of much more immediately concerning subject matter.”

What he said though, didn’t really reassure him.

“When you say immediately concerning...”

“If I ever end up in prison or get declared to be on the run from the law, with or without a similar thing happening to a man whose name rhymes with Fastings, that’s what I mean. You might want to skip

town if that happens, in case they actually decide to take note of what came up about our sponsored trainers and students.”

Ash stared at the Professor in concern, as the old man chuckled.

“I have lived, and continue to live, a perilous life.”

That was probably about as much as he wanted to know, and so the topic was allowed to drop and to go on to talking about how his training had been going.

To Fox 'of the Moss' B, for your ongoing translation this scene goes in the space between the scene with Electra Artisan, and the Boldore/Serperior scene.

For those who are wondering what is up with Professor Oak's comments at the end, I'm referencing some stuff in the side stories, and also in Reset itself as I recall, with Oak, Hastings, and Samsom Oak.

And if people are asking if this implies that Professor Oak is aware of Frax and Velvet, Samson Oak is aware of the two's powers and relation to Ash, and the like....thankfully S. Oak has so rarely appeared that there is nothing saying otherwise, and it's flexible.

[Viroro-kun](#) is doing some stuff in Alola next, so I'll let him explore that if he wants, though he has no obligation to so. Though I'll say that if Samson Oak does, he's a [SecretSecretKeeper](#) and has not told anyone in Alola.

Tis more something that honestly developed as I wrote though the implications of both this scene, and previous scenes of Oak, Samuel, and Hastings... which now leads to questions about him.

I'm creating madness!

Chapter 41 Snip 1

Two things for you thread goers.

1: I'm planning on having the next chapter start with a 'trainer sizzle reel', sort of like what I had in chapter 29

<https://www.fanfiction.net/s/9939848/29/Pokemon-Reset-Bloodlines>

With trainers, with a focus on ones going to Indigo. Any people you'd particularly like to see there (other than Red, whose busy with his own adventure)

and 2:

He did a Sawyer he did.

They ran in a straight line, starting with the gray Boulder Badge. It was simple, particularly when compared to the multi-color Thunder Badge that was next to it.

The inverse was true of the badges at the end of his collection: the Volcano Badge, while more creative than the Boulder Badge in design, was simple next to the multi-color Rainbow Badge.

His eighth badge.

A celebration was certainly in order for it. With his Pokemon recovering at the Pokemon center with a grooming session scheduled for tomorrow while he did necessary research, there was but one thing to do.

"Your steak, sir."

Paul nodded as the waiter delivered his premium dinner, a side of broccoli and potatoes also present. As the waiter departed and Paul took up his fork and knife for a well-deserved reward, his thoughts went to the future.

The League was 3 months away, and once his self-celebration was done he had a lot of training to get done before the league began in full.

A benefit of not taking to the last minute to qualify was the ability to prepare for the league itself, and not battling in general. There were differences after all: gym training warranted a plan against a team of type specialists, while in a league you were much more likely to battle generalists or mirrors of yourself.

Erika certainly wasn't his mirror, even if taking a badge off her warranted not just a steak in his mind, but an extra cost steak topping.

Both from a personal standpoint and the fact she didn't go down easily. Even after he took care of her odd rain strategy she had half a dozen other tricks that made the entire battle a grueling experience.

Of course his way wasn't the only way one could go about it.

From the word on the street he had picked up on, both Ketchum and his cousin Red had won their seventh badges a while back, but hadn't been seen in a while.

The most logical explanation was that they had seen something lacking in themselves and decided to put in training before the final badge and league. They had seen something lacking and sought to patch it up most likely.

If it was enough to have Ketchum overcome that Reggie-esque personality of his, Paul would be surprised. For all of the flaws the guy had, a weak will wasn't one of them. It would take something significant to break him of being like Reggie.

Still, even if it would cut the 'immediately before league' training the two could do, they would none the less be present for the league and be tough competitors.

A fact Paul relished.

It meant nothing to win against a weak opponent, regardless of what rank they held. He avoided the weakest gyms in the Kanto region for a reason, even if he never did challenge the Viridian gym.

Or have the courage to go to Saffron. Though from what he had heard the Saffron Gym wasn't an option even for those fully ready to risk their lives.

There would be opponents worth his time at the Indigo Plateau, but to defeat them wouldn't truly warrant a celebration.

Defeating Ash or Red however, would.

He knew little of Red beyond his skills, but those alone were enough. And while he would never call Ash Ketchum a friend, the trainer had earned the status of an opponent who's defeat at his hands would be a personal triumph.

Unlike that other Pallet Town trainer. Defeating him was like swatting a pest.

At the league he'd likely find others like them who'd be great triumphs, likely even greater than the impartial glory of winning against the cousins. The father of the Fuchsia gym leader for one.

However the satisfaction of avenging past defeats would make defeating the two sweeter than the favored to win, even if he would be putting more effort into preparing for Koga than either of them individually.

But with the time he had before the league, it would be plenty. Perhaps during that time he'd be able to find a part of Kanto with the necessary magnetic fields.

It wouldn't be the only deciding factor for victory, but type match up was a factor. It would just be one of many he'd need.

Chapter 41 Snip 2

Another chapter bit. Fact check, but I don't believe Ash knows the name of the M2 bad guy. Correct me if I'm wrong.

'M2 Crazy Ship Guy', not to be confused with 4-chan
Pallet Town

"So seeing as we did fight Zapdos... what about a week more tops then we go take Viridian"

His declaration was met by nods from all gathered Pokemon, though there was an air of nervousness. Ash was pretty sure he could track the cause.

First Articuno without a battle, then Zapdos with a battle. That was in of itself a trend, and if it continued there was only one logical end point.

Moltres.

"Look, Moltres likes volcanos last I checked. I can't think of any reason we'd be near a Volcano now that we have the Volcano Badge, and as there were no Moltres there we are in the clear."

At least until Shamouti, but that was a while off and was likely to just not happen. After all, crazy ship guy was just as likely to be a carpenter as he was a detached collector with a super ship.

(Hopefully someone in his party knew crazy ship guy's name, he couldn't recall if it was ever brought up and he knew far too many crazy ship guys to get away with just calling him that.)

As Fire Island had a volcano, his point did hold. Without volcanoes there would be no Moltres attacks, and that was that.

“Plus even if we did run into Moltres, we have the best Pokemon for such an occasion. Squirtle, Kingler, and Boldore can fight off any random Moltres that decides not to wait until we are near a Volcano, and the rest of you are just as ready to handle anything.”

At the compliments cheers went out, with the ones he fully understood all cheering the three named Pokemon specifically.

Squirtle rubbed his chest proudly while Kingler looked flustered. Boldore however, just looked to the side with an aura of doubt around her.

Before he could ask her what was up though Jigglypuff took a deep breath, and he lost sight of her in the resulting panic.

Chapter 41 Snip 3

Chapter at 11,000 words, and surprisingly little issue getting that scene through.

No seriously, I am amazed that it wasn't that hard to pull off.

Now, a mostly unreal scene to the above, continuing a new training regime Iris started in Chapter 36

In my home state, there was a senate candidate who ran with ads of her wrestle slamming people into desks. I miss those ads....

Pallet Town, the hills

Had someone told him his last day in Kalos that in a matter of hours he'd be thrust into a rebooted timeline with so many changes it was at times unrecognizable and told him of the things he'd find there, Ash would have disbelieved many of what was to happen to him.

He had no reason to believe that his mom would have actually named him Bob, for one of the most minor of things.

One thing that would have ranked highly was wrestling with Iris, yet here he was in the midst of the powerless portion of the exercise with Iris, her elbow against his throat and his body pinned by hers.

"..Glad you're feeling better."

She seemed to struggle to understand what she meant, so she let off the pressure and got off of him, and after a quick breath he repeated himself.

"I was unwell?"

"Something seemed to be have been bothering you. I'm glad that you seem to have handled it."

Her mind seemed a lot more focused, and she generally seemed happier than she had been for a good while.

The smile she had now for one was a bit more authentic than he had noticed before a Zapdos tried to fry him.

Hopefully there was no correlation.

“So am I.”

The fact that this sort of training had been going for a while was the only reason Ash caught Iris mid-lunge, right when many would least expect it.

He grabbed her on both shoulders mid-jump, and quickly slammed her into the ground before she could use her legs to strike his back.

The two of them lay like that for a minute, both breathing a bit harder than usual.

“You know, it would probably be a good idea to train Anabel and Misty this way too.”

“That... might be hard to set up.”

He was pretty sure that they were in a much better position to say no for one thing. He had a bad habit of not saying it.

Also there was the fact that Misty, Anabel, and Iris wrestling each other in only bras and pants would be *very* distracting, and that was not even thinking about how distracting it would be without wrestling involved.

He was only somewhat getting used to seeing Iris without her shirt on, and that took a lot of him of being slammed into the ground by her.

He suspected such progress would be lost if Iris decided that pants were to be discarded.

“Perhaps after you finish collecting badges.”

Iris’s unconcerned thought on the difficulty of convincing Misty to try and pin him while neither were wearing shirts did not prevent him from jumping off Iris before a Dragon Breath could erupt out of her and strike him in the face.

Those really hurt, and the last time that had happened Anabel had to teleport for about half an hour to find a Cheri Berry because the H.O.P.E was busy upgrading its software.

Still, it did signal that the powerless part of the training today was over, and it was time to enter the powered part of it.

Maybe this time he wouldn’t have to tiptoe around his mother to avoid her asking about the claw-shaped bruises on his torso.

She might know about everyone, but that didn’t mean she needed to know about the part about the somewhat violent training he did with Iris in a state of undress.

Chapter 41 Snip 4

With how things are developing not entirely sure i can fit in Chandelure, but in the meantime have this.

OH GOD A HIPPIE

Viridian City

“You know buddy, I’m surprised.”

“PiPi-kachu?” *‘That Team Rocket hasn’t bugged us at all while we’ve been here?’*

He blinked as he realized that was actually true.

“Well, that I guess, maybe James dragged them off to a bottle cap convention or something. No, what’s actually surprising me is that mom didn’t want me to help with carrying things.”

His mom had decided that, as the last day he’d be here approached, that the last day should be capped off with a great feast. Not just a great feast, but a great party that would involve many in town.

To make it really special she had taken advantage of the fact she could pop over to Viridian City easier and was off buying the wider range of goods available in the larger settlement.

Which again raised the question of why he wasn’t doing the dutiful son role of carrying groceries.

“Pikapi.” *‘Maybe she just wants to surprise you with something.’*

He considered Pikachu’s theory, feeling his own frown deepen as he thought through the possibilities.

'Oh dear, could you possibly keep my son busy for the next few days? I really want him to have no idea what I'm going to have for him.'

Said mental question of his mother was matched by a mental image of Iris grinning in a way that made his muscles all flare up in exhaustion and dread.

"... I, could have lived with discovering the steaks earlier."

Pikachu patted his neck, as if wishing him luck in surviving the idea of Iris dragging him off into the hills for a few days (and possibly wishing himself luck for having to organize everyone for the last few days in the meantime).

"I can't believe it! Weren't you on T.V or something?"

The loud and amazed voice, with odd muddling, came from behind them, so both he and Pikachu wheeled around to spy an amazed looking tourist.

At least Ash assumed the guy was a tourist: flower patterned shirts were pretty tourist after all. Said blue shirt was over a pair of khaki shorts and sandals, with a pair of shaded sunglasses covering his eyes that butted up against the longer bangs of his black hair. If Ash had to guess, the guy was at least in his mid-twenties, but that is all he could tell.

However there was an odd thing about the guy, as he was wearing what looked like a ski mask over his lower face. It was an odd choice to go with a flowery shirt to say the least.

"I was a tournament I guess could have been broadcasted."

"Amazing! I'd have loved to be on T.V someday. Me, I'm just a nobody who just got lucky enough to win a raffle for a vacation. That's my claim to fame, kind of lame isn't it?"

The guy's friendly and loud voice was again somewhat wonky, and in a way that Ash couldn't put his finger on.

It didn't feel like it was just because of that ski mask, but what was up with it just didn't have an answer he could lay a finger on.

"Well I'm sure you had fun, and who knows what will happen going forward. I didn't go into things expecting to be on T.V."

"You really think so! Thanks."

Something about that response felt off to Ash: the voice sounded as it had always been, but there was something about the body language that felt off.

It didn't seem to be 'hyper'. Not being able to see his eyes or mouth was not helping him pin point what exactly was going on.

"Say, when I was on vacation, I got these really cool Pokemon. I'd love to battle them with you, they are pretty tough!"

Ash wanted to immediately go into the offer, but there was a potential issue.

"I mean sure, I'd love to... but all of my Pokemon are pretty strong. I've been doing a lot of training with them, and I'm not sure it would be really fair to you."

"Oh, it's no problem. They were pretty tough when I found them. Plus even if I'm no league trainer, I am a top tier casual. I can manage."

Again something was off here, but despite all of the senses Iris had trained into him his blood was itching for a fight, and from what he could feel tensing on his shoulder Pikachu was game for it too.

If there was something wrong, they could deal with it in turn.

As they were in an open enough area as it was he took the initiative and jumped back, freeing up a bit more space. The tourists seem surprised.

“That was a good jump.”

“Thanks, I work out.”

Without a further word both reached for a Pokeball. No advantage to either, just the luck of the draw.

“Go!”

Both shouts were met with a burst of a Pokemon, his choice being Ambipom. His choice however...

“Rai.”

Was a Raichu, but not one that he had ever seen before. Honestly, it looked a bit like a cartoon version of the species, with cuter and rounder features. The color was also different.

That wasn't even touching the fact it stood on its tail and levitated over the ground. That was weird too, but not as much as the fact he was basically staring at something that made him wonder if he was going to get a pie thrown at his face.

“... Pi...”... *that thing sounds like a hippie....*’

Hopefully it was the good kind of hippie.

“Alolan Raichu, a variant of the Raichu species native to the Alolan island chain. Alolan Raichu have the Psychic typing on top of their electric element, and are that way for no scientifically understood reason.”

Okay, he was definitely not mishearing that. The Pokedex definitely sounded distracted.

Between the weird tourist and now this, something was definitely off.

Ambipom tensed, ready for anything that might come from the hippie Raichu.

“Okay, I’ll make the first move then. Alright Raichu, Electro Ball!”

“Rai!”

The Raichu cheered in a manner that Ash could hear trace amounts of hippie in, sparks forming at the stubby ends of its paws. The sparks manifested into a fuller shape, a pair of Electro Balls that were quickly merged into a single ball.

“Dodge it!”

Ambipom nodded as her tails tensed. The Electro Ball was sent flying, and the moment it did Ambipom pressed both of her tails into the ground. Using them, she flung herself into the air, avoiding the Electro Ball that slammed into the ground with the gentleness of one of Pikachu’s old Electro Balls.

The Raichu would be a tough hippie it would seem.

“Okay Ambipom, use Shadow Claw!”

From her aerial position Ambipom swung around, pointing her tails at Raichu and firing off shadowy extensions right at Raichu’s way.

Raichu swung out of the way of the first one, but the second one managed contact and slashed Raichu along the side.

Raichu let out a cry of shock at the impact.

“Raichu!”

The concerned tone of the tourist, Ash noted, didn’t have the same oddness he had noticed before in his speech.

Raichu stabilized her floating as the tourist noted the landing Ambipom.

“That’s a pretty good move. You must have done a lot of work on it. We’ll have to avoid it: Electric Terrain!”

Ash wasn’t sure what he meant by that last one, but Raichu’s tail sparked before a yellow pulse shot out from it. This pulse covered the entire battlefield, which turned yellow and glowed brightly.

Ash felt the tingle of static riding along his pants, and had to wonder exactly what this move was supposed to do.

It didn’t seem to be damaging Ambipom in anyway, she looked fine.

Perhaps a tad staticy, so he’d avoid hugging her for the moment, but fine.

“... initiating anti-ele...”

From the farthest reach of his hearing he could have sworn he heard something, but before he could think of it further the tourist took things to his own initiative.

“Alright, now let’s use Electro Ball!”

“Jump!”

Ambipom motioned to jump just as she did last time, but this time the Raichu got right in front of her, faster than he had seen Raichu move before.

The Electro Ball was struck right in Ambipom’s chest, even larger than before. The resulting attack sent Ambipom speeding back in a wheel like fashion, leaving her crumbled on her ground .

“Ambipom!”

“Wow! I heard that if you combined an Alolan Raichu, Electric Terrain, and an electric move together, something really cool would happen. They weren’t kidding!”

Ambipom stood up, woozily, from that hit.

“Am.” *‘I’m guessing that Pokemon has some sort of ability that is making it stronger.’*

That would be the logical conclusion.

Pikachu muttered something about hippies that didn’t need translating.

“Okay, let’s do that again! Electro Ball!”

“Quickly, Counter Shield!”

Ambipom was able to start spinning while using Swift faster than she had prepared the jump. It wasn’t quite where it should be, but by the time the Raichu got in close the shield was up and the Electro Ball was deflecting and blasted back into Raichu.

Ambipom then stopped the Counter Shield, and they had the same idea in mind to wrap this up.

“Double Hit!”

Two glowing purple tails right into Raichu at once. They retracted back just as the Raichu landed on the still sparking field.

Defeated.

“Wow! I have no idea what you just did, but it was pretty cool. That must be the difference between a guy like me, and someone who really has something special about him.”

“Thanks.”

Again, something about the way that he said that was off, but now in a way that sounded between the normal way he sounded (that was, not normal), and how he had sounded when Raichu got hit with Shadow Claw.

As he returned and thanked Raichu, Ambipom looked at him in concern.

“Am.” *‘Something about this guy is off, be careful.’*

He nodded, he had to agree. This wasn’t just a normal tourist.

“Hey, let’s try it again! I have all sorts of cool Pokemon!”

The only way he’d get to figuring out what was up with him was to keep this up.

“Take five, you earned it.”

As he returned Ambipom and held a Safari Ball in hand, it was time for another blind throw.

“Go!”

This time he had chosen Boldore, who was ready for battle. What she’d be battling...

Well, it wasn’t as cute as Raichu, and it probably didn’t sound like a hippie.

“Gol.”

Most hippies, after all, did not look like blue massive armored bugs with a pair of massive front limbs taller than even himself.

Though given Misty’s fears, perhaps it was what hippies in her nightmares looked like.

“Golisopod, the Hard Scale Pokemon. An evolved Water and Bug type, Golisopod live in seaside caves where they train both physically and mentally to hone themselves.”

Again the Pokedex sounded a bit distracted, though had his own distracting thought to think of.

That was, pointing out to Misty that this thing existed, and her goal would involve her catching one.

That would be a fun conversation if there was anyone. He could already hear her screaming in terror, and it wasn't because she had walked in on this fight and seen the Golisopod.

This scene is only part of something being developed, and I am not sure if it will be three or more. I admit I am having a lot of fun with it.

Chapter 41 Snip 5

As the fun continues, chapter is at 20,000 words and I have no idea exactly at what point I want to stop this scene.

Fun is flowing through the work!

Leaning on three battles, you all agree?

As he returned Ambipom and held a Safari Ball in hand, it was time for another blind throw.

“Go!”

This time he had chosen Boldore, who was ready for battle. What she’d be battling...

Well, it wasn’t as cute as Raichu, and it probably didn’t sound like a hippie.

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That was, pointing out to Misty that this thing existed, and her goal would involve her catching one.

That would be a fun conversation if there was anyone. He could already hear her screaming in terror, and it wasn't because she had walked in on this fight and seen the Golisopod.

Still, giving Misty night terrors was a later thing to do, should he so choose.

Fighting her night terror was a now thing to do, and he choose to do so.

"Alright Boldore use..."

"First Impression!"

The Golisopod punched forward, which sent a shockwave that shook Boldore, before an arm thrust from Golisopod struck her right in the center.

The blow sent her skidding back, shooting up electric sparks from the still active Electric Terrain along her red crystal feet.

"Now Poison Jab!"

The claw of the other limb of Golisopod glowed purple as it lunged forward for another attack, though with a lot less speed than the first one.

"Iron Defense!"

Boldore shimmered a shiny gray moments before impact, which deflected the jabbing attack.

"Now Return!"

Glowing white Boldore hopped forward, slamming into Golisopod. The force of the blow sent Golisopod back, which was noted by a once again on the ground Boldore with a satisfied grunt.

The Golisopod hung over its chest, curled up a bit as if nursing a harsh wound, before the bug gave a nasty grin and uncurled itself and stood fully up.

A good distance away, and Ash could see that it had been entirely feinting the extent of the blow it suffered.

“Bol!?” *‘How!?’*

“Oh, isn’t he just a scamp! He loves doing that! Must bug your Boldore, but hey this guy is quirky! Hey, think you can show off another move while you are at it Golisopod. If it can stop your Poison Jab, maybe you should use a Water Pulse!”

The bug held its limbs close together, manifesting water into a glowing blue sphere.

“Rock Blast!”

Boldore fired the attack just as Golisopod was done charging the attack. The two attacks collided mid-flight and they cancelled each other with an explosion.

In the aftermath of said explosion the Electric Terrain fizzled out.

“Again!”

Another Water Pulse was charging from the giant bug, and Ash knew that this was going to devolve into a long ranged stalemate if he didn’t take a chance.

Or use an ace in the hole.

“Dodge it and get ready!”

Boldore barely avoided the Water Pulse, but she was ready when he removed the yellow crystal from the Z-ring and replaced it with the white one.

The tourist's body language, this time at least, did not feel off.

"Wait, is that a Z-Crystal?! Like, what Kahunas have?!"

He shrugged.

"Possibly, it's a long story. Now Boldore, let's do it!"

He stretched his arms out, before slamming them back down onto his chest in a Z-like formation. A yellow-orange aura flared up around him, which flew into a tensed Boldore before flaring up massively.

He heard the guy mutter something, but nothing the tourist could do seemed likely to be a problem. Even Protect hadn't stopped this attack.

"Breakneck Blitz!"

Boldore rocketed towards Golisopod with the gentleness of a speeding truck, frozen in place from the shock of the attack.

A reaction of a Pokemon still learning to keep its cool in battle, but a completely understandable one given the extent of what he had thrown at the guy.

He had wanted to see what a trainer like him could do, and this was it.

It struck Golisopod, who faded away into a mist as the attack struck. Boldore landed on the opposite end of the mist-Golisopod and she was just confused as he was.

"Pikapi!" *'Ash, that was a Substitute!'*

A Substitute!

As Boldore panted in exhaustion and looked around in confusion, a hulking form appeared in front of her, two Water Pulses in hand.

Golisopod then slammed both of them into Boldore, who promptly toppled over like a fallen janga tower.

“I won! I won! Somehow I won, and I can’t believe it! I wasn’t even sure that Substitute would even work like that, but it did!”

Golisopod nodded, as if the outcome had never been in any doubt.

“Good job, take a rest.”

He returned Boldore with a suspicious look, aimed right at the tourist in shades and a ski mask.

That Substitute timing could be the sign of a really talented Pokemon without training, or it could mean that something was really off.

He’d have to personally lean into the ‘this guy is up to something’ angle.

It was probably an option to just ask him, but a part of him was still unsure if this guy was just a normal tourist with a fascination with mouth wear.

Another part, larger than the above, honestly saw the training potential here. No matter what this guy was doing, it was a learning experience for them all.

Without it, he’d have never realized what Substitute could do to his Z-moves. He could now prepare for that tactic.

The tourist didn’t give a hint that he had noticed his suspicion, and after returning and thanking Golisopod, held up a third Pokeball.

It was an invitation, and he’d accept this one with a gesture of his shoulder. Recognizing what he meant Pikachu hopped off it and sparked his cheeks.

His Pokeball was flung into the air, which exploded into a canine Pokemon with brown and white fur and rocky spikes around its collar.

“Lycanroc, the Wolf Pokemon. Lycanroc evolves differently depending on the time of its evolution. This is its Midday Form. There are two common morphs, but unusual phenomenon have created unusual morphs in the past and can likely do so in the future.”

Again a distracted sounded Pokedex not quite sounding all there, and again an Alolan Pokemon.

The battle would begin now.

Chapter 41 Snip 6

One more part to his actions, after that I go back into secrecy

I'm sure Fox is happy about what happened here

His Pokeball was flung into the air, which exploded into a canine Pokemon with brown and white fur and rocky spikes around its collar.

“Lycanroc, the Wolf Pokemon and a Rock-type Pokemon. Lycanroc evolves differently depending on the time of its evolution. This is its Midday Form. There are two common morphs, but unusual phenomena have created unusual morphs in the past and can likely do so in the future.”

Again a distracted sounding Pokedex not quite sounding all there, and again an Alolan Pokemon.

The battle would begin now.

“Quick Attack!”

By his hand this time.

“Accelrock!”

Ash didn't know that move, but he felt he got what it was pretty much.

For Lycanroc tensed and launched itself forward, much like Pikachu's Quick Attack.

The two attacks collided, and while the collision ended with the two colliding it felt like Pikachu had a slight edge in that bout.

“That's a pretty strong Pikachu.”

The comment that came from the tourist was one of those that felt a bit less off than most of them.

“Yeah, he is.”

The tourist nodded in a rare show of clear body language.

“Bulk Up!”

Lycanroc howled into the air while a red aura surrounded it. A Quick Attack would probably not have the same bit of natural power advantage this time.

He’d have to change it up.

“Alright Pikachu, give it a Thunderbolt!”

Pikachu sparked as the electric glow formed and fired itself right at the Lycanroc.

Lycanroc bounded out of the way of the electric attack, glowing with the intent to start an Accelrock again.

“Quick Attack!”

It was possible that they could still break even.

With that call both Pokemon collided once more, and once more they broke off without an overall winner but someone who had a slight edge.

This time it was Lycanroc.

“Okay Pikachu, use Wild Charge!”

Pikachu nodded as an electric force covered him before bounding towards Lycanroc.

Lycanroc hopped to the side to avoid the attack, and in that moment Ash saw an opportunity.

For Lycanroc was just within reach for another sort of move.

“Okay Pikachu, shift into Iron Tail!”

Pikachu’s tail glowed metallic white moments before the electric aura of Wild Charge faded away.

However said electric charge lingered around Iron Tail, which was promptly slammed into Lycanroc with an extra oomph.

Even with Bulk Up Lycanroc felt that attack, and the bruise on the impact point of the shoulder would be a lingering mark for the battle, if Ash had to guess.

He’d need to press the advantage he had earned.

“Thunderbolt!”

The close range electric attack landed before the Lycanroc could avoid it, landing a solid hit that lasted for a good while.

“Accelrock!”

And even into the resulting counter attack that slammed into Pikachu and sent him flying.

That broke the attack, and both Pokemon stared at each other with what appeared to be equal states of being.

Pikachu’s two solid attacks doing the same relative damage as Lycanroc’s one. By no means the fault of Pikachu’s strength and the extent of his training, but a simple reality of his natural defensive levels.

This fight would be determined by the next solid hit landed, and Ash was regretting blowing the Z-move as early as he had.

He doubted the Lycanroc could as easily avoid Gigavolt Havoc as it had some of the Thunderbolts.

“Bulk Up, then Accelrock!”

Lycanroc howled as a red aura surrounded it once more.

Quick Attack would not be able to handle the attack this time. He’d need to try something else.

Something he had already done in this fight, and an idea that made him want to turn his hat around.

He’d do so if he had any time to spare, but as that wasn’t the case there was only the plan.

“Okay Pikachu start up Wild Charge, then go into Quick Attack!”

Pikachu nodded as mid-way through Bulk Up Pikachu flared up the electric aura of the lesser Volt Tackle option, which quickly turned white with Quick Attack.

The sparks from Wild Charge danced around Quick Attack as it flew towards Lycanroc’s Accelrock attack for an extra power boost, though as the Quick Attack approached Lycanroc Pikachu seemed to lose a bit of speed.

However for what speed was lost the electricity that had been sparing from Wild Charge made for it as it flared up and formed into an attack.

Though it wasn’t Wild Charge, but a more familiar move.

Volt Tackle.

While slower than Accelrock, the two colliding moves met mid-field, and this time there was a clear leader.

The glowing black and white form of Pikachu overpowered the Bulk Up boosted Lycanroc, forcing the hound back and knocking it across the field.

A pillar of dust was spilled up along the way, and Lycanroc lay defeated as Pikachu landed unharmed.

Well, aside for the minor bit of recoil damage, but in the end Pikachu was still standing, and Lycanroc was not.

“Lycanroc!”

As the trainer recalled the Rock-type, Ash decided it was time to see just what was going on here.

“You’re a bit more than just a tourist, aren’t you?”

The tourist froze in place as he tried to reach for a fourth Pokeball.

“Look, if you just say who you are and you aren’t a Team Rocket Member or Hunter J or something we can drop the charade and battle for real. None of this faking thing you seem to be doing.”

“Cebu, deactivate voice replacement program. The false behavior is no longer necessary.”

“Acknowledged.”

Of the more authentic sounding voice, and the more often used voice, the two voices that came from the false tourist sounded like the most extreme versions of either.

However it was the first voice that remained after a sound that reminded Ash of a deactivating tech doodad.

“... Well, you picked it up. I must admit I was probably hoping too much that this would let me see six of your Pokemon for analysis. However three is not a bad sample size at all.”

Pikachu sparked at the false tourist, who seem unworried.

“Who are you?”

The not-tourist didn't answer his question, but instead looked towards his Pokedex pocket.

“That's a pretty good piece of A.I. Whoever made it for you has some talent. Cebu's personally impressed by the growth subroutines it developed. You're similarly impressive. I didn't expect you to defeat two of my Beta Team with only three of your Pokemon. Had we gone onto four Pokemon I could have seen you drawing two for two, but you surpassed my initial data readings. I'll have to use an Alpha Team against you when we meet again.”

“And where would that be?”

“Indigo.”

With that word, and a voice of electronic origin declaring the activation of 'remote warp tile access', the tourist teleported away just as Anabel walked up behind him.

As he vanished with a flicker more akin to a Pokeball transporter than a Teleport, Anabel had a widened eye of surprise.

“I battled a strange faux tourist, no chance you read his thoughts and could tell me what just happened?”

Also 22,000 word chapter

Last edited: Aug 21, 2018

Chapter 43 Snip 1

Seeing as a state senator my mom really hates (despite being the same party as she generally is) lost, I'll give you guys a little sneak peak of Chapter 43/Movie 1 part 1.

My first Mewtwo scene that doesn't depict him as 100% terror
The battle was one-sided.

The trainer's commands were well practiced, and the Pikachu had an excellent synchronicity with him. The challenger stood no chance.

He shook his head at the idea that the challenger could have ever been a threat. Still...

"Shall I send an invitation?"

He waved in acknowledgement to his thrall, giving the okay.

The boy clearly had something to him, but it would remain to be seen if he had anything more. A Pikachu could not cross an ocean in a storm, not that he had ever heard.

He idly recalled seeing a few Pokemon flying in the area that were likely not just wild, they may belonged to him. Among them a Charizard.

A Charizard could make it, if it was properly trained. If the boy had trained it like he had trained the Pikachu, he might be among the few to persevere through his storm.

Though it could belong to one of his companions, that was certainly possible.

"As you wish."

It was a simple button press to send out the signal, and the thrall didn't need to do much more. His messenger would go out, and another candidate would be made.

He pondered if he'd need to spread his power outwards, ensuring a spark of interest in the trainers. It was simple enough to do, and it would ensure that he would get what he wanted.

Yet as he had occasionally wondered if he had needed to do so, he always looked into the minds of his targets.

Brief glimpses into the minds of the humans, and he had never seen disinterest. Their curiosities and desire to see the greatest drove them just as well as any nudge he could give them.

He could almost call himself impressed. Both at their bravado, and the fact he had created the perfect trap.

The thrall had not departed, which drew his attention back to her and away from his astonishment at their willingness to follow his will unheeded.

"My Master: the clones have finished growing. They only need to awake, which they will do so upon your command, and they will already know all that they need to."

It was a rarity that he found himself smiling, but he couldn't help but do so at the news.

All of his mental power over mind and matter, and his attempts at creating life just as they had once created him had failed him. Yet it took a simple nurse to patch out his failures on one front.

One of the best decisions he had ever made, and that was before he had even thought of having her be his face until his grand reveal. To think he had once simply experimented with ripping the skills from her feeble human mind.

It would have been the epitome of wastefulness.

“That is excellent. You have performed as I had expected you to.”

She bowed at his compliment.

Why did humans do that? If it was a bigger curiosity of his he'd push her on it, but he had far more pressing things for her to do than explain some inconsequential detail.

“Tell me, what is the progress on Amber?”

There was a massive list of things he wanted to accomplish: the extent of which would have any human rightfully shiver in their little shoes. Even the so-called ‘great’ Giovanni feared him, and he knew quite well that he would be saved for last.

Her revival was the most important of all his goals.

“Problematic.”

The single word answer from the thrall was not unexpected, but it was unwelcome nonetheless.

He had brought her because cloning was an unstable process. Any hundreds of things could make a clone fail, as he had unfortunately witnessed.

He was the exception, not the rule.

The thrall had the knowledge to correct the problems as they pertained to the Pokemon clones. From what he had gleaned the issue arose in a number of locations along their genetic structure, and she was able to overcome those failings.

Humans were similarly trouble to recreate this way, but their problems were different. They fell apart on different points of the DNA chains.

Different systems failed, different organs failed to develop properly: entirely different problems for ultimately inferior creations in nearly all regards.

Their minds were among the few things they had that was superior, a fact the species had managed to use when led by their better specimens.

They also sweated better, which he had to admit did more for them than he had originally expected.

Even he could learn something new every day.

“I had taken to examining some of the notes you reconstructed from the former laboratory here. It appears that Fuji had been aware of this problem and was on the way to overcoming it. Tell me, have you heard of Bloodliners?”

He acknowledged that he had. Not much he'd admit, but he knew the basic concept.

Humans who had the abilities of Pokemon and the minds (and sweat glands) of humans. Perhaps nature was correcting their flaws and attempting to create something better. The natural world was a scientist after all.

“According to the notes, the doctor theorized that their DNA would react differently than pure human DNA to cloning. What I could salvage suggested that was indeed the case, and he was having success with the process of making the next cloning attempt a Bloodliner instead of a human for survival. However I was not able to gather the specifics.”

He felt a spark of frustration in him at that. He had some vague idea of something being done to Amber to try and keep her alive, but it being this line of thinking as only possible.

“Why were you unable to?”

“Because the damage to the notes was too severe. The lab’s destruction rendered his notes illegible, and the only one who knew what they said was the late doctor.”

He was still for a moment as the information processed in him.

Amber had died because of the weaknesses of human DNA.

The Doctor had figured out how to use another sort of DNA to bypass the problem.

He was doing well at it, until he died and his notes were destroyed.

The fact was holding back reviving Amber.

The one who had destroyed both the Doctor and the notes was himself.

Therefore the one who was keeping Amber dead was...

“No!”

Every glass screen in the room crackled, as did the tiles on the floor. The island shook with his fury, and the thrall fell to the ground, withering as every nerve on her body flared at once in singular, intense pain.

He took loud, searing breaths as he restrained himself once more, his thrall’s body ceasing in pained convulsions as he repaired the damages.

He felt angry.

His fury turned to Giovanni, but it left the man soon after. He was not responsible for this.

It turned to the Doctor, and it stood on him for a while. After all, it was his fault for being dead and not ensuring his notes could survive the fury of the world’s strongest Pokemon.

Yet the more he thought of that logic, the looser his fury stuck to it. It instead began to sticking to him, like some sort of self-hatred.

He experienced that emotion only a few times before, and it was still just as unpleasant as always.

He wanted it to go away, yet it stuck to him like a damp fog.

One that would not leave him and as a result leaving him to feel the unwanted emotion without relief from it.

Trying to ignore it, he turned back to the thrall, who had gotten back up and was still trembling in pain aftershocks. He idly noted his control had not slipped, unlike his own power.

He wasn't happy about the slip-up on his part, and idly wafted his power over her to dull the pain.

"Tell me, could you figure it out if we had one present?"

She nodded, his psychic powers having calmed the pain tremors.

"Yes. The passive equipment that would already be in place to gather data from the Pokemon gathered could be used to gather information from one with some adjustment, even before taking them for more extensive analysis in the lower levels."

"Then do so. You have not failed me yet, and you will not start on this day."

He returned to his monitors, aware that she bowed to him again and had departed, his monitors having moved beyond the Pikachu trainer and was moving to the east.

He'd be keeping an eye out for any of that small but growing number. He'd ensure that they come, and they would provide the data that the Doctor, and himself as much as he hated to admit it, had kept from Amber's rebirth.

He had given himself a timer before this, so it was possible that one would elude him. In such a scenario, he could only hope that luck had caught one in his net.

From all he had knew, such a being would be sure to overcome his storm.

I must admit, he's an interesting character to write. I'll admit I am not sure how many scenes I'll be writing in his P.O.V.

Chapter 43 Snip 2

Sorry for chapter bit lag, here is some actual scene.

Chapter 9000+ words

A teleport through the torrential rain and waves found them at the end of another dock, just around where the island was said to be in the midst of a storm.

However the island itself seemed to be out of the storm, with a clear moon shining from low in the sky. It illuminated the structure of the island.

What it illuminated was a massive complex, strewn in colors of blue and black. Green light shone from several windows of the building. Several towers with wind blades stood out, spinning in faint breezes. The island they sat on was small, yet it was oddly raised from the sea floor in a way that felt odd for an island.

The base of the island felt more like a mushroom rising from the ocean than an island, which Ash always sort of thought were more akin to hills rising from the water.

The dock they were at stuck out from the island's stalk, for lack of a better term. It felt odd to Ash in two ways.

One was the fact that he saw the faintest of ripples emerging from the edge of the water, like if the structure had emerged just before they did. The other was the old nagging itch in the back of his mind, as if he had seen this place before but had forgotten it.

But why would he have forgotten such a place?

"Error."

The Pokedex seemed just as stunned by what was here as he was feeling. In fact, that might be the first time he really heard the

Pokedex sound 'breathless'.

Exasperated yes, but breathless was a new one.

"Pikapi." *'Ash, are you seeing what I'm seeing?'*

"Are islands supposed to look like mushrooms?"

When Pikachu didn't respond he glanced over at his buddy, and noticed that he was staring, transfixed, at the storm and not the island.

It also looked like the same could be said for Misty, Iris, and Anabel, and he turned to look at what had caught their attention.

The storm, and the fact it was rotating in a way that did not look like how a storm spun normally.

It looked far more like what someone stirring something would be.

"That is not normal."

No one disagreed with what Iris had to say at the sight of the storm, which continued to behave more like something inside his mother's cooking pot than weather.

'Misty, do you ever feel anything from the rain?'

Anabel's concerned question was followed by Misty giving a confused shake of her head in the negative.

'I was hoping you did, and that this was just some sort of Rain Dance like move. I had hoped that you would all tell me it is normal to sense psychic power making this.'

Ash, and he suspected the others, stared at the odd storm in renewed unease.

It was being done with psychic powers?

“Should we leave?”

Iris’s question hung in the air like humidity.

‘Could you sleep wondering what is doing this and if it might run into you again?’

At Anabel’s answer the decision was made.

No, at least he could not. The question of what was going on here alone would haunt him to no end, and he only just seemed to have gotten out of being haunted by MissingNo and it would be best to not get a new terror.

Plus with how things happened with him if he didn’t run into it now, he’d run into it later. Better to figure out what was going on now as opposed to a less convenient time.

“Holy crap!”

Misty’s loud swearing swung the focus back to New Island itself, and not the ring of storm surrounding it.

‘Am I the only one who thinks that looks like a supervillain lair?’

For some reason as Anabel made the observation, words about destroying all life on earth rang in Ash’s head.

Who was saying these words in his memories was still out of reach though.

Yet regardless of who might be dwelling in it, or their goals within, they walked down the path towards the island.

They’d handle whatever was within. He might not remember what this was all about, but he had dealt with the end of the world, the decay of space, the wounding of time, and the righting of wrongs. He may not be able to remember what this was, but the fact it was familiar to him meant that at one point, he got through it.

No one died the first time, and that would not change this go around.

Chapter 43 Snip 3

Got a 43 chapter segment, while I work on another one I will probably share.

EDIT: I will not be sharing, as it turned out to honestly be more of a 'point A to B' scene, chapter at 14,000 words.

Had this for a while ago, but a reward for being patient.

While Ash would always enjoy a good battle, whenever it came to kick the crap out of a jerk, he'd always end up feeling tense afterwards. Especially when said jerk was unable to stand five minutes against him, and left just as or faster than he came.

Misty offered to give him a massage to relax, once he was done rubbing lotion on her, and he had to admit it felt really good. The stress that idiot who interrupted them, while minimal, left him a little crick on the neck, and it was better to get rid of it so they could continue to enjoy their well-deserved beach break.

"Is it okay here?" Misty asked, as her hands rose across his shoulder blades.

"Just a bit further up... ahhh yeah, right there," he said.

Ash couldn't help but wonder if those hands with an almost magical touch were the same that, in fist form, had punched him out several times during his first journey throughout Kanto in the previous timeline. Though admittedly, most of those times he was asking for it.

'Why did I sometimes made her mad for no reason?' He laughed inside at the thought, at how stupid he was back then. And he probably couldn't blame that on Cyrus.

He turned around for a moment to glance at Iris and Anabel, who decided to lay down and rest too. Neither of them seemed to be

uncomfortable when he rubbed the lotion on Misty. At least, no more than *he* was about it.

More specifically, because unlike the other two, Misty had to untie her bikini top so he could rub the lotion on her. Out of reflex he had tried to cover his eyes, but he accidentally left an opening between his fingers. Luckily Misty didn't seem to notice.

"Done," Misty said as she pulled her hands off his back. "How do you feel now?"

"Wow, that was awesome. I had no idea you were so good at giving massages."

Misty giggled. "Neither did I, to be honest. My sisters would get them all the time, so..."

Seeing Misty slightly grimacing, Ash's first thought was "I could do it for you sometime", but he didn't dare say it out loud. He figured it'd be... too awkward. Or maybe not, since she had already done it for him and seemed to enjoy every bit of it. What did they call it "quid pro quo"?

The redhead glanced at his eyes, and after arching her eyebrows, she gave him one of her occasional flirty smiles. "You're not thinking about..."

Ouch, busted. And there was no point in denying it. She was no telepath like Anabel, but she did seem to have a sixth sense for those things, or at least when it came to him.

He tried to look away to hide his blush, but Misty then laughed. "Hey, easy. Truth to be told... I wouldn't mind. I mean, you've just rubbed lotion on me, yet you didn't touch anywhere you shouldn't have, did you?"

"Do you always have to do that?" He pouted slightly.

"Not really. Just when it's funny."

Ash wanted to get mad, but he just couldn't, and before he realized, he was laughing too. Misty was right, it was kind of funny when she teased him that way, if only to get a reaction out of him. The fact she actually looked cute when she laughed didn't hurt either.

However, their laughter was interrupted by the noise of flapping wings approaching them. One that didn't belong to any of his Flying-types, but one that Ash found strangely familiar for some reason...

...

A gust of wind preceded the landing, blowing Psyduck over and flipping him on his back, where he promptly began to flail about in a panic.

Normally she would find it funny, but giant wind gusts from something appearing at their front door was more important than chuckling at Psyduck.

It also, sadly, meant she had to stop flirting with Ash. Which was a pity as she was having a lot of fun doing that.

The wind gusts creator was eventually revealed as a massive orange-yellow Pokemon descended: winged and bipedal.

"Dragonite, the Dragon Pokemon for the two of us who may not know what this Pokemon is. Dragonite are a very intelligent and powerful species that fly all over the world at vast flight speeds. The species is known for displays of altruism towards the drowning and the lost on the high seas. However it is not a Water-type Pokemon."

"Broo?"

She'd have asked the translation from Iris, but she quickly realized that she didn't need it as the Dragonite pulled something from a

black bag it had.

The something, she quickly realized, was a letter.

The Dragonite held the letter out towards Ash, who seemed confused as to who might be mailing him like that.

“Something for me?”

Dragonite nodded at Ash’s question, and he took the letter. Misty idly noticed it didn’t have stamps.

She was pretty sure that such a thing was a problem. She wasn’t an expert on mail, but she was fairly certain that stamps were needed to move things along.

Was this some private mail service?

That made some sort of sense, as she couldn’t see people wanting to pay the tax money for a Dragonite mail service. People didn’t like paying for anything, and the mail service worked fine as it is.

Maybe? Again, she did not know but she never heard people complain about that part of the government. Clearly it had to be the pinnacle of perfection.

Ash had opened the letter as she wondered this, revealing some sort of black rectangular device.

It looked like some sort of technology, but nothing she had ever seen before. Was it one of those Holocasters or Xtranscievers?

“I do not recognize the make of that device.”

The Pokedex’s comment was followed up by the center of the device glowing before displaying a hologram of a woman in a long dress that she could never imagine herself wearing.

The woman curtsied in the massive thing before speaking her recorded message.

"Greetings Pokemon Trainers, I bear an invitation. You've been selected to join a select group of Pokémon Trainers at a special gathering. It will be held by my master, the world's greatest Pokémon Trainer at his palace at New Island."

'The who?'

"Pi?"

"I have no data on whom such a person might be."

"Psy!" *'The grass made me itchy.'*

Iris and Ash stared at the hologram in a combination of interest and confusion. Ash being the more interested of the two, and Iris the more confused.

Perhaps she had asked Ash once what a Pokemon Master was, and wasn't sure how one just declared yourself 'the greatest Pokemon trainer'.

In her opinion, she'd call that a Pokemon Master, but who the strongest Pokemon trainer was exactly bewildered her.

The hologram morphed into a map of the area, with a glowing icon set near a town a ways over, and an island off the coast of it linked by a dotted line.

"A charter ferry will move from the old shore wharf terminal and take you to the island this afternoon. Only trainers who present this invitation will be admitted. If you plan to attend, you must apply at once. My master awaits you."

With that the hologram curtsied again and vanished, replacing herself with two glowing circles.

One that had 'Yes' next to it, the other 'No'.

"New Island is deserted. There should be nothing there, let alone a palace. Did someone build it in a month? I claim deceit."

The Pokedex's incredulous tone rang in her ears, and part of her knew that made sense. Yet something inside her felt an immense curiosity.

Who was claiming the title? If he had a Dragonite delivering his mail and a holographic projecting message he probably wasn't some random scammer.

Even beyond her own curiosity, she felt a surging sense of intrigue and desire to know what this was all about not just in Ash, but in Anabel as well.

She wasn't psychic, but she could practically feel it.

It was more intense on Ash, and it had a mix of something to it.

As if he could have sworn he had an answer to the mystery of 'who is the strongest trainer', but it was on the tip of his tongue.

Also, even if this turned out to be a farce of some sort, Anabel could just pop them out of there before the time share presentation started.

"Well if it is a lie, it's a pretty good one. Iris, you in?"

She could tell what Ash and Anabel were thinking, and it looked like Pikachu was in agreement.

Psyduck wasn't paying attention, but then again he hadn't been so she didn't count him.

"The beach was getting a bit old anyway."

It seemed like either Ash had picked up Anabel was just as interested as he was, or she told him telepathically, as Ash promptly hit the yes button.

Dragonite let out an approving call, and shot back up into the sky. The technology stilled, showing no signs of function.

“Well, it looks like a date.”

Ash’s sputtering was promptly heard, and she felt rather happy for herself.

“Agreed.”

The fact that Iris quickly agreed on her joke, and sent Ash into further sputtering, did not bother her at all.

Last edited: Jan 25, 2019

Chapter 43 Snip 4

Chapter 17,000 words in and soon Mewtwo will do his descending entrance.

But until then, why not show off things more?

What to wear and what to ride

About an hour before they had arrived at the ferry terminal, there had been a bit of a debate going on about if they should do anything specific for this invitation.

It hadn't been anything serious, and it honestly had come up because of a voice in his head that honestly sounded like his mom, but he had thought that maybe they should dress up a bit.

They had eventually decided that no, it was probably not necessary. It had not requested any sort of attire type, and trying to understand the 'how to dress for success' Oak lecture the Pokedex had on the subject served only to get him very lost.

Iris got so lost he was pretty sure he saw her eyes spinning.

Misty and Anabel had not been as confused, but they hadn't felt the urge to change what they were wearing and so the line of thinking was abandoned.

If something was absolutely needed, they did have spare clothes that were a bit more 'professional' than what they typically wore. If they were in an environment that required Misty to not bare her stomach, that would be an easy enough fix.

Of course, there was a simple reason why they might have to change their clothing that had nothing to do with societal expectations.

"I think I see it just over.....gah!"

Out of nowhere the sky darkened and a deluge of rain began pouring down on them, cutting off the conversation entirely.

They quickly began running in the direction he had noted, aggravated noises coming from all of them as the rain began soaking them down to their very bones.

“This rain was not in the forecast! I do not even mean a percentage possibility, there was nothing indicating that such a rain storm was possible!”

The Pokedex’s shout from his pocket, which probably wasn’t dry at this point, hung a bit in his mind as the four of them abruptly stopped as a car sped in front of them, wipers going at it in a frenzy. If the rain had been going on for longer, it probably would have splashed them to add insult to injury.

Yet even that would probably have not made him stop thinking about the point the Pokedex rose about the storm, and how this all seemed a bit familiar.

He had a similar feeling when the Dragonite flew in.

He had no idea why, and trying to think about what it was about was better than thinking about the fact his body was being drenched, running or standing it didn’t matter.

“The machine is right. I did not get any sense that it was going to rain today.”

Iris’s agreeing point as they ran aside, a sudden rainstorm and a Dragonite letter. Had they been part of an adventure of his that he had forgotten?

He had many of them, and while he could remember a lot of them, there were always details missing. Like he couldn’t remember the name of the people who bothered that Lunatone that one time, or why they were familiar.

His memory was better than he'd have thought it would be, but there were still holes.

What was in this particular hole?

As he got sight of the wharf terminal's dorm, so close he could already feel the dry air within, the thought was put aside for a more immediate question.

Would Charizard mind being used to dry them out?

...

Taking Charizard out was quickly shelved as an option when he saw the packed nature of the terminal.

It was packed: filled with dozens of wet, impatient, and irritable trainers and more than a few Pokemon. There was no space on benches, trying to get near an electrical outlet looked like a fight to the death, and the bathrooms had lines getting into them.

It was also rather loud, with people murmuring, muttering, yelling, and otherwise making the stressful situation even more stressful.

They basically would have no place to stand except a few strides away from the door unless they wanted to vault over people., which would definitely not improve things here.

"Can we go back in the rain? It was quieter, even if it came out of nowhere."

A burst of loud swearing that itself set off even more swearing made Ash consider Iris's suggestion.

It was barely more comfortable in this crowded terminal than in the rain, and if he listened to too much of this swearing his ears might start bleeding.

He was hearing swear combinations he had never heard before, nor could really understand the logic behind.

“The ferry is going to be hell. It might be better to follow on Gyarados.”

Misty was completely serious as far as Ash could tell.

“You can hear the waves right? Gyarados does not have seat belts.”

A distant scream from the bathroom about a busted faucet brought up another fresh wave of swears.

“I agree. We can all swim if we fall in and need retrieving.”

Iris had jumped ship from team ‘stand out in the rain’ to team ‘take the Gyarados express, please sign the waiver’.

Or did they both forget that ‘swimming’ was not the same thing as ‘swimming in an ocean whose waves were actively trying to kill you.’

“You guys got angry on me for surfing a giant killer wave, and now you are suggesting we go into arguably worse waves on a Pokemon that does not have built in seats?”

Gyarados was no Lapras, and he’d not want to put Lapras in weather like this if he could help it for the sake of everyone.

“That’s different Ash, there is a point to doing this unlike you trying to face plant into a giant rock. Also a Gyarados is much safer than a surfboard.”

He suspected Misty was the first sentient being to ever say that sentence, though before he could point that out to her a different plan was offered.

Though they probably could keep it from getting that far. He and Anabel would say no, and there was nothing that Misty or Iris could do that would make them think that was a good idea.

“Pikachu-Pi.” *‘Gyarados it is.’*

He could only stare at his shoulder buddy in horror.

He was supposed to be the smarter one between them, or at least the one with more common sense.

‘You know, I can just teleport us over there’

Anabel had her own option that wasn’t a death wish, and it could hopefully save him from the horror of unexpected tie breaker betrayals.

“That would work, and I guess we could lie and say we did take Gyarados. But if we don’t look wet enough...”

“What do you mean the ferry is cancelled?”

“Oh fuck!”

“Well, this is why I have a Gyarados. I’ll take the storm myself.”

Someone who almost sounded familiar shared Misty’s madness flickered above many angry shouts at the wet and miserable Officer Jenny who had been sent to try and control the situation.

It did not look like it would be controllable, volume or otherwise.

“Teleport it is.”

Iris summed up the changed situation quite finitely, and they quietly slunk out the door for some privacy for teleporting.

Chapter 45 Snip 1

I do have a scene from the post Mewtwo chapter for you guys: whipped it up from an idea I had yesterday. It's a breather chapter, keep in mind.

...

"Starting this year, the first round of the Pokemon League will be conducted in a battle royal format! Battle will waged between all competitors until at top 16 remains, and each competitor may only use a single Pokemon! Go!"

He felt like he had only just woken up to hear Goodshow's declaration as the large stadium he had been standing in exploded, at several points quite literally.

Pokemon moves were flying, people were running, and a giant number 151 that was displayed on the big screen was already dropping.

He himself barely avoided a String Shot that would have webbed him up like a Spinarak-man rogue before he turned to Pikachu.

"Alright buddy, we can do this! Let's go Pikachu!"

"Pikapi!"

He paused as he didn't get a translation for what Pikachu exactly meant.

He got the general gist of it, he might not have an exact number of how long it had been, but he knew Pikachu for long enough that he could get a general idea of what he meant.

This though....was he in some sort of dream?

BOOM!

He darted to the side to avoid a singed Bellsprout, who had come from the direction of Paul and Electivire.

The two had their trademark grins of superiority, which quickly morphed into something that was very much their trademark.

Dancing.

Yep, this was one of his dreams again. Paul didn't dance, he probably never dance nor would ever dance.

He also certainly didn't start chanting something about 'winner winner chicken dinner' while doing it, that was even less like Paul than dancing.

He slowly turned away from the dream sight, and found the dream Pikachu sparking at a charging onslaught of Pokemon he recognized from past battles.

A Blaziken, a Cacturne, a Empoleon, a Lucario, and Meowth from Team Rocket.

All ready to strike at them for a knockout.

"Pikachu, use Thunderbolt!"

"Pikachuuu!"

All five of them were quickly fried, sizzling for a moment before all collapsing in a cooked heap as the number audibly dropped five more.

"Good going buddy, now for Paul. Pikachu, use Quick Atta..."

The number audibly dropped one, and the thump of a large object alerted both him and the dream Pikachu to the fact that Paul had just been knocked out.

He was ready to see dream Tobias, to battle a dream version of him instead of having a dream version of the Darkrai trainer randomly insult him.

He didn't get that. Far from it.

"Jiggin in th' middle o' a rammy. Whit a dafty, ah hawp ye kin pat up mair o' a rammy than him."

"Chu?"

He agreed with his dream copy of Pikachu, he had no idea what the trainer he didn't recognize just said.

The trainer was a girl, around his age or so, with pale skin, grey eyes, and silver hair. She was dressed in a grey jacket, pink skirt, and large brown boots.

She had a Pokemon with her he didn't recognize: it looked like Mareep, but had pale white wool and black skin.

Was it an Alolan Mareep?

"Whit ye goupin' at, ye ne'er see a lassie kick butt afore? "

Wait, it couldn't be. He could actually understand what Lilo said.

"Pikachu, Thunderbolt!"

Pikachu jumped into the air and blasted at the sheep with an electric bolt.

The Pokemon bleated, forming a Protect in front of itself to block the attack from doing any damage. The electricity shot off in opposite directions, striking several other competitors and from what his hearing could pick up knock out at least one of them.

"Whit sort o' puny shift wis that? mah maw's Yamper kin dae better than that wi'oot ony kip! Dae yi'll waant tae see whit a real shift looks

lik', Kanto laddie?"

She held up a bracelet he hadn't taken note of before: he didn't see a key stone in it nor did it look like his Z-Ring. It looked a lot more high-tech, sort of like a next gen Poketch or something.

Before he could see if he'd understand what she was about to do more than he did her accent, he woke up from the dream, the tiredness leaving him quickly after only pushing himself up from the bed.

Pikachu, the real one and not the one in his dream, slept at the end of the bed without disruption.

"Why do I always get the weird dreams?"

He absently reached at the side of the bed, looking for the Pokedex to see if he had just dreamed up that not-Mareep or if it was actually a real thing.

He stopped after a few blind feels around for it.

"Oh yeah, right, I don't have it right now. Can't do that."

You always did need what you didn't have on you at the moment, didn't you? That was one of those rules of life.

...

[img: <https://serebii.net/swordshield/17.jpg>]

Decided to use one of the alternate Gloria (?) models to fill in for the Scottish Trainer meme in case Gloria is a traveling companion and isn't....well Scottish trainer meme.

Chapter 45 Snip 2

So a bit of a reviving update:

Viroro's done a decent bit of edit work.

Chapter that is after that is up to 11,000 words.

Here is one such scene.

I've oddly done a lot of Charizard POV's recently....

He waved off Togepi as he flew away, who was cheerfully jumping in his pride at managing to break the rock they had been practicing on.

He had another rock to deal with, as it were.

He flapped his wings as he rose over a Hoppip flock, the brush of his wing power sending them down to the forest tree tops.

They fluttered back up without issue, smiling the entire time as if they hadn't been disturbed.

He saw who he was looking for, and landed down in front with a loud thump.

His quarry didn't stop her work in the meantime, and seemed to in fact use his arrival to get more practice with her newest move.

Gigalith's Rock Polish glittered as she darted out of his way, and she seemed to tense in anticipation.

"Giga." *'Good, I've been meaning to really see what I can do.'*

He snorted, flames coming out of his jaw as he did.

“Chr.” ‘Yeah, you could try that. It wouldn’t get you what you are looking for, even if it would be a good way to snap you out of it.’

Gigalith glared his way, as if imagining what a four times weakness looked like in action.

“Lith.” ‘Snap me out of what?’

“Zrr.” ‘A power high obviously. Trust me when I say I know what it looks like, and how hard it can be to snap yourself out of it without losing badly first.’

He himself may have had something of a relapse on it, but given a complicated cocktail of two timelines of memories he would not be too hard on himself about it.

He liked getting stronger in general; he only took it a bit too far trying to get to an earlier level of strength.

Gigalith slammed her front legs down onto the ground in a display of force, shaking the earth around him.

Charizard valley etiquette said that was poor manners, but much like his trainer he didn’t care as much about such things. Plus it was a decent display of raw strength

“Gigal!” ‘So what if I am getting a bit carried away? You cannot imagine just how much power I’ve been feeling since I’ve evolved. It feels like I could destroy an entire mountain with the power in me now! I’m ready to tear anything up that wants some! Escavalier and Accelgor, Koffing, Hydregion, Sabrina, Houndoom, Golisopod, they all can get a real big taste of what I can do now! I could take down the entire Indigo League myself! I’ve got power, I’ve got defense, and I’ve even got speed! What more could I want!? What more could I need!?’

Evolution was said to do many things to a Pokemon, and many under estimated the most basic part of it after a change in

appearance and what the average human heard when they spoke.

Sheer power being unlocked like a dam burst.

The release of all that new power did a lot for a Pokemon's personality. It could make a timid Pokemon more bold, as Ash could certainly attest in many of his friends over the years.

However it wasn't without consequence. Sometimes it was hard to see anything outside of that new raw power if you focused on it too much.

It was also a drastic way to overcome problems in your way. It worked, but so could learning a new move or technique.

You couldn't go back from it, but that was not the particular issue here. That was Torterra's problem.

"Zrrr." 'Oh I don't pretend you and I don't have more raw power than Squirtle or Pikachu at our disposal. However you are missing what raw power is compared to power and skill together. With that Pikachu and Squirtle will surpass you, and it is the reason that Pikachu beat Drake in the original timeline and not me.'

Well that and other reasons, but it didn't really work to this talk's benefit to mention them. That being said if he got the chance to be the one to take down that Dragonite, he'd do it even if Pikachu insisted on doing it himself again.

Gigalith rolled her eyes at him, and so he made his point in a similarly non-verbal method.

First by bellowing flames into the sky, then by holding up a metallic claw, then by igniting his power with dragonic energy, then by setting himself ablaze, and finally by holding an enlarged, non-metallic claw up.

It wasn't a complete showing of course, but it did put his point across.

"Chr." 'Raw power doesn't get you past the limit. You want to truly use your power, you've got more work to do. You just have to master a lot more power at once first. Only then is your power any more fully useful than when you were unevolved. Evolution is just a step, not the entire way to your full strength.'

The clearing they were in was silent but the blowing of wind in the grass and the distant humming of Hoppip.

"Gi." 'Well, in that case there is only thing to say. It's a Kalosian saying I heard from Goodra the other day. Do you know it?'

Does it have anything to do with that Serena girl that Pikachu has good things to say about?

'En garde!'

And with that a Gigalith glowing white with Return lunged at him with the restraint of a hungry Snorlax, and he grinned as he readied Metal Claw for the training that was to come.

Chapter 46 Snip 1

2000 words into the League 1 chapter now. Here is scene one.

(Will likely go back to and tweak)

The flame of Moltres was lit without issue, which was always a relief to the president of the league competition committee.

If there was one thing that could mess up an opening ceremony in Charles Goodshow's opinion, it was someone trying to steal sacred flames.

He found himself standing before the gathered trainers, and he could only smile down at them.

Old and familiar faces, fresh newcomers, those who had something to prove, and those who knew what they had to do.

It was a magic you could only see at a Pokemon League.

"Welcome valiant trainers, to this year's Indigo Conference. Being here means you have proven yourself to the Kanto Gym Leaders and overcome your own struggles and challenges to get here. Though I assure you that there is still more challenges to come. This is a truth not only of life, but this very tournament."

"Now, I am sure that you have noticed that there are many of you here. In fact there are many more participants this year than usual."

Depending on who you asked, there were different explanations for this.

Electra believed it was just part of how things went, as participant numbers were never static.

He believed it was older competitors being inspired to come out in force due to the rise of new and impressive rookies, while said super rookies inspiring their fellows to push themselves harder.

There were other theories beyond that, but they were neither here nor there.

“As such the tournament rules will be as follows: there will be nine rounds in total. There are five hundred and twelve of you gathered here, and after the first round there will be two hundred and fifty six. After that one hundred and twenty eight, then sixty four, then thirty two, then sixteen, then eight, then four, then two, and after that one. That one, as you can probably guess, will be the winner.”

“The first four rounds will take place in the side stadiums on themed battlefields chosen randomly each time. The only thing that is guaranteed is that you will not fight in the same field twice, and that each battle will be a three on three match. Upon reaching the top thirty two, battles will take place in the main stadium. The first two rounds in the main stadium will also be three on three, but the top sixteen, top eight, top four, and final rounds will be full battles.”

There were other details he could mention here, like a bit of talk about data or the fact that the food was free to all active trainers and for those who lost for a twenty-four hour grace period, but that was what side details and the village pamphlets were for.

“Fight with all of the spirit and skill you acquired in your careers, and when we come back here to crown the winner you will know what you have mastered and what you need to improve regardless. Win or lose, you will all learn something in this tournament.”

The cheering began at the end of his speech, and he smiled.

He loved his job.

Oh, and while I am here, a quick question.

I've been slowly building up the idea of the Dream World in Reset for a while, and I'm curious how you guys feel about Dream World Pokemon obtaining by the cast. It can easily just be a detail on the side, a 'thing Ash could do but it is more of an others thing' like BREAK is probably going to be (like 99% be), but I'm curious what the audience perceives as reasonable or too far.

Chapter 46 Snip 2

Here is round 1 by the way

Ash: Grass Field

Their disagreement with his choice of terminology and battle possibilities though, Ash found himself on the Grass Field just before lunch.

He was on the red platform, facing down his first round opponent on the green platform.

Pava Gilbane, who was a shortish girl whose arms looked none the less fairly fit. With short cropped blonde hair and her choice of a purple overcoat and jeans for most stand out clothing, she was giving off a lot of nervousness.

He could see it from here, which was odd.

Normally opponents at leagues were either confident or overconfident, depending on how you looked at it. The only person he could remember not being that way was Morrison, and that had only been for their match.

Pava had no reason to be nervous for the same reason, as she was neither a Pallet native or anyway similar in appearance to him enough to be added to the family tree of his that kept getting bigger.

“Hey!”

He shouted over to Pava, who flinched and looked at him with nervous eyes.

“Just do your best! Fight as hard as you can, and you’ll do fine!”

Her eyes widened, before rapidly nodding.

She seemed a bit less nervous now, which was good.

A battle against someone utterly terrified would be off in a way he couldn't quite describe.

"And with that show of good spirit by the red trainer, this first round match of the Indigo Conference is about to begin on the Grass Field! This battle will be a three on three battle between Ash Ketchum of Pallet Town and Pava Gilbane of Vermillion City! The battle will be over when three Pokemon on one side are no longer able to battle! Trainers ready?!"

"Go!"

They both shouted, his shout being louder, as they sent out their first Pokemon.

His first Pokemon being a Tauros, who landed on the field with a loud snort from a Safari Ball.

Her first Pokemon being a Beedrill, who fluttered over the field from a Park Ball.

A battle on the grass field being against a Beedrill, that was nostalgic.

"Begin!"

"We need this if we are going to want to win! Beedrill, use Toxic Spikes!"

Beedrill fluttered higher into the air at Pava's command, stingers glowing purple as purple spheres began glowing at the end.

"Shoot them down with Incinerate!"

Tauros mooed in agreement as flame balls flickered around his head, before firing.

They moved fast, reaching the Toxic Spikes just as they were shot out of Beedrill. The fire attack detonated the spikes before they could hit the ground, exploding and sending Beedrill spinning from the blow of the explosions.

“Beedrill!”

“And the Pallet rookie’s off to an explosive start! Without missing a beat he stopped Beedrill’s attempt to set up the battle in Pava’s long term favor! Can she recover?!”

“I..I can! We can, I mean... Beedrill Pin Missile!”

Beedrill stabilized in the air and began firing purple needles up high down at Tauros.

“Protect, then Incinerate!”

Tauros snorted as a blue sphere formed around him to deflect the barbs away, before fading and forming the fiery spheres and sending them flying at Beedrill.

Beedrill dropped down to avoid them, but wasn’t fast enough to fully escape and got a few scorches on its wings. The bug was sent flying down, and Pava gasped in horror.

“Beedrill no!”

“Headbutt!”

Tauros charged in at the falling bug, leaping into the air to hit the bug as it was flying. This sent Beedrill crashing into the ground with a loud thump, which Tauros landed without issue.

“Beedrill is unable to battle!”

...

“Yeah! Go Ash! Take down that bug!”

“Pikapi!”

Misty’s loud cheering from the stands was surely heard by Ash.

Anabel looked at the dejected Pava as she returned her first Pokemon with a frown.

Something about that battle felt off, and she couldn’t quite figure out what.

“These earplugs are good for how loud everything is, but I still wish there were less people around. Are you sure that this is only going to get busier?”

Anabel noted the stand status for a round one match and nodded unhesitatingly to Iris.

There were some empty seats here, there would not be in the Indigo Stadium.

...

“And the second Pokemon from Pava Gilbane is Machoke, a fierce fighting type Pokemon! Will Ash return Tauros, or does he have a strategy for this!?”

The Machoke that had come out flexed at him and Tauros, and Ash noted that the Machoke seemed a bit more... something than the Beedrill.

It had more than Beedrill did at something, and he didn’t think it was just muscles.

He looked at Tauros, who snorted without heavy breathing.

“Tauros, you up for another round?”

Tauros stamped his feet in a ‘yes’ sort of way, and he grinned.

“Awesome! Let’s make this two for two!”

“Don’t underestimate us! Machoke, grab the horns!”

Machoke charged at Tauros, massive hands open and ready for grasping.

“Use Double Team, then Headbutt!”

Tauros nodded and shimmered briefly. Machoke grabbed at Tauros’s horns, only for Tauros to fade away.

The dupe reveal caught Machoke off guard, as did the Headbutt from behind that sent the fighting type crashing through the grass and onto the ground face down.

“Tauros evades Machoke’s grab attack, and then strikes back!”

Machoke struggled back up, and Ash noted a bit of a grass stain on his chest as he turned around and glared at Tauros.

Though it was sort of funny in a way, as if you just came in it would look like Machoke was his Pokemon and Tauros Pava’s.

“Use Incinerate!”

“Deflect them with Karate Chop, then use Submission!”

The fire balls fired from Tauros were deflected away by Machoke, who jabbed them away with a bit of effort but otherwise took no visible damage.

Machoke then lunged for Tauros, once again aiming for a grasping attack.

“Protect then Headbutt!”

Submission’s grasping hands fell right into Protect, the deflection causing Machoke’s arms to swing wide and expose the body

without any guard.

Tauros took the opening and slammed his head into Machoke, sending the muscle Pokemon back with a powerful blow.

Machoke was bent over, glaring at Tauros. Machoke however, wasn't defeated yet.

"You're still up Machoke. Thank you, we can still turn this around. Revenge!"

Machoke glowed orange, the aura spiking around him as Machoke ran at Tauros, who instinctively formed into Double Team.

Machoke turned around at the first impact, only briefly hitting the first dupe as he lunged at two other dupes.

"Headbutt!"

Machoke grinned as he slammed into two Tauros, only to lose the grin when both were dupes.

He was definitely not grinning when Tauros slammed in from the side with a Headbutt, sending Tauros down to the ground.

"Machoke is unable to battle!"

...

"Wow, this is looking like it is going to be an entire sweep! I didn't even realize that Tauros was as strong as it is!"

"It is not."

Misty turned to Iris, who was shaking her head.

"I would not call that Tauros among the strongest Ash has in his herd. That Machoke was stronger than the Beedrill, but both were

not anywhere near Ash's strength. If I had to think on it, they were more like what Ash had just after Janine."

Misty stared at the girl Ash was fighting, who returned her Machoke sadly.

"Then how did she get all the way here?"

...

"I was really hoping I didn't have to do this. This always happens, and I was hoping I could avoid it just once while I was here."

At Pava's bothered words Ash smiled back at her.

"A turn around with just one Pokemon? That's hardly unheard of, and it is still a win. It is good you want to avoid doing it too much, but it is still good to have a few Pokemon you can fall back on to save yourself."

"But what if it is just one Pokemon, and only that one Pokemon?"

At Pava's words she threw out a Pokeball, which exploded on the field.

"I'm sorry it always comes to this, but I need you to provide us another miracle!"

Said miracle maker was now fully visible, and Ash had to admit it was not the sort of Pokemon he was expecting.

"Yaaa!"

"Dragonair, a dragon Pokemon native to the bottom of lakes. They are known for weather manipulation and rarity."

The Dragonair that Pava had sent out eyed Tauros, who was breathing a bit heavy now.

“Tauros, would you like to take a break, or do you want to see how this goes?”

Tauros nodded, still breathing a bit heavy but nodding none the less.

“Okay then, let’ see what this Pokemon does for ranged attacks! Incinerate!”

Tauros formed fiery balls around himself and fired at Dragonair, whose neck pearl glowed purple.

Said Dragonair extended its neck straight, and fired a spherical Dragon Pulse from it.

The Dragon Pulse shattered the Incinerate fireballs effortlessly and slammed into Tauros, sending the steed flying into his podium.

He had to grip the railing to avoid falling over from the impact, and he reached for the Safari Ball to return Tauros.

“Tauros is unable to battle!”

“And what do you know, Pava’s last Pokemon is a real doozy!”

He thanked Tauros for the effort while staring down said Dragonair.

He had wondered about someone using a Dragon-type in the first round like this, which had been why Togepi was one of the Pokemon he had on him.

However that attack was pretty strong, and he hadn’t gotten to see Dragonair’s other moves. This Pokemon might actually have more than four moves to itself, and using Togepi against it with such unknown moves wasn’t something he wanted to risk.

Plus in his head he imagined using Togepi against a dragon-type who belonged to someone a lot more arrogant and haughty than

Pava was. Using Togepi and winning against her would honestly be rather jerkish of him.

Thankfully, he did have another strategy.

“Go!”

He sent out a second safari ball, and a second Tauros, who bellowed at the tensing Dragonair.

“And our Pallet Town challenger brings out a second Tauros! Is keeping more to his chest going to be smart or a dumb play of his?”

“Ice Beam!”

The white ball that formed in between Tauros’s horns was a smart play, at least if anyone asked him about it.

“Flamethrower!”

The Dragonair bellowed flames back into the Ice Beam, with the two attacks colliding mid field.

The two seemed equally matched, so he was going to need to get in close.

“Tauros, charge in for a close range attack!”

Tauros nodded, stamping a bit before charging towards the Dragonair, who slithered around to rearrange her body.

Putting the tail up.

“Aqua Tail!”

“Zen Headbutt!”

Tail and head clashed, with head winning out as Tauros pushed forward and sent Dragonair spinning.

The Pokemon took no damage, but it was now on the backfoot.

Sort of speak, given that Dragonair did not have feet until evolution.

“Ice Beam!”

With that opening Tauros fired another Ice Beam, which struck Dragonair and send the serpentine Pokemon spinning through the glass like a runaway log.

Dragonair got back control before hitting the green podium, recovering and glaring at Tauros who snorted back.

“Pava’s lucky that super effective Ice Beam didn’t freeze on contact! That would have been a certain game over folks!”

Lucky was not the right word. The Tauros he was using had the ability Sheer Force.

Freezing on contact with Ice Beam was not possible for him.

“Dragon Pulse!”

Dragonair’s neck pearl was glowing again. However Ash had an idea for this.

“Use Iron Tail and bat the Dragon Pulse back!”

Tauros’s tails glowed white and he swung himself around, just as Dragonair fired the Dragon Pulse.

The sphere struck into the swinging tails, and was swatted right back at Dragonair.

“What!?”

She was rather surprised by it, and Dragonair only had enough time to fire a Flamethrower that barely caught the rebounded attack before exploding.

Said smoke shot up from the impact zone, obscuring both Dragonair and Pava.

“Dragonair...”

He could hear Pava though, concern and regret clear in her voice.

“I’m sorry it always comes down to this. We’ve never had enough time, and in the end you have to do so much. I don’t want us to end it here. I want to get just a bit farther, and I know you want to as well. So please, still be there when the smoke clears.

The smoke continued to billow up from the impact zone without a sound, before a loud bellow came from the smoke.

Followed by a large burst of light that blew the smoke away, and revealed a morphing blob that had once been Dragonair.

He did not regret the swear that just left his mouth on national television his mother was watching.

Tauros snorted nervously as the light broke away, revealing a newly evolved Dragonite.

“Brooooo!”

“And I’m sure this is not what Ketchum was hoping to see after two solid hits with super effective attacks, though I’m sure is Gilbane is thrilled!”

“I....I am. I am! Dragonite!”

Dragonite bellowed once more, before forming a blue sphere in a single hand and throwing it at Tauros.

Tauros couldn’t react before the attack struck him in the face.

“Oh that was Focus Blast!”

Tauros was still standing after that attack, but shaking a bit.

"I didn't think that you had that attack, did you just learn it! Dragonite, you are awesome! Okay so Focus Blast, Dragon Pulse, Flamethrower, Aqua Tail... do you still have..."

Dragonite's tail glowed metallic white, and Pava pointed at Tauros.

"Great! Use Iron Tail!"

Dragonite flew at Tauros with the glowing tail, and he could only wince.

"It's coming in too fast and it will just cut through Ice Beam... use Zen Heabutt!"

Tauros's head glowed blue and he met the attack head on.

Once again head met tail, and this time they were matched evenly.

"Use Flamethrower!"

Dragonite broke off Iron Tail and lifted said tail, letting Tauros run by a bit before bellowing flames right into Tauros.

Tauros yelped at the blow, before collapsing in defeat.

Dragonite landed on the ground and bellowed in a victory call.

"Broooo!"

...

"That Dragonair had been able to evolve for a while: it was that girl's words that were the final trigger."

At her words Misty looked at the Dragonite with a lot of concern.

"What can Ash do to beat it? It looks really strong."

"It is. Charizard is probably his best bet. Did he bring it?"

Misty had a nervous look, as if she didn't know that herself.

She did not know either, so it was a good question.

...

Well this hadn't been how he expected the first round to go.

As Dragonite stared him down, all Ash could say as good for him was that Dragonite did still have the damage from the attacks taken.

That was it though, and he'll admit the issue was on him.

Other than the two Tauros that had been beaten by it already, he had Togepi (who was not going to go against this Pokemon), Serperior (who did not have a good type matchup nor did he have an idea of what gender it was), and Muk (who'd take hits but not really hurt back.)

He had a second Pokemon akin to Serperior on him, but he wasn't entirely sure about the match up now.

However with what he made his bed with today, it was his best shot. Worst came to worst he'd just use a Z-Move and blow that out in the open.

"It's all up to you!"

No pressure.

"And Ketchum has a third Tauros! Is this strategy going to pay off for him, or did his plans to play smart doom him to a come from behind victory by his opponent!?"

Tauros stared at the Dragonite, snorting in anticipation.

“Brro.” *‘Pumelo again huh? Well, I’ll be enjoying this.’*

He nodded before pointing above Dragonite.

“Use Rock Slide!”

Tauros’s fifth move came with a single bellow, which was followed by a rain of stones falling down at Dragonite from above.

They struck the surprised Dragonite before it could get out of the way, pinning the dragon down with heavy stone as it struggled to get back up.

“Now Fissure!”

Tauros slammed his front hoof down, sending a surge of energy cracking through the earth towards the pinned Dragonite.

“Our Pallet Town challenger has combined two powerful moves to get around Dragonite’s aerial advances!”

“Use Flamethrower!”

At Pava’s shout Dragonite began blowing fire into the Fissure energy.

The flames however were shattered by the power of Fissure, which struck Dragonite without any issue.

The field was silent for a moment, and he could see Pava trembling in horror.

The stones clattered off Dragonite, who more completely slumped over.

Pava was still trembling as the ref made the call.

“Dragonite is unable to battle! The winner is Ash Ketchum from Pallet Town!”

“With a myriad of Tauros and strategy to his name, Ash Ketchum has won the first round!”

Tauros stared at the defeated Dragonite, then at his hoof, then back at Dragonite.

“Brooo.” *‘So that is what hitting something with Fissure looks like?’*

He nodded as Pava returned Dragonite, her body still trembling and tears in her eyes.

He was happy to have won, but Pava crying made the victory feel off somehow.

He wanted to say something, but she ran off before he could.

A few points

I'm a bit torn on how the battle ended, it both feels off yet logical to me. What do you guys think? Togepi was mentioned as a fighter here as part of an original take of how the battle would be depicted, where the Pava equiv would have been a lot bigger of a jerk and probably be running all Dragon-type moves. The Ice Beam Tauros was not Water Pulse/Ice Beam Tauros, but the other Ice Beam Tauros.

Chapter 45 Snip 3

Say, anyone got ideas for a Scottish trainer Omake for the next chapter? Might be fun to end the chapter as it started, with Ash being confused by this girl again.

The Scottish trainer dream

I do have a scene from the post Mewtwo chapter for you guys: whipped it up from an idea I had yesterday. It's a breather chapter, keep in mind.

...

"Starting this year, the first round of the Pokemon League will be conducted in a battle royal format! Battle will waged between all competitors until at top 16 remains, and each competitor may only use a single Pokemon! Go!"

He felt like he had only just woken up to hear Goodshow's declaration as the large stadium he had been standing in exploded, at several points quite literally.

Pokemon moves were flying, people were running, and a giant number 151 that was displayed on the big screen was already dropping.

He himself barely avoided a String Shot that would have webbed him up like a Spinarak-man rogue before he turned to Pikachu.

"Alright buddy, we can do this! Let's go Pikachu!"

"Pikapi!"

He paused as he didn't get a translation for what Pikachu exactly meant.

He got the general gist of it, he might not have an exact number of how long it had been, but he knew Pikachu for long enough that he could get a general idea of what he meant.

This though....was he in some sort of dream?

BOOM!

He darted to the side to avoid a singing Bellsprout, who had come from the direction of Paul and Electivire.

The two had their trademark grins of superiority, which quickly morphed into something that was very much their trademark.

Dancing.

Yep, this was one of his dreams again. Paul didn't dance, he probably never dance nor would ever dance.

He also certainly didn't start chanting something about 'winner winner chicken dinner' while doing it, that was even less like Paul than dancing.

He slowly turned away from the dream sight, and found the dream Pikachu sparking at a charging onslaught of Pokemon he recognized from past battles.

A Blaziken, a Cacturne, a Empoleon, a Lucario, and Meowth from Team Rocket.

All ready to strike at them for a knockout.

"Pikachu, use Thunderbolt!"

"Pikachuuu!"

All five of them were quickly fried, sizzling for a moment before all collapsing in a cooked heap as the number audibly dropped five more.

“Good going buddy, now for Paul. Pikachu, use Quick Atta...”

The number audibly dropped one, and the thump of a large object alerted both him and the dream Pikachu to the fact that Paul had just been knocked out.

He was ready to see dream Tobias, to battle a dream version of him instead of having a dream version of the Darkrai trainer randomly insult him.

He didn't get that. Far from it.

“Jiggin in th' middle o' a rammy. Whit a dafty, ah hawp ye kin pat up mair o' a rammy than him.”

“Chu?”

He agreed with his dream copy of Pikachu, he had no idea what the trainer he didn't recognize just said.

The trainer was a girl, around his age or so, with pale skin, grey eyes, and silver hair. She was dressed in a grey jacket, pink skirt, and large brown boots.

She had a Pokemon with her he didn't recognize: it looked like Mareep, but had pale white wool and black skin.

Was it an Alolan Mareep?

“Whit ye goupin' at, ye ne'er see a lassie kick butt afore? ”

Wait, it couldn't be. He could actually understand what Lilo said.

“Pikachu, Thunderbolt!”

Pikachu jumped into the air and blasted at the sheep with an electric bolt.

The Pokemon bleated, forming a Protect in front of itself to block the attack from doing any damage. The electricity shot off in opposite directions, striking several other competitors and from what his hearing could pick up knock out at least one of them.

“Whit sort o' puny shift wis that? mah maw's Yamper kin dae better than that wi'oot ony kip! Dae yi'll waant tae see whit a real shift looks lik', Kanto laddie?”

She held up a bracelet he hadn't taken note of before: he didn't see a key stone in it nor did it look like his Z-Ring. It looked a lot more high-tech, sort of like a next gen Poketch or something.

Before he could see if he'd understand what she was about to do more than he did her accent, he woke up from the dream, the tiredness leaving him quickly after only pushing himself up from the bed.

Pikachu, the real one and not the one in his dream, slept at the end of the bed without disruption.

“Why do I always get the weird dreams?”

[English to Scottish Slang Translator - Scottranslate](#)

If you want to translate usual words into Scottish as I did. Anything involving Ash and the Scottish trainer meme is welcome, and if I like one or two I'd put it in the next chapter.

Chapter 46 Snip 3

Got another league segment for you. Apologies for not giving the part that describes opponent two, but I'd like to keep a bit of that to my chest for the moment.

Ash vs Rookie Crusher 1

"And we are live at the Ice Field with a thrilling second round match up! In the red corner is the rookie Ash Ketchum of Pallet Town, and in the green corner is someone with his own name, but we all know him by a different title around here after the decades he's been around. The Rookie Crusher!"

When he had been named he had gotten cheering, but when the Rookie Crusher got his he got loud booing, but over the booing came rough, harsh, and screaming cheers.

"Crush him!"

"Make him cry!"

"Show him his place!"

"Go Crusher!"

Said Crusher only seemed to hear the cheers for him, and was dramatically blowing kisses into the crowd as if he was having the time of his life and surrounded by nothing but adoring fans.

"Pika...." *'This is what a heel does, right? That's the term in wrestling right?'*

Ash shrugged. That was probably the correct term, but he was more a sumo wrestling sort of Pokemon trainer. If he got a Pokemon that was more into wrestling he'd probably get a better idea of what a heel exactly was.

Though speaking of something to grind into your heel.

“This will be a three on three match, with the winner decided by who loses their three Pokemon first. Begin!”

“Exeggutor, let’s show this kid how a good crushing feels!”

“Yanma, I choose you!”

By type alone, Ash liked to think he had called it. As Yanma buzzed over the ice field, type was on his side.

Not just type, but speed and mobility. An Exeggutor was many things, but a figure skater it was not.

He was sure that this guy had ideas on how to work around it, but he could handle any tricks he might have.

“Aerial Ace!”

Yanma began the battle by speeding towards the unflinching Exeggutor.

“Double Team!”

The Crusher’s command was given calmly if with authority, and Exeggutor duplicated into an entire ring of Exeggutors.

The duplication didn’t stop there, as the Exeggutors went on into several rings in total.

Yanma sped through an entire line of them before vanishing, and slicing through a second line of them about a third of a rotation away.

Yanma’s body glowing green as he sped through the last of that particular line.

"That double team has extensive quantity, and Yanma is tearing through them all in a search for the real one! With the aid of Speed Boost, that will go quickly!"

"Not quite! Let's start the crushing!"

The Crusher had pulled a pair of shades from his shirt and had placed them on his face. It wasn't just to try and be cool though.

Exeggutor gave a bellow in reply, before every Exeggutor dupe suddenly flashed in bright, blinding light. The entire field was suddenly awash in a massive dome of light too intense to look into.

"Gahh!"

"Yan!"

"Pika!" *'What is going on!'*

The entire time the Crusher was laughing hysterically.

"Normally when a Double Team duplicate uses a move, it is just an illusion, a trick of the light. You can't get fifty Flamethrowers out of it. However the move Flash is a bright light being used to blind a foe or illuminate an area. It appears to be an exception to the general rule with Double Team. I must admit, this human is pretty clever with his moves."

"Don't say it aloud; you'll just give him satisfaction!"

Despite his best attempt to snarl that at his Pokedex quietly, the Rookie Crusher had a fresh laugh in store.

"Glad I have a new fan, even if it's just a P.D.A without a mute button!"

"I am not a P.D.A. The light is fading away, have Yanma destroy him!"

He did not need the encouragement from the Pokedex as the light faded away, and while he was still squinting he could still see the field somewhat.

Yanma was dazed and woozy, but otherwise fine.

“Yanma, use your sonics to shatter the duplicates! Accuracy won’t matter if you do that!”

Yanma began to flap his wings, building up the concussive force that made Yanma pests in some parts of the world.

“Oh, that is actually a pretty good idea rookie, too bad it is too little too late! Exeggutor, use Zen Headbutt!”

It might have just been his still squinting eyes, but it was like Exeggutor blurred out of existence and appeared in front of Yanma before slamming an entire blue glowing face into his bug-type.

Yanma was sent crashing into the ground, smashing a few Exeggutor duplicates while the attacking Exeggutor faded into the crowd once more.

“Yanma, are you alright!?”

Yanma pushed himself back up, slipping a bit on the ice, but vibrated his wings in an affirmative.

“Good, let’s go for a Quick Attack!”

Yanma nodded, body glowing white.

“Seed Bomb!”

Yanma was about to speed off like a jet-powered vehicle, but in a blink of an eye seeds began raining down on Yanma from the duplicate field.

They rained down on Yanma, smashing him into the ice with just as much ferocity as Zen Headbutt.

The entire time the Crusher was gleefully laughing.

...

"I don't get it. Yanma's fast, and Exeggutor isn't. Yanma should be able to react faster. Is that creep using a Psychic attack to move faster?"

At Misty's question Anabel shook her head.

They could see if that was what was going on. Neither Yanma or Exeggutor were glowing in a way that could be seen a psychic boost or bane.

"That is what is going on, but not in the way you think."

Iris pointed to the field, which drew Anabel and Misty to look in confusion, before both noticed it.

The purple flicker that engulfed the field momentarily.

...

"You used Trick Room!?"

At seeing the brief purple flicker the Crusher grinned a wide grin.

"Yep. What you going to do about it rookie?"

"Trick Room is a psychic-type move that distorts the movement speeds of the Pokemon trapped within it! A Snorlax could beat a Jolteon in a foot race under Trick Room! This move has got Ash Ketchum on the ropes!"

The announcer's declaration on Trick Room made Ash growl in frustration, before an idea came to him.

Yanma was not going to do it in this fight, but he did have a Pokemon who could.

“I know that look! Exeggutor use Block!”

Red lasers shot out from each of the still present dupes of Exeggutor, binding Yanma to this battle.

A similar move had been done by Giovanni against Yanma before, and he had managed around it.

He would do the same here, especially as he had trained in a way to get around the same technique since.

It would also help burn Trick Room out.

“Zen Headbutt!”

“Detect!”

Yanma’s eyes flashed green as Exeggutor appeared in front of him, heads glowing. With seconds to spare Yanma fluttered out of the way, leading Exeggutor to crash into the ice with no harm.

“Now U-Turn!”

Trick Room might drastically affect speed, but with barely a quarter of a foot between them that wouldn’t do much.

Yanma, with a light green sheen to his body that was not the same shade as Speed Boost, slammed into the downed Exeggutor.

The walking rainforest yelped in pain as Yanma glowed entirely green, before turning into a green light that shot towards Pikachu and himself.

He held up the Park Ball Yanma called home, and sucked him up with a sufficient return.

“Hey! What about my Block!?”

“It doesn’t work on U-Turn or Volt Switch! This isn’t the first time someone tried that trick on Yanma!”

At his declaration the Rookie Crusher growled at him.

“With a masterful counter Ash Ketchum had broken the lock that the Rookie Crusher put him and Yanma in. But with that bind over, he’ll have to send out a second Pokemon! Who will it be?!”

He pulled the Heal Ball from his belt.

“I choose you!”

The Heal Ball exploded in the air, releasing its occupant and slamming down on the field with a crash whose shockwave blew away a few more Exeggutor dupes.

The real one had righted itself, just in time to stare down Goodra before being engulfed in a spinning swarm of duplicates trying to hide it once more.

“Pikapi!?” *‘Ash, you are using Goodra now? What happened to being strategic and stuff!?’*

“If that was Pikachu complaining about your choice of Pokemon, I’m actually on your side for a change human.”

The split on his battle calls aside, it was time to turn this battle around.

“Rain Dance!”

Goodra bellowed, as a spiraling rain cloud formed above the field. The rain came down, and while it did not get rid of the Exeggutor dupes, it did expose them.

The rain drops went through them, while the real Exeggutor got wet.

It also suggested that the speed issues were solved, at least for now.

“A Water Pokemon huh? Exeggutor, Seed Bomb!”

He didn’t know what type Goodra was?

Well, Goodra didn’t look like other Dragon-type Pokemon.

He could use that.

“Goodra, use Sludge Wave! “

Emerging all around Goodra came the wave of sludge, which sped out from Goodra and across the ice field.

The Seed Bomb was entirely engulfed in the sludge and neutralized, and the sludge continued on to strike Exeggutor, who slipped on the back foot on the now wet ice as the attack hit.

The two factors conked the plant Pokemon to the ground, and with that the ref’s call.

“Exeggutor is unable to battle!”

Chapter 46 Snip 4

Now 13,800 with a new scene setting up for the Locke fight.

...

“Lycanroc, did you just use Thunder Punch!? I didn’t even realize you could use that move!”

They were back in their cabin for the tournament, and Ash had gotten his fourth opponent’s name and was currently studying him via match video for today’s match on the Grass Field.

His name was Locke M. Hiraturemura, of Maroon Island in the Orange Islands. It wasn’t an island he was familiar with, just as much as the Lycanroc he was using in the video was.

He had seen a Lycanroc before, and had heard they did evolve differently depending on light conditions, but he had expected something a bit less drastic a difference as a bipedal red canine.

He was sure the difference was more of an Espeon to Umbreon thing, not something so extreme.

Still he couldn’t deny that the Lycanroc wasn’t powerful. That Thunder Punch it had learned had just sealed Locke a come from behind victory against a trainer with veteran experience at the league while Locke himself was a rookie.

The Lycanroc had taken down the Jolteon and Starmie that had taken out the first two Pokemon Locke had used, then defeated the Honchcrow that had been in reserve.

The Thunder Punch had been the move to seal the deal where Lycanroc’s other moves: Stone Edge, Brick Break, Crunch, and Rock Climb hadn’t.

Ash had gotten the impression that the Lycanroc had been a Pokemon Locke had hoped to keep in reserve, like he with Serperior or Charizard.

Lycanroc had followed up on a defeated Leavanny and Dedenne, and while both made his heart hurt a little to see, it did raise a question.

Why did Locke have those Pokemon?

He had inquired the question to the Pokedex and to Pikachu, but Pikachu had been distracted by Psyduck 'demanding dirt' and he tuned it out.

He couldn't think if he was blushing like mad.

"Rockruff, the Puppy Pokemon and the pre-evolved form of Lycanroc. As they develop and come closer to evolving, their disposition grows more violent and aggressive. Many Trainers find them too much to handle and abandon them."

He looked at the Pokedex with confusion.

"Yeah, that's neat to know and also kind of sad, but I'm not sure what that has anything to do with Locke."

People not being able to handle a Pokemon was sad on both ends. It was sad when Dawn struggled with Pachirisu, and Dawn was a better person for making up for her mistake and managing to work with Pachirisu.

If he ever got a Rockruff he'd certainly not release it for violence or aggression.

"One of the minor details that are revealed of the Pokemon used by a trainer in the tournament are O.T numbers. This is a database for registering Pokemon captures and several other technical jargins

you have no reason to care about if you aren't law enforcement. These are the O.T numbers of the Pokemon Locke has used so far."

The video of Locke and Lycnaroc doing a victory hug was replaced with that of a data screen with two sets of information.

On the left was an image of Locke himself: a thin brunette with sun-kissed brown hair and a dress of jean shorts, sandals, and a thin shirt that made Ash think of a beach goer. Eight badges were also on that side: four on the top and four on the bottom. He recognized the Volcano, Soul, Thunder, Boulder, and Earth badges among three others he did not.

On the right was a listing of every Pokemon he had been seen with so far: three Pokemon in each of his battles.

He recognize some, but not all, of them. From upwards down their names were Mothim, Mincinno, Drednaw, Salandit (Gender male, noted as the opponent had tried Attract on it), Gurdurr, Talonflame, Leavanny, Dedenne, and Lycanroc.

None of them had the same O.T as another.

"If I may offer a theory based on this data, along with observation as I have been forbidden from getting data that is considered illegal for the tournament, I am going to offer the theory that all of the Pokemon Locke uses are the result of Wonder trading, much like your Serperior was."

Serperior had explained in passing how she ended up in that Battle Club to him, and he must have mentioned it to the Pokedex at some point.

"Okay, why did he do that?"

Ash didn't like trading in general. Perhaps it was just one bad experience souring it for him forever, but he liked to think it was sort

of rude to the Pokemon in question to go 'yeah, I'm giving you to this person, goodbye.'

Buizel had wanted to be traded, but that was hardly a frequent request.

Wonder trading was worse, as there was no way to know who was on the other end. At least he knew what the sketchy Gentleman he traded with on the S.S Anne sounded like.

"If I might offer a theory, necessity. Or at least perceived. Are you familiar with Maroon Island? I'd be surprised if you were, so I'll just explain it. Maroon Island is an island whose human population is entirely the descendants of shipwrecked survivors washing ashore. The shipwrecks being a result of the local Gyarados population being notably aggressive, much like those Spearow."

He flinched at being reminded of the Spearow

"Well if Locke left, surely they don't have to stay there."

"It eventually became their horrible little home, and you generally like your home. Even if it is only famous for a lot of aggressive, if sub-par by their species standard, Gyarados and their abundant Magikarp that swim everywhere around the coast line. As the two are the only Pokemon around, Locke would have to start his journey with a Magikarp, and as Magikarp is Magikarp it stands to reason that capturing a ton and wonder trading was a valid option for him. Get something that can do things on land, and probably be controllable by an inexperienced trainer. In further hypothesis, I am assuming the fact he doesn't seem to have any Kanto Pokemon registered to him so far a sign that he's had to focus on figuring out what his Pokemon acquisitions are and what they can do beyond further expansion. He doesn't even seem to have a full grasp of what his Pokemon can do."

"Who does? I mean if you had told me that Squirtle could learn Aura Sphere a while ago, I wouldn't have believed you. I had to check

twice after I was told, and I like Squirtle. I can totally buy that a random kid whose never seen a Wooloo had no idea what it can do.”

“‘*What’s a Wooloo?*’/Locke has not demonstrated a Wooloo in his possession, nor have you ever seen one.”

Both Pikachu and the Pokedex questioned his Pokemon choice, and he realized it was a bit random to jut bring up.

“It’s a Pokemon that was in this dream I had with this girl who I couldn’t understand a while ago.”

The room was quiet for a moment after he admitted it, and he was suddenly glad that the girls had stepped out for a bit of practice together.

“Fleshy thing, why can’t you have normal dreams involving girls.”

Once more, the room was silent.

“I am not dignifying that with a response.”

“Pikapi.” ‘*You did just did.*’

...

I had stumbled on the Lycanroc idea from Rockruff’s Ultra Sun pokedex and that was quickly an obvious Locke mon, but I had his team for fighting Ash set. So this came up as a way to have the idea in the story.

Chapter 47 Snip 1

Recently got the suggestion to try and handle a few of the issues in development post work, like Spacebattle's hatred of Word/Wordpad/Google docs/etc and exam chaos + time zones, but in the meantime an old fashioned Spacebattles written (then to word) bit of League 3.

Though it is not quite focused on the league in of itself, more something important for after it.

...

It was the early morning, so early in fact that most were not awake yet.

He was, and it wasn't because he wanted to.

He stifled a yawn as he continued, half by memory than active thought, to Ash's bed which was much softer and warmer than the open air. His cheeks sparked with tiredness.

He shouldn't have been awake yet, and it wasn't even for what he'd call a decent reason.

He hadn't been enjoying himself.

He hadn't had a craving for something.

He hadn't been awakened by an end to pointless teen drama that seemed to scare them more than alternate madness dimensions, cyborg laser bugs, and Sabrina.

No, he had heard the scutter and scamper of Team Rocket in the dead of night, and he had to spook them off so they didn't do anything that Team Rocket was want to do when left alone for too long.

It had to be quiet, but he had driven them off. It wasn't that much work, but it had left him tired and nothing was going to distract him from getting back.

"....Well it is certainly good to hear from you Augustine. I'll admit I wish it was at a better time, but I understand your own constraints and fully emphasize with them. Hopefully I was able to be of some help to the two of you, even when I'm basically being kept awake by the soft drink in front of me."

"Fro." 'I don't see what the big mystery is. The foreign venerable man just said what you already knew but keep falling into again and again. Not that, of course, either of you can understand me.'

That curt reply that only he could understand stopped him mid step, all thoughts of Ash's very pleasant body heat and his less than pleasant night sneezing the other night leaving him as he found himself peaking in on a video phone call.

On this end Professor Oak, and on the other end a certain Kalosian Professor and Froakie.

"No need to strain yourself on my behalf. It could probably have waited until morning, the answer was pretty obvious. I don't get how something that simple could have slipped my mind."

"Frok." 'Probably because you were so busy with that youth camp these last few weeks, and philandering with female politicians to not have to worry about your budget when you returned and before you had departed. Though seeing as none of you see the mouse spying on us you are probably both too tired to make the best decisions today.'

"It will be the morning when I get back to you with all the stuff I remember about that Serena girl, and the things only guessable in hindsight. I wouldn't offer her this Froakie though."

The tiredness seemed a distant memory as the full extent of what was going on registered in him.

'I'd say it was worth batting that old plunger into Jessie, but that would imply I hadn't enjoyed doing it in the first place' he had to think to himself.

Froakie and Serena were both seemingly on the move.

How long would it take for either, if not both, of them to cross into his and Ash's path in a means other than video spying?

"I always enjoy reading your speculation Samuel, be it scientific or personal. Well, best let you get to sleep. Say goodbye Froakie."

'Pleasant dreams venerable human. Your insight was already known but well spoken. You should get to sleep too mouse, as you look just as tired as the venerable man.'

With that the video of Sycamore and Froakie vanished, and Professor Oak moved to get out of his chair.

"Now, to get some sleep....."

The words that came out of Professor Oak's mouth when another ring for him came in was something that he had not heard a human use, but if he had to figure out their exact meaning he'd assume that it had something to do with the removal of a limb and swallowing it.

An odd swearword of an odd old age most likely.

The Professor settled down and reactivated the phone, whose end communication was again a Professor.

Professor Ivy to be specific, tired as well.

"Oh Samuel, you are awake too. I must admit I am surprised you're still awake."

"So am I."

The Professor's snark, bordering on a self-frustrated growl, was accepted by the female Professor without complaint.

"Well seeing as you are awake, I'd like to let you know about that request I had asked you about. I know it is a bit out your field..."

"I'm more familiar with ancient artifacts than Birch, Elm, or any of the others, especially in regards to ancient Pokemon and Human interaction. Whatever that ball is, it sounds like something I'd know about. I agreed to send someone to get the thing, better than having Boxer try something and open a wormhole by mistake."

Oh, the G.S Ball. He had forgotten that was a thing since it had last come up. Oddly cyborg Lapras stuck with him more than that ball that had just been left with Kurt and stayed there until the universe shattered, never to be heard from again.

It was about time for them to go and get it, wasn't it? See Lapras, Snorlax, and the eventual Politoed, beat Drake, try not to get mind controlled. Odd thing for Professor Ivy to bring up early in the morning though.

"I'd rather not see the accuracy of Mohn's speculations, nor ponder them at this hour so thank you for just sending someone in the near future for it. My assistants are great, but they don't travel well. I don't know how they got that lost last time. Actually what I'm calling about is the possibility of whoever you send picking up a second item at the same time. You see, I had sent my assistants Charity, Hope, and Faith to the island where the G.S ball had been found, and they managed to find something else there. A box..."

At that point the sharpness that had kept him awake vanished, no longer sustained by Froakie or Serena and the G.S ball and a box with no name (the R.S box? the D.P crate? B.W cube?) were replacement for them.

So he slumped the floor, surely snoring out cute little 'chus' that the Professors did not notice as talk went on about an odd box.

Chapter 49 Snip

Got a preview from Chapter 49, which already has some stuff for it. Here mostly because I'd like some feedback for any potential expansion of it, and the recent episode makes it topical.

...

When he was paged at leagues, he normally was expecting Professor Oak to be calling him in with interest to talk with him. Usually about Pokemon transfers and often about just wishing him good luck and hoping he'd win. It was not that common that others would call in, and even rarer when such a person was not a friend or family.

So he was a bit confused about why someone from the league had asked to meet with him in a private meeting room.

"Is this about the Fearow? I thought that it had all been cleared up?"

That was the only reason he could think of for why a League rep would be interested in meeting with him. Said rep shook his head.

"That's been all squared out. This is about something different, and a topic we're interested in getting a wide sample size on across all leagues this year. I'd appreciate your cooperation in our sampling."

He glanced over to Pikachu: he'd be fine with a few questions but his buddy might have something else to do. After said mouse gave him an affirmative squeak that he did not have anything pressing he turned back to the official.

"Sure. What are you sampling anyway?"

The official smiled before pushing out what looked to Ash almost like an official looking sketch. A piece of concept art, though not of any character designs or anything of the sort. It was more for a concept

or something like that: of a pyramid with four layers. Each layer was matched with a type of Pokeball, with a Masterball on the smallest and highest part and a regular ball on the bottom. Each pyramid segment had a set of numbers, which looked to be estimates of some sort. The top had four, eight, sixteen, and thirty two, while the layer right under had a range of numbers that was anywhere from five to five-hundred and twelve.

Around the pyramid were a series of other sketches, numbers, and jotted down words: listings of such things as 'online, at Pokemon Centers, W/WO qualification assessment', 'Rotom Drone', 'battle ruling 1 v 1, 2 v 2, 3 v 3, etc based on party size? Location of battle? Pre-requested battle parameters?' and 'use of downloadable app for ease'.

"The Pokemon League is interested in exploring new models of competition and fostering international interaction. As such a new initiative is currently being explored between leagues around the world. It is known as the Pokemon World Championships right now, though other names are also pending such as the World Coronation Series and the International League. The basics of the idea are simple: battles are arranged by an app that helps identify participants and rank the trainer's based on their performance and victory versus loss ratios. The tournament is set in four tiers for the fairest opponent selection possible with the intent of having those in the highest tier meet up for an international tournament hosted annually alongside existing leagues."

A new Pokemon league without badges spread out all over the world?

"That sounds like a lot of fun, but I hope you aren't asking just me. I couldn't tell you about computer design, and I didn't bring the guy who is computer design with me."

The official chuckled, perhaps imagining he was talking about someone like Clemont and not the Pokedex.

"You aren't the only person being sampled. We only ask that you give us the feedback that only you can offer."

Only him huh?

"So there will not be any region locking or anything? If this starts up in the near future I'm probably not going to be in Kanto. Me being in Sinnoh or something won't make it a problem will it?"

The official once again chuckled.

"Hardly. This is done with the intent of getting people to interact with those outside their home regions more. It would be a very poor means of doing that if there was some sort of issue with one traveling. Now it will very likely not do you any good in Fiore or Almia, but if you are there then there are more pressing problems than your placement. Any other questions?"

He leaned back in his seat, if slowly enough for Pikachu to keep his footing as he thought a bit.

"Well I do have one: would I still be able to collect badges or is it just one or the other?"

The man beamed.

"The challenge is intended to be mutually inclusive! In fact we are hoping to even have Gym Leaders, Elite Four, and even Champions involved, though we are still considering how battle there will impact their statuses."

...

"What's stopping someone from abusing the system with wins they didn't really earn?"

His question seemed to give the young lady asking him the question pause, even more so than the fact he had come in with the full gear

that he would carry on him as if he was on a hike. Perhaps she had been surprised at how much he took his 'Hiker' title seriously.

She was even more surprised on his specific question.

"Are you asking about cheating, but I'm guessing that is not what you are actually asking. In regards to cheating our judging system is intended to be run by a incorruptible Rotom machine, but that is for hacking and threats."

Which neither were his intended question.

"I'm traveling with a younger friend who I am far more skilled at in battling than. I would never consider it, but it is possible that someone might artificially raise their winning rates by forcing a new trainer to register and constantly defeating them easily. A 'Charizard crushing a Caterpie' if you will, again and again. If the rankings are based on wining and how you win, even that would add up if you did it day in and day out."

The young lady asking him had a startled look as if she was already imagining such a scenario, but she was quick in getting a response out.

"We had already been planning on preventing back to back challenges on the same person for unrelated reasons, but such an abuse of the system will be something I will ensure is put into the design considerations. We are hoping to not place extensive limitations in the qualifications of who can enter this new competition, though talk I've heard of potential removal from the competition ladder for either infrequent battling or significant loss ratios both goes against the idea of avoiding extensive limitations yet also would be a solution to the potential you listed for abuse. Ideally no one would think of using another like that."

He nodded. Ideally no one would be that cruel.

...

"I'm glad you are asking me for my opinion. After I lost last round I thought that would be it for me this year at Indigo. But thoughts..."

He paused for a moment to consider them, and his interviewer shook his head.

"Take all of the time you need Fergus. The league appreciates long-time participants no matter their exact placements."

He snapped his fingers as he realized the perfect question for him to ask.

"Yeah I've got a question. So I specialize a lot in Pokemon that really don't do city parks that well. What's preventing someone from waiting for me to be out of many of my best and challenging me then and there?"

"You are asking about deliberate ambushing to give an unfair advantage?"

He nodded.

"Yeah, and I guess I could do that too. I mean I think that concept stuff you printed said something about challenge invites. What's stopping me from just sending someone a challenge and waiting for them on top my Gyarados in the middle of a lagoon or something and going 'fight me here!' other than common decency?"

It might had just been him, but it almost looked like his interviewer was imaging that very scenario himself and being rather horrified about it. He also muttered something about 'his poor Onix'.

...

"Can I say no to battles, or turn them off for a bit?"

Sparky was eating all of the apples his questioner had offered as said interviewer was looking at him like he was talking in tongues.

"There is no running from a trainer battle."

The phrase came out like it was an unspoken truth, like that of gravity and the circles of life.

"I mean I get that, but sometimes I'd just like to have breakfast with my mom and not get interrupted by a random battle. Seems a bit rude."

His interviewer was still looking at him like he was questioning the rule of gravity, but he did scribble something down. Hopefully it was about 'decency' and not 'subject is delusional' or something rude like that.

...

Expansion in the matter of 'any other things that would be worth bringing up' for example. If this is enough it is perfectly fine and dandy.

Chapter 49 Snip 2

Speaking of the contest, an easy source of such an Omake. From League 4!

Some stuff relevant to this is in League 3 and 4, but it isn't plot major IMO.

Eventually the irritation with Pikachu gave way to sleep, which was finally upon him. However as was the way with him sometimes, he had odd dreams.

More akin to the dreams where the Ducklett came back to get him it was based on something he actually knew and was not host to strange accents or demons. In this case it was even something that came from the same region as the Ducklett of nightmares.

"Zrrr." 'I don't remember this one, mind filling me in?'

Much more surprising than the normality of the dream was the fact that he had a fellow dreamer really being with him this time. It was Charizard, who was staring at the three decorated passages of the cave.

The left one a Golett, the center a Krokorok, and the right one a Darumaka.

"It's something from Unova a long while before I brought you over. It's something called the Hero's Ruin, but I suppose you could call it the Black Ruins. It's a place that was important to the legend of a Pokemon called Zekrom, which is the opposite of Reshiram. It's near an electrical cave sort of like the White Ruins being near a volcano, and Zekrom's an Electric type while Reshiram is a Fire type. Getting to this point got us nearly crushed by a boulder."

Charizard nodded, remembering the clashes with Team Plasma before letting out a snort.

'That was the legendary that sucked Pikachu's electricity out right? Sounds as pleasant as a rainstorm. So what path won't lead us into the confusing aspects of your mind?'

There was an edge to Charizard after talk of that first day in Unova.

"Well if you want to see how scared I am of anything that isn't eating, battling, and losing you can try the Krokrook door. It squeezes you from all sides and trying too hard. Darumaka is a fire trap, so we'd take the Golett door."

His tone was also filled with an edge, and the walk through the path was an awkward silence between the two of them. He felt an attempt to talk to Charizard die out in his mouth each time he tried to say something, and he caught signs that it was the same on Charizard's own end. Both of them wanted to say something, likely the same thing, but it wasn't coming out. It was frustrating, and he'd like any ways of getting his mind off of it until words would come out of either of their mouths. So he looked around at the dark hall that awaited the next part of the ruin.

The edges of everything seemed to be covered in blurry clouds. Not quite what you would see in the sky, but not quite what hung in the air as a fog. It was something in between, like the edges of a fairy tale or storybook. That was not there last time.

What was there was the next room: a room with actual stonework as opposed to a stone tunnel. It was painted a yellow and blue color that had faded little in all that time, and ornate cases lined the wall. They were important for some reason that was just escaping him.

The frustrated silence between the two of them continued as they both walked through the room in silence. The walk was making him grow tenser by the step...

"Look out!"

His shout came with the punch over Charizard's shoulder. His first Fire-type stared at him in shock about the sudden attack at him, but was even more surprised to hear the clunking. There was a Pokemon behind them: a large Pokemon that resembled a case in the same color palette as the room. Not a case though, but a sarcophagus.

It was a Cofagrirus.

His fist hadn't made direct contact with the Pokemon: that had been the work of a pair of white energy claws that had extended out of his fists. A Metal Claw attack. It was not a full-enough hit to do anything but knock the Ghost-type back, but it did give Charizard the time to blast it with Flamethrower.

When Charizard had let off the flames Cofagrirus was on the ground and not moving. Charizard took a long breath before speaking.

'Thanks. I didn't hear it at all. Good Metal Claw by the way, Lucario did a good job with you there. Never seen a Pokemon like it.'

He had to think on it for a moment, but it was true. Charizard had not encountered one while in Unova at all.

"It's called a Cofagrirus. It's a Ghost-type that lives in ruins. It's creepy."

'You could say that about any Ghost-type Pokemon.'

There weren't any words spoken for about a minute after that. He absently felt a weight in his hand and looked down to see a Pokeball had formed in his hand. It was a pink and purple ball he had never seen before.

No he had seen it somewhere else: in the video on Ritchie's battles he caught a few days ago. It was the Pokeball that Rose, his Taillow, had.

Where had it come from?

'How do you handle having two pasts?'

Charizard's question broke the silence. It was without any edge at all, in fact it was almost soft in the way it was said.

"I'm not sure I get what you mean?"

Charizard stared not at him or the downed Cofagrirus, but into space.

'You know what I mean. I don't remember Elwood or Aideen being things, and you certainly have more years in Pallet Town than you did before. Kaia wasn't part of anything before, or Melanie. I've had time to think of that more, and it bothers me. Who are we really?'

"We're Ash Ketchum and Charizard."

Charizard turned to look him right in the eye: a blazing fire in the eye directed not at him in a metaphorical or literal way but as the flames of unease itself.

'Which Ash Ketchum and Charizard!?'

The question hung in the air like an eerie attack from a Ghost type. After he was sure that Cofagrirus wasn't using an attack on them he shook his head.

"I don't think it matters. I feel like me even if I am aging and have a few more friends before I left Pallet Town. I'm sure I'd have met Goodra or Yanma for example if things had kept on: I think MissingNo even suggested that once when it comes to Goodra. That's the way I like thinking on everything: everyone who is different is just a friend who had a few different things happen to them. Misty and Iris aren't the same people they were, but if we grew older they'd have changed. Not in the same way, but still changed. They are still my friends, or whatever they end up being

in the end. Does anyone else feel the way you do? I can't imagine anyone thinking like that and not being able to say anything."

Charizard's eyes narrowed his way.

"Zrrd." 'Not that I can tell. Butterfree has his own issues but I don't think they are exactly like mine. He's probably got a second love in progress, and soon he'll be as lovey-dovey as those Tauros.'

Oh yeah, he'd have to remember to give the two that anniversary present at some point. He had actually found a Touga Berry the other day and would plant it for them as a personal favorite food source before he left for Lapras and Snorlax.

'Of course if we are airing what is bothering us now... '

"Can we not, please? I already got into a fight with Pikachu when I couldn't sleep over it and I don't need one when I'm asleep."

Charizard didn't shift his gaze at all, even as Cofagrirus stirred. He simply smacked a Dragon Tail down on it to keep it down.

"Fine... I'd really wish you'd guys would lighten up a bit on it. I stumbled into two dates and had a lot of fun. Misty and Iris aren't going to hate each other or me because of them, and do I want one of the dates to go farther? Yeah, I do. I'd actually really like that. If Anabel wants to go on a date and go farther that would be great too. But the teasing and the pushing is really starting to get on my and Misty's nerves. Can you guys just let us figure it out on our own? I somehow battled my way across five regions, a battle frontier, and two archipelagos in less than a full year so you really don't need to push for the same amount of time for me and one of them to say 'we are boyfriend and girlfriend now'."

Charizard nodded.

'I can work on that myself. I'll pass it onto everyone else if you don't want to, but no promises. We just want you to be as happy as you

can be and do whatever we can to help you. That means winning, and helping you with your relationships. You can't pretend you wouldn't have needed any help at it or didn't require it.'

No comment.

'Still you are probably worrying over too much. If you are that worried about jealousy just do what half your siblings seem to do to avoid it.'

His face was Charmeleon red at that suggestion.

"It isn't half of them! Far from it, even when you don't count the ones more Yellow's age than mine!"

'You didn't say no. You won't know until you ask, is all I'll say on it. It'll spare you more bad counters: that couldn't counter a Caterpie that hadn't eaten in a day. Also are you going to catch the Cofagrigus?'

Charizard noted the ball that still sat in his hand even as he struck the stirring Cofagrigus with Dragon Tail again. He stared at the ball, then at the Pokemon in question, then at Charizard.

"You want me to catch a Pokemon in a dream with a ball that just appeared randomly in my dream? My dreams are weird enough without seeing what would happen. Also the only time I ran into one of those things they tried to eat Iris so I'd rather not risk that again."

...

Charizard kept the Cofagrigus under his arm in case 'he changed his mind' as they continued into the ruins that melded memory and dream, eventually reaching the center room with a large opening to the sky and blue crystals jutting from the floor amidst similarly vibrant tiles. The great blue crystals vaguely made him think of Chargestone Cave again, and in the center of it all was a smooth round stone. However unlike in reality the stone was not gold but a

solid black with a cracked pattern not dissimilar to that of an Odd Keystone.

'What next?'

"A crazy old man took the stone, a Sigilyph and a bunch more Cofagrigus attacked, we fell into a lake and were saved from doing a Team Rocket by the power of friendship memories."

Charizard looked at the stone for a moment, smacking the still struggling Cofagrigus for a moment before looking back his way.

'Alright so you take the stone then. I want to get pumped for the sixth round by beating up your memory-dreams. I'd do it myself but you are procrastinating on the whole trainer thing a bit and thus my arms are full.'

He gestured to the Cofagrigus, and before he could give any of the (about) sixty-four reasons he could think of in which doing that would either do nothing or do something even stranger than usual for them the memory-dream dissolved into nothingness and the only thing worse than nothingness.

"WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP WAKE UP!"

The random alarm setting of the Pokedex option fifteen.

Anyway a bit of meta stuff....basically the Dream World was chatted up to being something that would be a more 'other' means of Pokemon getting. It is hardly something I am against, but Ash doesn't need to master every power there is.

....I'd be pretty sure if it was I'd be the first to have Ash catch one though.

It also let me reference Butterfree 1 and 2 a bit, which the latter helps reinforce an earlier story moment of Ash knowing more of his

Tauros individually than is often shown in fanfics. It multitasks in many ways you see.

Chapter 49 Snip 3

Here's the joke as it stands for commentary.

...

“Howdy!”

He turned to the side and, with a start, realized that the patrons right next to them were in fact familiar to him. A very familiar set of hair colors, reddish and blue, that was Team Rocket! James was even waving at him.

Meowth was just beyond them, a cup of milk in hand.

He was ready to send out Charizard and drive them off, but before he could James waved him off.

“Chill, we’re off the clock. This isn’t business; this is a night on the town. Save the battling and the blasting for some other time.”

The three clunked their glasses in a happy cheer before each taking a sip. Meowth, finishing his milk, was looking at him in concern.

“You’re underage.”

“I’m getting milk.”

With that reassurance the criminal cat was sated and returned to his own drink. He didn’t have to look behind him to tell that Anabel was aware of this exchange, and just as confused as he was.

‘The thieves and stalkers are worried about you drinking underage?’

Apparently.

“So quick question. When the tournament is over, you staying in Kanto or are you wandering off somewhere else?”

Jessie's question came with legitimate inquiry, it was not just her asking for the sake of asking.

“Somewhere else. Not sure where, but we'll be beyond Kanto.”

Specifically the Orange Islands, but being that specific was premature at this point. At his answer Jessie slumped over, her chin resting on the counter in pitiful depression. She let out a groan as James began comforting pats on her back.

To actually explain what was going on Meowth spoke.

“See twerp, when she's off the clock on you duty she's actually been giving contests a good go 'round. She actually won two of them. First with James's Inkay and Carnivne, the second time with his Yamask and her Ekans, who evolved into Arbok to get her that win. The lug's Koffing evolved the next Tuesday. Ribbons carry over so if you were still here in Kanto she'd only need three more. But hey, that's what happens when your job and hobby conflict.”

Jessie won something!? That was impossible; James was the one who could win things, not Jessie. Contest winners were people like May and Dawn and Harley and Jessalina and...

Jessalina. It couldn't be... could it? Jessie couldn't have possibly kept the same persona going for that long. She never did in Kanto or Hoenn. Though they all seemed to start with 'Jess', and Jessalina did use a Serviper and a Carnivine and a Yanmega and a Wobbuffet and a Dustox and a Meowth and a Cacnea...

Oh. Maybe it was a little plausible.

Holiday Special 2020 is Published

Merry Christmas! A little late, but here's our special this year. I hope you enjoy.

<https://m.fanfiction.net/s/13778412/1/Pok%C3%A9mon-Reset-Bloodlines-Holiday-Special-2020>

Chapter 49 Snip 4

A Post Cross chapter segment for ya, with a cut off for some minor spoilers.

...

It was on his way back when he noticed a familiar head of spiky brown hair at a restaurant, deep in thought.

He naturally sent a message ahead that he'd be a bit back home and took the opposite seat to the contemplative Gary. This jolted the fellow Pallet town trainer out of his thoughts who looked at him in a shock.

"Ash?!"

He nodded.

"Hey Gary. Been a while."

That was even more true for Gary, who didn't even remember the last time they had seen him.

The grandson of the Professor had the tiniest bit of a cheeky smile come over his face.

"I hope you aren't trying to get me to pay for your breakfast. My wallet is still upset the last time I did that for you, and you owe me for that one still."

He ate already so that wasn't what he'd even want, but he was a bit peckish and could eat a stack of pancakes. Still rude though.

"I'll have you know I remember that you happen to still owe me and that was just you partially paying me back. You still have a tab back home you owe me."

“No I owe your mom, not you. It’s entirely its own thing.”

“No you owe me, not the restaurant.”

“You do remember how much I had to cover for you right?”

“I remember what was said afterwards unlike you.”

“Pikapi.” *‘Ash you guys don’t even have to pay for food here you are literally arguing over nothing.’*

Oh yeah.

Pikachu got the attention of a waitress with a squeak, and he ordered a stack of pancakes as a Top Sixteen and a side of berries for Pikachu. With that done the conversation changed gears a bit.

“So you and me got this far huh Ash. Top Sixteen, us out of a thousand and a bunch.”

“We always said we’d be that awesome.”

“And everyone would laugh at you because you were you, and said they couldn’t expect anything else from me.”

“That’s a bit harsh Gary. Only a few guys laughed at me, and most of them were jerks.”

Gary shook his head in amusement and he took a sip of his juice.

“Well what I am supposed to say? It all sounds cooler that you proved the entire town wrong after they laughed at you, then to say you proved a couple of school grumps wrong. Never got why they’d laugh at a guy who is involved in the only restaurant in town. Seemed like a good way to get your food spat into if you ask me.”

He looked aghast at Gary.

“That’s disgusting! I’d never do that! Not even to Joshua, or Zacharias if we are talking about people actually from Pallet who’re real jerks.”

Zacharias had been a kid a year older than the two of them who had been... well a grouch. He had always laughed at him whenever he declared he was going to do great things, or when he messed up on something. He hadn’t seen him since he went off from Pallet with his own Pokemon: a Mankey if he remembered correctly.

It had been a bit hard to avoid the guy as he was as good at throwing balls as he was back in school, and when they had inter-year competitions like baseball or something the two of them were always on opposite teams. Their last year of such contests had tied the two up after Zacharias had led by virtue of being older and more experienced the previous few years.

“It’s something that does happen when you insult the restaurant staff. I mean heck if you weren’t going to it I could see your mom lacing his stuff in hot sauce or something. She’s mischievous like that. Wonder what ever happened to Zacharias, didn’t see any sign of him here this year or last?”

He hadn’t a clue, not that he had really been looking.

His pancakes arrived and thoughts of the lost school-age foe of his vanished as he enjoyed just a bit more food.

Gary shook his head as he chowed down.

“Ash I don’t know how you avoid getting fat. I don’t know what you do to burn calories and I’m not sure I want to know.”

...

Just (a part) of a bit of Pallet town boys talking.

For the record I don't have any grand plans for Zacharias. I have an idea or two of how to have him show up in the future but it is hardly as a major thing or anything. Just a 'hey that's a familiar jerk' sort of thing.

Chapter 49 Preview

Got a fun little thing for you guys.

BIG SURPRISE SNEAK PEAK

The day of the Indigo League Top 16 Round

Attention All Current and Former Competing Trainers and their companions,

As part of the build up for next year's Whirl Cup the Pokemon League Committee and the Faith of the Sea have partnered in offering Whirl Cup Qualification Tournaments at all League Conferences this year.

Any trainer registered to the League Conference, or in the party of a registered trainer, may enter the Whirl Cup Qualifier Tournament held during the Top 16 round at no additional cost or requirement beyond the ownership of at least one Water-type Pokemon. Those that do not qualify under the above conditions may enter for a fee. Battles will be conducted on water stages concurrent with morning and afternoon battles of the Top 16 tournament. The winner of a Whirl Cup Qualification Tournament is automatically placed in the upcoming Whirl Cup without participation in the Whirl Cup Preliminary Rounds.

Trainers who have already placed in the league in question who sign up for the Whirl Cup Qualifier are temporarily reinstated to access to league provided services for the duration of the day.

There was a whole bunch of legalese after it defining what was and wasn't allowed, what Pokemon were considered aquatic but not Water-type and thus unable to participate in the round, etc etc. She glazed over it all and looked to Ash who had shown her the email he had gotten this morning.

"So what do you think?"

He was smiling, but she wasn't sure why.

"It's awesome, but you have your match with Otoshi from the Lavender tournament this morning. Red could go to this one no problem, but you can't."

He nodded while next to him on the table Pikachu was shaking his head.

"Pikachi-Pi."

That sounded amused, but at what she wasn't sure.

"Yeah I can't go, but you can. You want to win the Whirl Cup next year, and this is a perfect opportunity to get in there and get an advantage for yourself. Plus you can see what the battles would be like and you can train for them better."

Ash said that with a big grin on his face, but he was missing the big problem.

"It's still your match today, and if I'm there I won't be able to cheer..."

Before she could finish Ash stood up from the chair he was sitting at and grabbed her hands between his. Her face flushed at the sudden contact, or his smiling face looking down at her.

"Sure I have a match today, but it's just one match. I'm going to win it, and there will be another match tomorrow and the next day and the day after that. After that I'll be the Indigo Champion unless I'm getting my math wrong somewhere. There isn't going to be another chance for you to enter a Whirl Cup Qualifier so it's a no brainer. Nothing is worse than an opportunity you don't take. If you win it all you are closer to your dream Misty. If you don't you'll learn

something from it and get better for the real thing. I'll just catch up to you when we get to the Whirl Cup."

Her face was still red, but she nodded in agreement. Ash was so confident in her it was amazing.

"You made it far at Lavender and Fuchsia. You'll get even farther in this one."

She nodded, confidence swelling in her more than her blushing.

"I'll try."

He let go of her hands, only to embrace her in a big hug. The blushing overwhelmed her confidence again as she felt his muscles press into her in his strong embrace.

"You'll do more than that Misty. You'll succeed because no matter where you place you'll get something out of it. Now got get 'em. I can sign you up from here and get you all set up."

The computer beeped as a message came in for him.

"I'll check that email after you're all set up."

...

She was still shaking off the blush from her face as she left their shared housing: Psyduck waddling at her side and her bag loaded with the widest range of her possible team she could and a monodex on her person for anything she might need to know.

"I just... I'm the one who is supposed to be making *him* blush. When did he start doing it to me?"

She wasn't mad or anything about it: it was actually really touching he had so much faith in her. It was just a bit of a role reversal.

It was also a bit of an additional bit of fluster onto everything after last night's girl talk.

"Psy." *'Well you have been doing it to him for a while, even if he wasn't intentionally doing it he is bound to pick up a trick or two from you just as much as the others are. You all are getting closer to some sort of resolution so hey, maybe that's another reason for you to win it all.'*

It did make some sort of sense that Ash wasn't intentionally teasing them the way she and Anabel teased him. Ash hugging her tightly was just him hugging her. What him intentionally teasing her would be like was something to consider *after* she won the qualifier.

... (* Fox Scene)

The redhead was quite surprised to see the amount of people who came to sign up for the qualifier tournament. At the very least, that would make things interesting.

As she looked around, she noticed a few familiar faces, as there were quite a few current and former League competitors, though her attention was briefly drawn to Fergus. She would have greeted him if it wasn't due to Mewtwo's memory wipe. That was a shame, but maybe she'd get the chance to befriend him through a battle.

'Boy, Ash seems to have rubbed off on me more than I thought.'

Of course, it wasn't like that was a bad thing. Ash had met many friends through battle during their journey, and friendly rivalries were as motivating as hostile ones, sometimes even more so in her opinion. Maybe she could try and make one or two herself...

"Nervous much?" a female voice asked, snapping her out of her thoughts.

She turned around and noticed a girl who looked a few years older smiling at her. She had blue hair and purple eyes, and was dressed

dark pink sleeveless unitard, her legs covered in white stockings. One glance told Misty she was someone who had a few years under her belt, like Fergus.

"Not really, just... thinking," she replied. "Also checking out in case I recognized someone."

"Looks like there's going to be quite a bit of competition here. I was very lucky; after I lost the Indigo Conference I was almost ready to go back home, but then I received the email and I figured I could stay and try for the Whirl Cup again."

"You've already competed?" Misty asked with interest.

"Yeah, I was there two years ago, actually. But I was just a rookie then, so I got knocked out in the preliminaries." She giggled as scratched the back of her neck. It was probably an embarrassing thing to recall, so Misty decided not to press on it.

"This would be my first if I manage to win this qualifier," Misty said with determination.

"Oh yeah?" The girl's smile turned into a smirk; she seemed to take that as a challenge. "Well, I'm not planning on losing my chance so easily."

"Me neither," Misty replied in kind and offered a handshake. "I'm Misty, by the way."

"Marina, nice to meet you," the blue-haired girl accepted the handshake. "May the best one win?"

Misty nodded, and then a voice rang out through the speakers, calling them into the stadium to begin the competition, so they quickly followed the rest inside.

Admittedly, she still felt a little guilty for missing out Ash's match, but this was his idea so she just couldn't refuse. Plus, she was

confident he would win, so she just should make the best of it and enjoy herself. It was what he wanted for her after all.

...

She had never stood in the stadium proper. She had been a spectator but to actually be standing on the green platform, a gathered crowd coming to see the battles that were getting the overflow from the main stadium was something different to the battles she had on a stage before.

It was a different feeling somehow.

The announcer was different from the one that Ash usually had, but it still gave her the same feeling of something grander being at play this time than any battle before. Was it that more tangible victory goal than the other tournaments she had battled in?

"Greetings newcomers and older fans alike to the Indigo League Whirl Cup Qualifier! Today we have an exciting mixture of trainer seeking redemption for their earlier defeats battling to secure a spot for the big event next year in Johto! However the lovely lady here today isn't a league favorite but a companion and friend to one of those battling it out today at the main stadium. Give it up for Misty!"

The crowd cheered and she waved them back, which got even more cheers sent her way.

"Up against her in this first round match up is a young man who got four rounds in and wants a shot back in the spotlight before he goes back to the Orange Islands to challenge Drake for a rematch! Give it up for Tad!"

A trainer about a year or so older than her and Ash was on the other end waving to the crowd. Torn jacket, headband, and a whole lot of other stuff to make him look like a tough guy and given some of the battles Ash had to get that far she supposed he might just be one.

Tad grinned her way, him flashing a smile her way.

"Well isn't today my lucky day. I get to actually do something productive and save a bit of money I would of have to spend while waiting for my travel day and I get to start it off battling a pretty thing like you. No hard feelings when I win k? Maybe I can take you out for a nice restaurant all on the league's dime."

"No."

He was unperturbed by her blunt rejection of his offer, which was at least better than him making a big deal out of the rejection like a jerk.

"This battle is a one on one battle! Begin!"

The referee was quick on the call and Tad sent out a Poliwrath who was wearing a golden championship belt around its chest. It landed on a cement island with a strong thump and a dynamic landing pose.

"Poliwrath the Tadpole Pokemon and the stone based evolution of Poliwhirl. Poliwrath are adaptable to both cold and warm seas and use their hand to hand combat skills to protect themselves and others."

The Monodex gave off a bit of pointless information and she had the right Pokemon with for this battle.

"Go Wingull!"

Her favorite anti-bug fighting bird came out and flew over the field.

"It's a battle between a powerful fighter below the water and a skimmer of the skies above the sea here folks!"

"Use Air Cutter!"

Wingull flapped her wings and let out slices of sharp winds towards Poliwrath who didn't move as they approached.

"Use Double Team!"

Poliwrath become one of many identical frogs all over the cement island as the attacks flew hard and fast. The space Poliwrath was in lost its dupe and Wingull fired a few more slashes into them to find the real one.

Three dupes were sliced apart but the real one remained undetected.

"Type advantage won't get you far in battles even with when they're all at least partly Water-types. Poliwrath dive into the water!"

A single Poliwrath among the many dove into the water and the rest of the dupes vanished.

Poliwrath popped out of the water below Wingull and fired a Ice Beam from the center of the buckle. Wingull darted out of the way of the attack before diving back into the water.

"Poliwrath has used the water to move faster and launch a sneak attack! This is going to be a problem for Misty and Wingull! Wingull may be a Water-type but it isn't a swimmer. It's only going to be able to attack Poliwrath when it comes up, and that will only be on Poliwrath's own terms!"

That would have been a problem that she'd have had to think on to overcome. Maybe she'd have used Wingull as low-flying bait to lure in for an Aerial Ace or something. However she already had something more as a solution than that.

"Wingull lock on to Poliwrath and fly straight at it!"

"Win!" *'On it!'*

Wingull scanned the water below it for a few seconds before speeding over closer to where Tad was and folding her wings up for a sharp dive towards the surf.

"Poliwrath don't surface! She wants you to try to counter that bird and use some sort of attack when you do! Wait for it to hit the surf and use Focus Punch!"

Poliwrath charged a glowing orange fist in the depths of the surf ready to hit Wingull when it broke through the water on the dive. However Wingull was never going to get into the pool.

"Before you hit the water use Shock Wave then escape your freefall!"

Wingull opened her beak and shot the burst of electricity into the water right below it in a concentrated blast. She closed her beak and swerved just a foot from the water: sending up electrified waves from the displaced air she pushed aside. The electricity had hit the water and made a beeline right down for Poliwrath. While a lot of it did defuse into the water it did strike Poliwrath with a solid blow and shattered Focus Punch.

"Shock Wave!? Wingull can use an electric attack!?"

She grinned back at him, and she couldn't resist winking at him for good measure.

"I'm not just eye candy you know. The best trainer here at Indigo is battling right now and I'm giving it my all too. Wingull and all of my Pokemon train with his to win and this is how we do it. Wingull repeated Aerial Aces!"

While she had been declaring that she was more than Ash's decoration Poliwrath had surfaced and crawled up onto a cement island to escape the electrified water. Wingull sped at the rising Fighting-type and blitzed it with an Aerial Ace to throw him off the cement edge, with a second one sending it fully back into the surf.

Wingull didn't pursue with a third as Poliwrath received residual shocks from the still electrified water. However you could never be too sure.

"Shock Wave!"

Wingull spat out another blast of electricity that flew right into Poliwrath through the water. Poliwrath floated up after that, groaning weakly and not trying to right itself.

"Poliwrath is unable to battle! The winner is Misty and Wingull!"

"Tad's work to be ready for an attack in the air meant nothing against an unexpected technique! Shock Wave Wingull brings Misty to the second round!"

She only sort of heard the announcer and she held Wingull in both hands and cheered alongside her cawing bird.

Meanwhile Tad returned Poliwrath with an apology she could just make out about 'not expecting electricity.'

...

Ash's battle with Otoshi wasn't on yet as the battle right before his with that Slowbro trainer from Lavender was against some guy named Pete.

Though he wasn't the only familiar face she was up against. Her opponent was actually someone else that Ash had battled in the past, but it was the far more recent past that Solidad was.

"This is the last one on one round of the Indigo League Whirl Cup Qualifier and this specific battle is about to begin folks! First up hot off her decisive victory with a surprising Wingull is Misty of Cerulean City! Up against her is a trainer with an eclectic collection of Pokemon who came back from the Top 128 to go for the glory once more! It's Locke!"

Ash's fourth round opponent was her second round opponent and his face was marked with determination.

She was sure hers was equally so, if not even more.

"This battle is a one on one battle! Begin!"

Locke sent out his Pokemon first just as Tad had, and the Pokemon he sent out was a Pokemon she faintly recognized but couldn't put a name towards. It was a large turtle sort of like a bulkier Wartortle on all four legs. It had a big golden crest and a sharp set of jaws like a leg trap. Unlike last time she'd like the pokedex entry on the thing.

"Drednaw the Bite Pokemon! They are Water and Rock Pokemon with strong tempers and even stronger jaws. They can chew up both steel and the will of weaker trainers with ease!"

A part Rock-type. She recalled Ash talking a bit about this guy's team and she couldn't say if he was using Drednaw because it had a typing that let it better go against Wingull or because it was his only Water-type. While a Grass-type was the best against the typing Drednaw had she did not have a Ludicolo.

"Poliwrath I choose you!"

She did have her own Poliwrath. Even if it lacked a cool belt and was probably less powerful than Tad's they had enough power and the right moves to win this.

"And in a reversal Misty uses the same Pokemon that she devastated in the last matchup! Can she bring the species a victory today?!"

Yes she could and she would.

"Alright use Rock Tomb!"

Drednaw's horn flashed white as a large grey stone generated itself in front of the protrusion and flew at Poliwrath.

"Break it with Bubblebeam!"

Poliwrath countered with the bubble barrage which struck the stone mid-path and shattered it into falling chunks into the pool. The attacks were both cancelled out with no damage to either.

"The two Water-types match each other in ranged power!"

Poliwrath looked at the motionless turtle he was fighting with eager readiness.

"Poli!" *'Hitting that thing with a fist will get us farther than trying to blast it. I can avoid those jaws and hit him right in that ugly mug.'*

Poliwrath was confident on a direct charge to the face but this was more something she'd prefer to go a bit smarter than a frontal charge.

"Into the water!"

Poliwrath jumped with a great splash, vanishing into the depths.

"And Misty has her own Poliwrath make the move that doomed Tad's! Hopefully Drednaw can't learn an electric attack!"

It couldn't could it?

"Negative as is currently possible."

Thank you Monodex.

Drednaw remained unmoved as Poliwrath burst out of the water behind it: a fist glowing with the power of Dynamic Punch. It would be supereffective and Dredaw didn't have the time to get away from it.

Drednaw only had the time to spin around if to face Poliwrath head on. It seemed like it was going to try and use a biting attack to block it but the way Drednaw's head was moving didn't really play itself up to that. The horn shimmered a bit but that could mean anything. Drednaw was calm, not trying to move or do anything to counter...

Counter...

"Poliwrath stop your attack!"

Poliwrath was clearly stunned at her command but did deactivate the powered fist and used the drop in power to fall back into the water. The faintly glowing horn turned back to a regular horn and Locke looked surprised.

"Huh, you caught that huh."

At just before the last moment, but she did. She caught that Drednaw knew Counter just before Poliwrath could punch it.

"And Misty narrowly avoids doing the equivalent of punching a Wobbuffet! That is to say she caught that Locke's sturdy turtle knows Counter! If Counter goes off the attacker takes twice as much damage as they inflict on the user! With Drednaw's Rock-typing that would surely be a devastating blow that could possibly even take Poliwrath out in a single blow! Misty is going to have to play around that move if she wants any hope of winning!"

Poliwrath had surfaced as the announcer described her predicament and looked to her for an idea.

"Bubblebeam!"

She'd have to think of one and in the meantime she'd attack from a safe distance. The bubble barrage followed once more and Drednaw couldn't counter it with Counter.

"Rock Tomb!"

Drednaw could fire another rock into the bubbles to take the blow, explode, and leave nothing to either of them but some rock shards in the pool.

She looked at the Drednaw for any sort of clue of how to get past its attacks (let alone the two additional attacks at minimum it knew on top of Rock Tomb and Counter) as it clasped its jaw shut audibly.

'Come on let me at the thing already. I hate just waiting like this.'

Normally she didn't think of her powers in battle but hearing what Water-types were saying never really turned off. If she could she'd have done it with Psyduck, if only for a minute or two. She really couldn't do it permanently, she couldn't deny it.

"Drednaw you need to relax. We have the advantage right now and we need to keep it."

Locke got the general idea of what was being said but with the specifics she did have one crucial bit of information.

"Poliwra!" *'Oh you can come at me, but you think you can take me on in the water shellhead! Your bark looks as weak as your bite, and I have hundreds of offspring with more bite than you!'*

Drednaw didn't like a strategy dominated by Counter just as much as she didn't like facing it. As an extra bonus that point was noticed by others so it was hardly cheating. It was just a bit of extra context.

After all Locke could clearly see the aggressive jaw smashing that Drednaw was doing at Poliwrath's taunt.

"Poliwrath taunt Drednaw and make it get its feet wet!"

"Error. Poliwrath can't use Taunt. Taunt and Poliwrath are incompatible."

Poliwrath swam up to just close enough to Drednaw to be really loud and not close enough to be in point blank range for a blow and began a taunt that couldn't stop a Stun Spore.

"Wra wra wra!" 'I guess seeing as you are a Rock-type you'd just stay up on that dry block of cement and keep your feet wet. I get it you're too scared to fight me in the water like a real Water-type!'

It could, however, get someone really angry.

Drednaw's neck extended out to try and bite Poliwrath but her Pokemon paddled a few motions back and had the horn just an inch away from his face. Poliwrath took an experimental swing with a Dynamic Punch but Drednaw just as quickly retracted his neck and the punch hit only empty air.

Empty air did not stop the taunts however.

"Wrraaaaaarrrr!" 'My line are the rulers of the streams and rivers while you are a simple plebian who only has our shared typing because you don't drown as quickly as a Bellsprout would! I can stand on the bottom when I knock you in and you sink like a stone. I'm a fair fighter like that.'

"Drednaw you need to ignore whatever that Poliwrath is saying! We have a strategy and you need to stick to it!"

Drednaw's face almost looked red in its anger and the Rock Tomb it fired at Poliwrath certainly had the power of anger. Poliwrath didn't destroy it mid-flight like last time but dived under water to avoid the blow and popping up a few feet away with only rippling waves a sign of the Rock attack.

"Wrar!" 'You call that an attack!?'

"Use Bubblebeam!"

'This is an attack!'

Bubblebeam was fired right at Drednaw who formed a Rock Tomb to block it. The rock exploded with the force of the colliding attacks as was the norm but the explosion was right in Drednaw's face and sent the turtle flying off the platform and splashing into the drink.

"Drednaw no!"

"Drednaw's own tactic played against it and now it in hostile territory! Poliwrath is in hot pursuit after surely laying down the smack talk! Now it's time for the smack!"

Indeed Poliwrath had dived back underwater and swam at Drednaw at full throttle. Under water the action wasn't quite commandable as in the open air but it was visible to the both of them.

Drednaw launched its neck forward for a rapid attempt at a Crunch on Poliwrath but he avoided it and moved in for a Dynamic Punch but Drednaw retracted its neck just as quickly as it had sent it out. A second jab of the extending neck with a glowing green horn struck Poliwrath head on.

"Megahorn hits hard!"

The announcer identified the move for her, a Bug-type move at that, as Poliwrath recovered from the blow and blew out a screen of mud via Mud Shot. The mud dissolved into the water before it could hit Drednaw but the idea wasn't for it to hit it seemed. It was to murk up the water and remove Drednaw's visibility.

Drednaw, who was keeping itself floating in the middle lay of the pool, soon became only visible from the top as a large shadow in the dirtying waters below.

"Clear that muck away with Razor Shell!"

Locke's call was followed by a blue-glowing horn on Drednaw and a slight clearing of the water around it. It was enough to make out

Drednaw's colors and the water column above and below Drednaw clearly.

Like Poliwrath coming up from below and striking Drednaw in the plastron. The blow from the Dynamic Punch blew Drednaw right out of the water and into the air.

"Drednaw!"

"And Misty lands the powerful Dynamic Punch! Super effective and not a Counter to be seen!"

Drednaw crashed back down on a cement island with a loud thump. The turtle stood back up on woozy legs not out of the fight yet. However...

"Dre!" *'Merry be merry life is but a dream.'*

It wasn't quite all there.

"Drednaw! Snap out of your confusion before she can attack you!"

"Too late! Poliwrath use Superpower!"

Poliwrath's fifth move had Poliwrath burst out of the surf behind the confused Drednaw: his entire body glowing blue and muscles emphasized for one mighty attack.

"Poli!" *'Eat this you sinking stone of a turtle!'*

"Dre." *'The first dream birthed all dreams that came after including those born of dreams.'*

Drednaw's mad mumblings didn't make it hurt itself in its confusion, that was Poliwrath's job as it body slammed with Drednaw with all the power possible. Poliwrath hopped away from the impact zone the moment the blow was finished and Drednaw lay unbabbling and unmoving.

"Dreadnaw is unable to battle! The winner is Misty!"

The crowd cheered her and Poliwrath's victory. Poliwrath waved harder than her to the crowd happy for the acknowledgement and praise.

Locke returned Drednaw with a sad look on his face.

"My strategy was too passive, attacking more aggressively like you wanted might have actually been better. Sorry about that."

... (* Fox Scene)

Ash was battling now and she had missed a bit of it. Both he and Otoshi had lost a Pokémon at the point and she had no idea of what had happened. On Ash's side she could see Golbat's icon turned off, while Goodra was on standby. Meanwhile, Otoshi had a Tangrowth and a Politoed on standby, he had lost a Pinsir, and currently had a Dodrio active on the field.

As for moves, damage, if any Pokémon had been statused, there wasn't anything she could recognize beyond the battle at hand. She could see the stage was a bit wet, had someone used Rain Dance?

It was a good thing the waiting room had a TV to watch the League matches ongoing, but that wasn't much help as long as she was on the battlefield herself. It was still a bit frustrating, not being able to be on both places at once.

"I see. *C'est très intéressant.*"

Aside from her, there was another girl more or less her same age in that same waiting room, with short curly purple hair, and dressed in a suit that she thought would probably fit Anabel. Misty seemed to find her familiar from somewhere, but couldn't pinpoint where exactly.

Said girl watched the TV screen with her hand on her chin, her look being one of interest, until she realized she was being glanced at.

"Oh? Don't mind *moi*, it's just that this boy continues to surprise me." She spoke with a slight Kalosian accent that made her wonder whether she was faking it to sound fancy. "Maybe his compatibility ratio with Pokémon is wider than I assumed."

"Compatibility?" Misty asked. "Are you talking about Ash?"

"Why of course. Oh, forgive my manners, *je m'appelle* Burgundy, Class A Pokémon Connoisseuse from the Unova region. And I'm very surprised at this Ketchum boy's performance; he has completely surpassed my preliminary evaluation."

"Pokémon Connoisseuse? Evaluation... ah, now I remember!" She hit her palm with her fist. "I thought I saw you at the S.S. Anne a few months back?"

"Oh yes, I have traveled on that ship recently. But I thought I could spend a season here in Kanto, and since an acquaintance of mine was taking part in the League, I thought I could take part in this mini-tournament. I need to keep my own battling skills honed, after all."

"I see." Misty nodded. At least that explained what a Pokémon Connoisseuse was doing here. Nevertheless, she had other questions for the Unovan. "So, you did a preliminary evaluation on Ash?"

"*Oui*, that is correct," she replied in that (fake?) accent of hers. "I had never seen so much compatibility between a trainer and his Pokémon, especially for someone who had so relatively little time with them. If I didn't know better, I'd assume they had known each other for a lifetime."

"I think that's natural in Ash, to inspire that sensation," Misty replied, as she recalled their first meeting.

At the moment she wondered why she had that sensation, and she still did it sometimes, but after traveling so long with him, she had stopped questioning it for the most part. She assumed it had something to do with Ash's kind nature by itself, and it also extended to his Pokémon.

She couldn't see any other logic explanation, except maybe thinking that they met in a previous life or something, but that was going too far, so she quickly scratched that thought.

"Hmm, interesting, you might just be right." Burgundy nodded. "In my preliminary evaluation, and judging by his personality and Pokémon, I thought he would be a trainer who favors sweeping tactics; Pokémon who are speedy and evasive, but with high-powered attacks. However, between his matches in this league and others I've seen, I've realized he seems to work well with other types of Pokémon too."

"I think he's willing to work with any Pokémon that ends up in his care," Misty explained. "You wouldn't believe how he got some of the ones he has now."

Burgundy seemed about to say something else, but a voice called out through the room's speakers, interrupting their conversation.

"Attention, participants Burgundy and Misty Waterflower, please head for the battlefield for the next match, through the red and green entrances respectively."

"Wow, that was fast," Misty said, just a little bit annoyed. "And here I wanted to keep watching Ash's match."

"*C'est la vie.*" Burgundy said, before bowing curtly as a sign of respect. "Then I guess we'll be meeting on the battlefield. I hope we can have a good battle."

Misty nodded, and then headed for the green entrance while Burgundy took the green one. The redhead was left thinking; since

this girl came from Unova, she'd probably use Pokémon she didn't know well. And even having the Monodex to identify them for her, she made a note to ask Iris of more Water-types found in her native region sometime.

But that could wait. For now, she had another match to attend, and win.

...

"Our third round is a two on two battle without substitutions! On one side we have a Connaisseuse from the Unova region who served on the S.S Anne and is using her day off to evaluate her opponents! Her name is Burgundy!"

The lady in the suit waved in greeting to the crowd.

"Her opponent is a local mistress of all out offense and clever tactics! Her name is Misty!"

The crowd cheered for her, and it felt louder than the last time. It made her feel like she got a shot of energy into her system almost like she had heard coffee be described like. And this wasn't even a massive crowd.

She had been part of larger ones cheering Ash on against everyone, possibly with the exception of Pava.

What would it be like to be at the end of an even larger crowd?

"Alors, Panpour!

The Pokemon that Burgundy sent out first was one she vaguely remembered reading about once, though beyond that she lacked anything more concrete to her memory than 'this is a thing that exists'. It was blue and creamish, a more friendly looking creature than a Mankey or Primeape that had a similar look to it. It had a

crest on its head made of fur that looked almost like a wavy tree. Its tail was wagging in anticipation of battle.

"Panpour the Spray Pokemon. Panpour are forest dwellers who use their tufts of fur to produce vastly nutrient rich water to enrich the growth of plants. Panpour use this primarily to ensure a stable food supply."

A water-type Pokemon that didn't seem to be particularly aquatic...

"Go!"

She was honestly a bit more on her gut on her choice here but if there was one thing watching Ash had proved was that the gut was often pretty smart. So her Pokemon of choice appeared on the stadium, much to even his own surprise.

"Psy?!" *'Wait me!? I am not Gyarados or Blastoise.'*

"Begin!"

"Water Gun!"

Both of them called for the same attack and fired them though they did so in different ways. Psyduck shot it from his mouth while Panpour pointed its tail to spray the water.

The two attacks collided mid-field, with Psyduck's stream going farther before striking. The two attacks clashed against each other before bursting apart in a neutralized and damage free exchange.

"*Incroyable!* Your Psyduck was faster at picking up your intentions than my Panpour!"

"Pan." *'Like a frying pan well flavored with past meals.'*

She didn't know enough about cooking if she should be disgusted or not by that comparison.

"Rock Tomb!"

Panpour followed up on their first exchange by forming a white circle between its hands. The circle enlarged as the monkey shifted to holding its hands over its head, and the circle began to accumulate gray mass.

"Stop it with a Water Gun to the chest!"

Psyduck blasted out the gurgle of water once more and the attack landed squarely on Panpour's chest. The attack pushed the monkey back and hurt it, but the attack of Rock Tomb was not halted and the monkey threw it at Psyduck.

""Use Secret Power!"

Psyduck held his own arms up, a pink aura seeping from them both as the stone came. The attack blocked the falling stone, shattering it into harmless pieces that fell into the pool below.

"Psyduck's faster attack speed let it avoid the blunt of that Rock Tomb and inflict some damage! That Psyduck is starting this round off with skillful battling."

"Duck." *'The guy's hyping me up a bit much.'*

Panpour rubbed the area he had been blasted before hopping up and down eagerly. Burgundy noted her Pokemon's movements and grinned.

"Oh, is that what you want to try? Well I cannot resist your enthusiasm. Panpour go!"

What Panpour was going for, as it turned out, was hopping towards Psyduck island to cement island. Bounding as fast as a Aipom or a Mankey the blue Unovan Pokemon was quickly on Psyduck's island with a wicked smirk on its face.

"Pan!" *'I see your weakness!'*

"Duck!?" *'Where!'*

"Panpour use Bite!"

Panpour hopped onto Psyduck's head, clinging onto it even as Psyduck flailed and tried to shake off the monkey, but to no avail. Panpour opened its mouth wide and clamped on top of Psyduck's head.

"Psyduck's bill isn't just cute but it also lets agile foes stand on it to bite it right on the head! What is Psyduck going to do now!?"

"Psy!" *'Well win after I get you off me!'*

"Psyduck use Psychic!"

Panpour was surrounded by a blue glow and looked surprised, and promptly let out a shout of shock when it was flung off Psyduck in a telekinetic toss towards the most distant wall. Panpour screamed a bit more in shock at the turnaround but a plan flashed in its eyes. It had something up its sleeve.

"Psyduck stop Panpour in its tracks!"

Psyduck did and Panpour hovered motionless in a blue outlined glow over a distant cement island. In its arms the white outline of a Rock Tomb had started to form, which Panpour dropped into the water below in a loud splash in surprise at the foiled maneuver.

"Duck?" *'Wait it was going to throw another boulder at me?'*

Psyduck rubbed his head a bit after letting out his surprise at the move, relieving the headache boosted power of his attack and letting Panpour drop down on the cement a bit roughly.

"And Misty spots a turn around trick before it can be launched! Panpour was clearly going to use Rock Tomb to absorb the impact of the Psychic throw and leap back into action!"

'Psy?!' 'Oh that is what was going to happen. Well I guess if you watch Ash's every move for long enough to start to understand how Ash sees battle. I could see Ash doing that.'

"You've got a sharp eye for the details, but it won't get you to the finish line. Panpour Grass Knot!"

"Psyduck!" *'Don't think so!'*

Panpour was going to blow into its hand to use the move but it found itself glowing blue once more and was flung into a wall with a quick telekinetic slam.

"Misty and Psyduck move in such synch they stop Panpour before it can even use a surprise super-effective attack! Can Panpour get back up after that solid blow?"

"Panpour is unable to battle!"

"Duck." *'It would seem Panpour can't.'*

The crowd went ecstatic with cheers at their victory. Psyduck rubbed his head, a bit pained at the noise as much as the lingering teeth marks of the chewy Panpour with a noticeable wince at a sudden rising chorus of cheers that came with Panpour's return and praise by Burgundy.

"Duck." *'Well I'm not going to be lacking in a headache at this rate...'*

"Is the noise too much for you? This is a bit louder than anything we've battled at before."

Psyduck shrugged in an 'I can live with it' sort of way as Burgundy pointed at them.

"I cannot hold it off any more! I've seen just too much and I must speak! You and Psyduck, I am amazed. It's clear from just seeing you two battle and interact that you are dynamically different, yet to

my surprise you meld your unique flavors in a way few things can. It is like the ultimate harmony of opposites like the contrasting tastes of a flower and chocolate curry."

A chocolate and flower... curry?

"Psy?" *'So am I the chocolate, or the flower, or the curry? I feel like being called any of those things is a bit problematic somehow. You want to be any of them? I have no idea if you'd rather be chocolate, a flower, or curry so I'll let you choose and avoid the accidental insult.'*

She did not have a preference.

"Your bond is like the aroma of a master's perfect cuisine! The perfect blend of opposites harmonized as one! I almost feel bad that I must defeat them today, but I don't intend to lose. Alors Dewott!"

With Burgundy's praise of her and Psyduck at an end she sent out her second Pokemon: a bipedal Water-type of several blue shades. Two shells were at its side and she smiled at seeing it.

"A Dewott! That's the Wartortle of Unova right? It evolves from Oshawott and evolves into Samurott!"

Burgundy and Dewott nodded in synchronized confirmation.

"Correct! I caught him as a Oshawott and he's been my 'name brand' through and through."

"Seeing as you pointed out the family and the status of the Dewott line I suppose I have little to add. The species dedicates themselves in mastering dual-scalchop combat. Don't feel bad if you destroy or displace a schalchop, as the Dewott family can re-grow a new one with sufficient ingestion of calcium and minor traces of twelve other minerals."

She didn't really need to know more about them. While she had looked up many of the Water-types she had a goal of catching one day some just stuck with her more than others. The Oshawott family was one of them.

"Psyduck you can't let Dewott get near you! They specialize in close combat! Use Psychic!"

"Psy." *'The shells and the talk of 'dual scalwottaver combat' sounds pretty punchy. No need to tell me twice I am not an idiot.'*

Debatable comments aside Psyduck bound Dewott in a headache fueled by crowd cheers. Dewott winced but was not freaking out from his predicament.

"A recipe performed a hundred times can be mastered, but that does not prevent it becoming predictable! Ice Beam!"

Dewott's mouth was already open when the bind was set meaning there as no hurdle to blasting the freezing beam. The ice shot fast and struck Psyduck. It was not very effective when it came to damaging her duck.

"Psy!" *Cold feet cold feet!*

Though when it came to freezing his feet to the cement island and leaving his flailing his arms in an attempt to shake the ice off it was actually quite effective. It also freed Dewott who dropped from the bind and onto his own cement island.

"Super job Dewott!"

"The two sides exchange powerful attacks and if I'd have to hazard a guess the Psychic did more damage than the Ice Beam! A frozen pair of feet is, however, a more crucial take away from this exchange!"

"Psyduck use Psy..."

She was going to have her duck break out of the ice with his mind but Dewott moved too quickly. An Aqua Jet sped over and put Dewott just in front of Psyduck, dropping the attack to start Razor Shell and hold the two pairs of shells right at Psyduck.

Dewott looked at her from Psyduck, an unspoken threat in his eyes.

Do you think your duck can free itself before I slash him too badly?

"Psyduck you did great. You're throwing in the towel."

Psyduck did not protest her decision as she returned him, and his place on the board went black.

"Per the rules the withdrawn Psyduck is unable to return to this battle! It's now a tied battle with this round being the one to decide it all!"

She could have probably fought that one but she didn't feel confident.

As to what she did feel confident in, was a gut feeling. A feeling that felt right in a way that wasn't her logical mind. That part was telling her to use Gyarados.

"Wartortle I choose you!"

What her gut was telling her to do was match Dewott, and if I was the Unovan Wartortle one of her Wartortle was the way to do it.

He landed on the field in a confident crash, his tail wagging in anticipation. He, unlike her, was looking at the gathered stadium in excitement.

"War." *'When I heard about what a tournament was like from all of those other guys I thought it was just like a really big training group. But this is something else. This is amazing!'*

She nodded. She hadn't really known this Wartortle until about a month ago when she had caught some of the personal battle training that some of their Pokemon got up to. He seemed to really be getting into it so she remembered him for an event like this. Ash had noticed a Pokemon the same way and had mentioned interest in using him in his battle with Otoshi.

"He looks happy to be here. Hope he's a good loser."

"Begin!"

Burgundy's trash talk only got so far before the ref shouted the match was starting, and they had to start it strong.

"Ice Beam!"

They had the same idea as both of their Pokemon shot the cold beams their way. They clashed much as the Water Guns had, but there was a difference. This time the Ice Beam that moved faster was Dewott's.

The attacks did not hit the other and were cancelled out, but it was a clear change from earlier.

"You're trying a new recipe today. Being bold is important, but a simple dish rarely goes wrong!"

"War." *'The heck is she babbling about?'*

"Aqua Jet!"

The two were, as before, separated on different islands. Dewott coated himself in a watery veil to allow for faster movement, and she knew what to expect.

"Use Iron Defense right before the Dewott gets near you!"

Dewott flew across the field right at Wartortle who watched the approaching bipedal Pokemon with minor signs of nervousness.

His fingers were twitching, and her nerves spiked as Dewott got closer and closer and no Iron Defense was activated. At just the last moment Wartortle withdrew into his shell and shimmered with a metallic sheen. That was the moment that Dewott struck, and he was bounced off Wartortle by the defense. It was little damage if any, but it was an opening.

"Aqua Tail!"

"Dewott get out of the way!"

Wartortle shot out of his shell and engulfed his tail in spiraling water. He swung his tail at Dewott, but before the tail could really get swinging Dewott had already flung himself into the water below. Wartortle missed and he looked around the water in annoyance.

"Tor." *'Slippery little guy.. He got out of there so fast you'd think he's a Diglett.'*

Not a Diglett, just a bit more in synch with his trainer. Outside of practice at Oak's this was the first time she used this Wartortle. The first time against another team. She'd have to be smarter and quicker on her calls than with Psyduck.

She scanned the pool looking for any dark shapes.

"Wartortle's defense proved to be a match against Dewott's battle prowess! Is this a battle of shells at hand today folks? Is this a clash of the unstoppable spear and the unbreakable shield!?"

A flicker of shadow in the water, a shape moving up.

"Wartortle don't move and use Aqua Tail right behind you! Dewott's coming in from behind!"

"Razor Shell!"

Dewott had emerged from the water before Burgundy could finish the word Razor, while Wartortle didn't start the attack until she

finished the name. However she gave her command first, and that still meant a surge of water shooting from Wartortle's tail and striking Dewott in the chest. He was knocked back into the drink and the crowd cheered.

"Warter!" *'That was a good move! I'd hadn't have thought of that, and the crowd thinks it is just as awesome!'*

She smiled at the praise, and the fact she had managed it at all, as Dewott burst back out of the water near Burgundy.

"A single Aqua Tail, no matter how well performed, does not a victory make. Ice Beam!"

Dewott fired the seemingly only ranged attack it had at Wartortle, and it was too late to block with another Ice Beam. The collision would be too close.

"Dive!"

Wartortle moved before she had even finished saying the D part of dive. It was an obvious command after all. The Ice Beam crashed into the now empty island and formed several ice spikes.

Dewott was watching the water as was Burgundy. Her lips were moving, and she was whispering something to her Dewott. She could only catch bits of it.

Patience. Be. Use. Double power.

Could Dewott use Counter like Drednaw? Or did it have a different move like it at its disposal like... well she knew there were two others other than Mirror Coat and Bide. One that was Fighting-type and the other that was Ice-type. Maybe more.

She couldn't just attack Dewott head on, especially when it was clearly tensing in anticipation for a retaliatory strike. This was not

the time for Ice Beam or Aqua Tail. Iron Defense wasn't a go either so that left the final move this Wartortle had.

A move that just might work.

"Wartortle grab Dewott from behind!"

Dewott quickly turned around, now giving her sight of his back, in readiness to repel Wartortle. His hands were firmly on his scalchops for a quick drawn attack, but they were actually the wrong way. The dark shape of Wartortle was only approaching the island he was on now, and now Dewott had his back to them both.

"Now!"

Wartortle burst out of the surf and lunged himself at Dewott, who only just turned around to realize he'd been tricked.

"Dewott!"

Burgundy could only exclaim in shock as Wartortle grabbed Dewott under each arm, shocking him into dropping his scalchops.

"Now Seismic Toss!"

The shells bounced off the ground as Wartortle's tail pushed down against the ground like a spring. Like any coiled spring it sprung back and sent both of them into the air with Wartortle flipping them around mid-air as to be on top and Dewott on the bottom. They then returned to the ground with Dewott being slammed into the cement island with the full weight of Wartortle and the harsh hand of gravity pushing them down.

Wartortle landed between Dewott and the scalchops as the now weaponless Pokemon stood back up with uneasy feet.

"Misty manages to turn things around with a crafty Seismic Toss! I don't think Dewott can take many more hits and neither does Dewott himself."

Dewott's apparent status of being at the end of his rope came from the blue aura that surrounded him. Torrent, an ability that boosted the power of Water-attacks if activated.

"Wartortle we need to end this now! Use Aqua Tail!"

"Aqua Jet!"

Wartortle only started to activate and swing Aqua Tail before Dewott sped at them with an even faster and stronger Aqua Jet than before. The attack slammed into Wartortle and pushed him back past the fallen scalchops and towards the water. However the Aqua Tail never petered out despite the blow. In fact Wartortle was aiming it the entire time, and then he let it rip.

The attack slammed into the Aqua Jet clad Dewott, and probably did not actually damage it that much. It did, however, send the Aqua Jet off course and into the sky.

"Dewott stop! You're not a rocket!"

"Ice Beam!"

By the time that Wartortle had readied the Ice Beam for firing Dewott had entirely shed the Aqua Jet and was not gaining altitude. He had even aimed for the water below and was ready for a picture-perfect dive into the pool.

It didn't do him any good when the Ice Beam struck, and the Dewott that fell from the sky at the end of it was not nearly as poised. The Dewott that landed in fact was fairly iced over and quite defeated.

"Dewott is unable to battle! The victory goes to Misty!"

"More like the victory goes to you Wartortle!"

The crowd cheered so loudly that she doubted anyone who wasn't on the field heard her. Wartortle patted his shell in pride before slumping to the island in a tired pant.

"Wart." 'Yeah, that was pretty good. Aqua Tail pushed that stronger Aqua Jet up like a Pidgey and bam! Though that thing hit like a Tauros after that Torrent, and I know what that feels like.'

She returned him to his Net Ball, a smile on his face.

"If we can practice a bit more together, I think we're going to do good things together. For now, and again, thanks. That win was all you; I just took advantage of your idea."

...

"And with this exciting Indigo League battle having reached its intermission, we'd thought we'd continue our series on where our fan favorite trainers are now and going! With this year shaping up to be an even more amazing year than last year's stand out showing the millions watching throughout the world must be wondering where their fan favorites and new names are right now."

The television flickered to that of a pristine tropical beach where a very pretty blonde was lying on a beach chair. She noticed the camera on her and after a momentary surprise she waved. She noticed, to her shivering horror, that she had one of those little bug things that Lt. Surge used on her head. A 'Joltik', though she cared not to remember if that was its actual name.

"Last year's Top Four Vertress Conference finalist Betty Snyder and her boyfriend Jaime Oliver have been spotted in the tropical Alola region enjoying everything the friendly archipelago has to offer. The winner of that competition, Black Gaiman, is also on vacation but in the Orange Islands so they won't get to meet each other off the field anytime soon! Other trainers enjoying a bit of a fun in the sun before they get back to hard tacks are last year's Top Eight finalist couple Derriack and Mack. They're enjoying a bit of fun in the crystal clear waters of Hoenn after winning their Mind Badges and qualifying for this year's Ever Grande Conference! Stay tuned to see them again, and stay tuned in general as every evidence exists

that Indigo isn't the only league swelling with skilled combatants this year!"

The television changed focus again, this time to a pretty town that looked like the photos she had seen of Kalosian towns. A guy who looked like Ash and Red far too much to be anything but their brother was shopping with a guy who had Nurse Joy colored hair. They didn't seem to notice the camera that was filming them, or just didn't care.

"Of course some people pass the time after their league in more normal ways like you or I might. Last year's big winner Vermell Arcer's been spotted with new friends in the company of a real blast from the past in the last while including such names as his Top Sixteen opponent Astrid and the granddaughter of the Shalour Gym Leader! Closer to home last year's Top Eight Ringo S. Beddle's taken the year off to assist his mother and has been reported to be accompanied by a fellow competitor from last year who took this one off in Biwa! It's simply magical the way leagues can become the origin of bonds of more than rivalry and respect."

The focus on the television became more somber as the newscaster talking was focused on once again and sadness became her dominant feature.

"Most tragic of all are the competitors we lose. Not just to the rigors of outside life, but from life itself. Names like Hoenn's John Archer, Sinnoh's Larity Salwich, Galar's Rami Hobkins, Johto's Jill Jack'n, and Hoenn's Barba Hossa are either confirmed deceased or missing and we can only pray that the missing are found alive. After all in our previous broadcast one such trainer was shown to have survived a disappearance, so we should hope they are more like Excel Biltmore and less like Larity Salwich."

"Now a word from one of our sponsors: Lysandre Labs! Technology for a beautiful, better, and brilliant world..."

"Duck." 'Talk about whiplash, it's almost as much whiplash as realizing chocolate and flowers and curry stuff doesn't commit a crime against taste like your cooking does.'

Burgundy hadn't left as quickly as Locke or Tad had, and she had even managed to make something for the three of them. It was that strange dish she had compared themselves to and if it was what their relationship tasted like..

Well she could live with the flavor. Live quite happily in fact.

"It's not quite fresh but many foods can be made quite délicieux despite their age with the right preparations. This dish fresh can form bonds. But I must confess a question: did you and your boyfriend both plan on using new Pokemon today. I caught the recap and one of his Pokemon is the same raw and bold flavor choice as your Wartortle."

She had a spoonful of the logic-defying dish before answering.

"Neither of us knew that this was going to be a thing so it wasn't planned. I went with my gut the same way he did, and we both had Pokemon who wanted to battle with us. They wanted to give it their all and there was no reason to say no. Also he isn't my boyfriend, though I wish he was."

The last part she liked to think she said quietly but the grin on Burgundy's face made it clear it was not. She heard it all.

"Oh my, he taken? You and him not compatible? Can't confess?"

"The latter. I can tease him all day but anything more and I'm blushing more than I can ever make him blush."

Burgundy chuckled, though not mockingly, at her confession and she wondered why she even said that aloud. Was the chocolate curry just making her relaxed enough to not keep that to herself.

"Well cooking, battle, and love are all the same in the end. See an opening and go for it and have no regrets. That's how you won despite you and Wartortle still breaking in the other like a pair of new shoes. In fact, might I pass on something I noticed as a Pokemon Connaissanceuse? Free of charge of course as a victory prize."

She didn't say no so Burgundy continued.

"Right now you are looking to find the ideal fit for yourself. You have it clear in your mind what you want and know how to get there, but it is the finer details you struggle in. Of your Pokemon I've seen so far Psyduck fits you like a glove but Wartortle is untested and for all the effort you have with him Poliwrath has flaws between the two of you that will never be quite fixed. Like an odd-feeling grip on a knife you can adapt but it will never be perfect. Work with both of them and achieve your dreams but you need a core like your Psyduck backing you up to the end. Pokemon like your Poliwrath, and if I'd have to compare of what I've seen your 'hope-to-be' boyfriend's Raichu, Exeggutor, and maybe his Primeape will help him win. Don't quote me on that last one, it's more of a guess than something I'd put to print. It's Pokemon like your Psyduck, or his Pikachu, Charizard, and Bulbasaur, that will win you your battles in the end. That's my opinion at least."

"This Indigo League Intermission Report is brought to you by SDC Mining, a totally trustworthy company! Now an update on the weather at Indigo."

...

Commercials came and went, and Ash got farther into his battle. Or at least she assumed she did: while a battle in the current Whirl round went on longer than expected the television channel had been changed to some sort of big political event somewhere that a waiting participant was just that ardent on seeing live.

As political debates were on a list of things that she could possibly learn to care about one day but did not at the moment she had taken a step outside, monodex ready to give her a warning when her next battle was.

In the meantime she'd go on a walk. A nice calming walk that would have nothing of interest happen at all.

SPLASH!

"Gah!? I thought Magikarp were easy to catch?!"

It would turn out to be a bit more interesting than just a way of passing time.

She had been walking over a bridge at the time that went over a creek. Nothing large but one where one could find a Magikarp in. The telltale sign of one swimming away down stream was visible, as was the reason it was swimming away.

Two young teens were between the bridge and where the Magikarp was swimming away to. One of them was in the water, looking soaked and likely had been pulled in by the Magikarp. She was small and a bit chubby with messy brown hair.

On the bank was a lanky boy who looked a bit thin. His black hair was a bit unkempt looking like it was a few weeks in need of a barber. The two's clothes, wet or dry, looked well worn.

"Katty why didn't you let me hold the string?"

"Because it's my string. You can get one your own way."

"If your rod's just string I'm not sure you are going to get anything with it, even a Magikarp."

The two kids were startled when she spoke up, jumping to attention and looking at her as she approached. Their eyes were wary and

unsure, though as she got closer sparks of recognition lit in their eyes.

"Wait you are that girl with the Wingull and the Poliwrath right!?"

At the girl's question she nodded.

"And the Psyduck and the Wartortle yes. My name's Misty, and I thought I heard Katty for your name..."

"Casem. Katty and Casem from Saffron City."

The boy gave his own name as she looked around. The kids seemed to only have soaking clothes to them and no sign of the string they apparently had on them earlier. String or a stick they presumably had their string on as a makeshift rod.

"Sorry you lost your rod."

"Yeah we totally lost our rod. Our rod and string that was really more string than sticks or anything."

Katty was very quick to confirm what happened and Casem was looking at her as she rattled through the explanation at a blistering pace. Odd but not really important.

"Were you trying to catch a Magikarp?"

It was obvious but she'd like to know what was exactly up.

Both kids nodded.

"Yeah we were, well she was because she had the string *and* rod. We've been seeing all of these cool battles with Water-type Pokemon and they are so cool! We're going to be fifteen soon and the coolest Pokemon was that Gyarados used by that Fergus guy! It would be so cool to start with one and we thought we could catch a Magikarp and be awesome! But it got away..."

Their earnestness and their disappointment made her smile. It sounded odd to phrase it like that, but it was what it felt like.

"I can agree. My strongest Pokemon is a Gyarados too, and he's the best. But they are also a bit tricky. Gyarados can be really scary and can be a bit hard to train. But there are tons of other Water-type Pokemon and nothing says you can't try again when you have your own partner. In fact seeing as I have a bit of time...."

"Estimated time until next round an hour and seventeen minutes."

Thank you mondex. She kept on despite the surprised looks of the young teens.

"... I can actually help you catch your first Pokemon. You want to start with Water-types right?"

They both nodded excitedly and part of her wondered why she was jumping into this. A small part, and well eclipsed by the part that remembered what the smiling face of that Caterpie boy that Ash helped all those months ago looked like.

"Well first off there are places with more than just Magikarp nearby. Let me show you."

Five minutes of following the stream and under a few bridges led to a clear green in the midst of Indigo. An undeveloped area managed as a park for visitors and participants to stretch and prepare for their challenges for the day.

The centerpiece of the park was a pond fed by the very creek they followed to it. The water was clear at the surface but with depths that weren't quite visible from the surface. The water was framed by a grove of trees that went on for a bit and were surely home to something crawly and creepy, but she put that out of her mind.

The young teens didn't need convincing there were Pokemon here as a Magikarp leapt out of the water as they arrived.

She took her bag off her back and began fiddling around in it.

"Are you going to get a real rod out and fish something for us?"

At Katty's question she shook her head and pulled out a Quick Ball. The blue and yellow ball was followed up by one of her balls which she threw out into the water to reveal her Tentacool.

The blue and red squid came out in the freshwater and splashed in it for a moment before rising up, curious as to what she was up to.

"See those lilies over there? Can you see if there are any Poliwag under them and bring one up for us?"

Tentacool dove under the water and the two kids looked at her in interest.

"Poliwag? Is it like your Poliwrath?"

She nodded.

"They actually evolve into Poliwrath or a Pokemon called Politoed. They can walk on land unlike a Magikarp, but they are a bit clumsy at first. They're really cute."

An irritated buzz from the monodex suggested she interrupted it before it could give its own explanation on them. Her attention was drawn to the water around a set of lilies which rippled a bit before bursting as a blue and white round shape emerged.

A Poliwag.

She held the Quick Ball in hand, a duplication gift Ash had given her a while back to help with her dream, and threw it. The ball struck Poliwag as it just about reached the peak of its jump, sucking it and vibrating as it fell to the water below in a splash.

"Don't you need to battle it?"

"Maybe Tentacool already did under the water first?"

Katty and Casem's questions had showed they no knowledge of how Quick Balls worked, and she honestly didn't get them either. But they apparently worked so that was really what mattered. A few moments later Tentacool rose up from the water with the locked ball in tentacle.

"You caught it!"

"That was so much cooler than what we were doing!"

She smiled as Tentacool swam over to them with the captured Poliwhirl. She was pretty sure that even when she gave the Poliwhirl to one of the kids it would count on the count of her captures. She'd only 'need' to capture a Poliwag and Politoed after this.

However if it wouldn't be staying in her possession she wasn't sure she'd count it. If she ran into a Poliwhirl somewhere else...

"Bell!"

A non-aquatic Pokemon call rang out from the bushes as a vine shot out and wrapped itself around Tentacool. The kids gasped in shock as she grabbed another Pokeball from her bag. She felt one of the empty balls in it get knocked out too but she could grab it later.

"Go free Tentacool!"

She was moving so instinctively she was amazed later she didn't just throw a Water Pulse instead. However because she didn't look the Pokemon she sent out was Wimpod, who used Aqua Jet to slam into the bushes and hit whatever had used a Vine Whip.

This freed Tentacool and Wimpod wasn't trapped by it either so she didn't need to save Wimpod afterwards. However as the Pokemon

stepped out of the bushes to face them more clearly Wimpod was terrified.

"Scree!" *'What sort of horrible smelling abomination is that thing!? How does it move with limbs like that?! Gahhhh!'*

She'd hardly call a Bellsprout an abomination, but it was true the limbs of it were thin. The brown stem body held up a really large yellow head and green leaf arms. It was something that was not really her kind of cute, but she could see someone finding it cute.

"That's an awesome... Weepinbell?"

Katty got the name of it wrong, but points for enthusiasm.

"Weepinbell is the evolved form of this Pokemon. It is called a Bellsprout, a Grass and Poison type that uses its vines and sprayed acid to capture prey. It likes warm places."

The kids were surprised, again, at the Monodex speaking up but she didn't have time to explain as the Bellsprout spat out a Acid attack at Wimpod.

"Mud Shot!"

Her little bug was terrified at the oncoming blast of acid, but at her words he spat out of a blast of mud. The attacks collided but the Mud Shot tore through the acid and struck the surprised Bellsprout in the face.

"Squee?" *'I did that?'*

"Good job Wimpod! Now use it again and Tentacool Poison Sting!"

The two attacks shot at the surprised Flower Pokemon but it whipped the attacks down with a Vine Whip before they could hit the Pokemon itself.

"Aqua Jet and Water Gun!"

Wimpod flew at the yellow-headed pitcher Pokemon who slapped it back with Vine Whip. However from the side the Water Gun struck it and sent the Bellsprout tumbling. It got back up despite the blow though and looked ready to battle, but it glowed blue for a moment before being slammed into the ground face first.

"Oh wow that Water Gun really hurt it! It just took a minute to really feel it!"

Katty said that really quickly and really loudly. A lot like talking about string earlier.

A ball soared past her, a black and reddish Luxury Ball that Ash had also duplicated for her use. The ball hit the Bellsprout awkwardly and it would be no winner at a throwing contest, but Bellsprout was sucked up.

"Did I do it right? Oh was it okay if I used that ball because it fell out of your bag miss Misty. It's not a Water-type Pokemon but it is cool and right there and everything."

The Luxury Ball helped make a Pokemon captured more friendly. That Bellsprout was probably a good call to have that boost given how it was pretty aggressive and bold.

"No problem at all Katty."

The ball clicked successfully in her first non Water-type capture.

It took a few minutes to walk back to the bridge where they had first met. There she had handed the balls to each of them. Casem had Poliwhg and Katty had Bellsprout.

"Is it okay to have them? Like, we turn fifteen in like a month or so but until then we can't actually be trainers."

She smiled.

"If you have someone who can 'officially' have them until then it's no problem, and if you don't just use my name. Everyone should have a chance to make themselves better and see the world with a partner. It lets me try towards my dream and that is the same with all sorts of other people I know. It should be with you guys too."

"See the world... I hadn't even thought of that. This league was the first time we got to leave Saffron City and we only got to come after the second round so we missed a lot of stuff!"

"Don't think about what you guys missed Casem, but what you still can see and do. I've been here since the start and the best thing here didn't happen until a while in."

"The Whirl Cup?"

She remembered to shake her head in response to Katty's question. Her mind was off to a few days before this and to fun festival games.

"... Is there anything that can stop you from achieving what you want to do? Like something that happened and you don't know why? Like, being an orphan or something else."

Katty's quiet question was more attention grabbing despite its quieter tone. She looked at the nervous girl, looking shy as if worried to say anything more.

She looked at Casem who was trying to hide nervously twiddling fingers that held onto the ball she gave him like he was worried she'd take it for him if something was said. It was something that Katty noticed and mirrored. The point about being orphans seemingly being something thrown in as almost a shield.

String and odd glows around Bellsprout. She took a look around for anyone who might be nearby and saw no one and did it.

The watery sphere she formed shot into the air and the two young teens were looking at her like she was amazing.

"Nothing can stop you from achieving what you want to in life. Sometimes it takes a while to find a way to make it work, and the world can even seem hard at times. But with the right effort, the right friends, and just a bit of good fortune you can do anything you set your minds to, no matter who you are born."

The Water Pulse exploded high in the air and all of them felt the resulting burst of water droplets come down on them. The dousing did nothing to cost the kids their smiles however.

"So seeing as I still have about an hour you want to see what your Pokemon can do?"

Working on a little something as a 'yeah things been stuffed up, here's an extra fun bit' and while this isn't all of it (got a few parts that stay off your awareness for now) figured I'd let you all see it early and give feedback.

Got about two major things on it to do on my end before it is ready to get finalized and it is a good time to get feedback from a wider audience I think.

Chapter 50 Snip

And because of how the chapters are going....you might get a few in a shortish while....

The time is near, Marowak appears
"Ruthless? That's....not me right?"

Yanma buzzed a response he couldn't quite understand. He'd done a lot with Yanma, but he had Goodra with him for longer and done just as much with Goodra if not more.

"You've proven a rather formidable opponent. I had suspected I would need to use my trump card, but to need it as badly as I do now....I am not giving up."

"Yeah! Never give up, never stop trying! Just because a comeback will be hard doesn't mean you can't do it. I won't make it easy for you!"

Otoshi grinned.

"I'd hope you wouldn't. Marowak, it is time!"

And Otoshi sent out his final Pokemon, the ground type that had beaten Bulbasaur and lost to Pikachu. The bone user held his club at the ready, seemingly ready to throw it at Yanma. Yanma buzzed back, ready to take the bet about being hit with a bone.

Then Marowak slammed the bone down into the Electric Terrain, and the field exploded into a blinding flash.

"Rrrrrr..." He couldn't see what just happened and his eyes burned from the sudden flash.

"Yan..." Yanma was in a similar boat. He could hear Yanma taking off into the air, ready to avoid a potential attack while blinded.

He slowly opened his eyes back up, and found the field a bit different. The Electric Terrain was gone. Yanma was still airborne and not hit, while Marowak....

"Marowak has.... I don't know what happened to it....!?"

Marowak was covered in a golden armor, glittering almost like sparking electricity. Every part of Marowak's body was this gold, and everyone in the stadium was utterly confused at what they were seeing.

"Thunder Armor?!" He, however, had something of an idea of what this possibly was. It looked just like what Pikachu and Swellow had done against Tate and Liza. A bit more sparkly maybe but....it was Thunder Armor. What... what else could it be!?

...

"What the fuck!?" The Monodex spoke for Anabel, who was just as confused as everyone else just not swearing. There was plenty of that from the rest of the audience.

Iris was staring at the Marowak, unable to put into words what she was seeing. It was something utterly alien to her, like nothing else in the world.

He had a bit of a better idea of what it was than they do, but only just. He and Swellow had done it once... and never again. And they had tried it a few times. It just gotten them in the Pokemon Center for their troubles.

A real pity, as it would have been really awesome if they had figured it out again to use against Paul. They had stopped trying in Unova, as while Staraptor was up for trying it out Unfeazant was much less game Maybe in Kalos Fletchling would have been up for experimenting....

...

"Thunder Armor? That's a pretty good name, but it has a name. It's called Break Evolution, and it is as strong as any Mega Evolution. Let me show you, as it looks like my Electivire's earlier set up wasn't for nothing."

Marowak adjusted his club as if to hit a baseball. Yanma, fully recovered from the blinding light, instinctively flew higher to avoid any throwing.

"For we have some excess power we can use to deal with an annoyance. Now!"

And Marowak swiped with his club. Not an attack, just a slash of the air with the weapon. A giant arc of electricity flew from said swipe in a growing wave attack and hit Yanma before he could get away.

Yanma crashed down in a toasted heap as Marowak 'sheathed' his bone.

"Yanma is unable to battle!"

"While it sounds like that was just a one off attack, taking out a hyper-boosted Yanma with just a sword swipe is hardly a waste of such a move! Is this the start of Otoshi's comeback!?"

"Yanma return." He brought his fifth Pokemon back, giving him an apology for not shouting 'Detect' or something. He was a little stunned to see Thunder Armor/Break Evolution again.

"Alright... Goodra I choose you!"

He sent his Dragon back out to face this new threat. Resisting electric attacks had to help just a little, right?

"Bone Club!"

"Dragon Pulse!"

Marowak sped at Goodra, who blew the dragonic winds right at Marowak. The Ground-type cleaved the attack apart in a single swipe before slamming his bone in a second swing into Goodra, who was sent flying into a rock and breaking it. The rocks were just breaking a lot today weren't they.

Goodra stood from the blow, wobbly but standing.

"Dra..." *'What is...'*

"Goodra this guy's going to be tough, but I believe in you guys and I know we can beat him if we all work together! Now use Sludge Wave!"

Goodra summoned the sludge and sent it in a great wave at Marowak, who was unmoved by the approaching tide.

"Use Iron Head!"

Marowak's head flashed a steel sheen as the ground-type charged in head first, pushing through the sludge field without a care.

"Does this....'Break Evolution' stop Marowak from worrying about the secondary effect of Sludge Wave?!" The announcer asked the question he was wondering himself.

"Goodra quick, use Thunder on the sludge!"

Goorda rose his hand up, shooting a spark into the sky.

"If you think that this has changed....the sludge?" Otoshi caught the actual target mid-way through his question before the lighting hit the sludge, which was rising up and down like waves, detonating it and blowing Marowak off course. Interestingly, the Thunder had been going at Marowak when a rising sludge cresh got hit and was detonated.

Marowak tumbled along the field before getting back on his two feet, glaring at Goodra who eyed the enhanced Pokemon warily.

"And Ash Ketchum successfully damages the Ground-type with an electric move. That's....well that's this battle at this point."

"That won't work again a second time." Otoshi told him, and he had to agree. It looked like it only worked because the Thunder hit part of the attack on the way to Marowak via Lightningrod. Goodra....would not get that lucky again.

And he doubted that Bide would last long enough to hit....unless maybe he got creative.

"Goodra, use Dragon Pulse then Bide!"

"Marowak use Bone Club again!"

The same thing happened again, as Marowak used one swing to break apart Dragon Pulse, then a second to strike Goodra, who was blown again into the fourth shattered large rock of this part of the battle alone.

Goodra, glowing heavy with Bide's accumulated force, barely stood back up.

"Rock Tomb!"

Marowak swung the bone to strike a stone that formed in front of Marowak, the white outlined stone flashing before turning into dozens more rocks. At a high velocity they stuck Goodra, knocking him down and making the Bide glow pop out of existence.

"Goodra is unable to battle!"

The crowd cheered at the growing upset as Marowak, again, 'sheathed' his bone.

"Goodra, return for a good rest. That last idea of mine sucked, it's not your fault." He apologized as he returned Goodra, as he really was feeling like he was against a wall here.

Chapter 53 Snip

Speaking of Lapras....Red discovers one of the most terrifying situations in all of Pokemon.

...

"And we're back folks! Let's tell any latecomers what the scoreboard is. In the lead is Alexander Silph of Saffron City who lost two Pokemon and has four completely unknown to anyone but him! Trailing but by no means out is Red Tajiri of Viridian City, whose down three Pokemon and we know one of them to be his Pikachu! The battlefield has changed and now we are on a water battlefield!"

Alex was looking at him with a knowing look. He didn't bring any Pokemon that would get this field rotated in, one could guess.

'Gyarados or Lapras?' He could almost hear the rich heir wondering.

"Shedinja, go!" Alex sent out his third Pokemon which hovered over the field motionlessly. It was some sort of Bug-type, but it was floating motionlessly. It was kind of eerie really.

"Pikachu, let's see what this thing does." He sent out his electric type. No need to give this jerk any more information. If it was some sort of Flying-type Pikachu could easily beat it. If it was some other type... well he'd find out.

"Pikachu versus Shedinja, begin!" the announcer declared as the battle resumed.

"Thunderbolt!"

Pikachu fired a bolt of electricity right into the bug, which fizzled off before it hit like nothing hit it. The Shedinja remained motionless.

Was it a ground type? Perhaps it was a Bug-Ground type with levitate. Though why would it be so motionless? Something about this thing wasn't right.

"Will O Wisp!" Red ordered as a pair of flames formed around the bug. The balls of blue fire were thrown at Pikachu, who avoided them as the flames entered the water. Oddly they stated there, floating in the water in eerie contradiction. Odd.

That move was most commonly seen in Ghost or Fire-type Pokemon, so was it some sort of Ground and Ghost Pokemon? If so, why did it look so much like a bug?

"Quick Attack!"

Pikachu crouched down on one of the concrete island and launched himself at the still motionless bug. If it was some sort of ghost the same thing that happened with Marowak would happen again.

And it did as Pikachu was caught in a hazy purplish barrier and was knocked back.

"Shadow Claw!"

"Thunderbolt!"

He countered the oncoming shadowy attack by having Pikachu use a mid-air Thunderbolt: the loose electricity cancelling out the shadowy tendrils that shot out of the two 'wings' on the back of Shedinja. Pikachu landed safely on an island as he called his electric type back.

If Alex wanted to show off how much he knew about him, go ahead. He knew what that thing was now, and he was going to knock it out of the sky.

"Lapras, go!" He sent out his fifth Pokemon, who landed in the water with a large splash that lapped the field in waves.

"And Red switches his Pikachu for a Lapras!"

Alex seemed happy to get which of the two Pokemon he had brought with him, but would he be that happy when he knocked that bug out of the sky?

"Ice Beam!"

Lapras blasted the bug with an attack that wouldn't just hit, but it would hurt. It was a Ghost and Ground Type that had levitate, and Ice Beam would be super effective....

The Ice Beam *bounced off Shedinja like Thunderbolt!?!?!?*

"La?" Lapras was just as confused as he was.

"Will O Wisp!" Alex fired the barrage of status inducing flames at them once more. Lapras avoided them by diving under the water. The flames didn't hit Lapras, and instead just hovered eerily in the water like the first attack had (and still were), but *what was going on with that bug!?*

...

"Shedinja has some sort of really weird ability right?" Ash asked Professor Oak, who nodded.

"What sort of weird ability? Why can't Red hit that stupid bug at all?!" She complained. It was a Bug-type, it couldn't be immune to Electric, Normal, *and* Ice attacks. That wasn't how Pokemon worked.

"Yes, Shedinja does have a very strange ability. It's called Wonder Guard. Wonder Guard prevents a Pokemon from being hurt by anything that isn't super effective or indirect damage." Professor Oak explained.

"So Red needs Charizard to hit it." She thought she got it. Red's last Pokemon was Charizard and he could burn that stupid bug up quickly.

"Yeah, he can. I thought I saw a battle with a Shedinja once. Once you hit one they go down really easily." Ash added supportively.

...

"Will O Wisp!"

Lapras had surfaced and once more had been blasted at by the fire attack. Lapras again got out of the way of the attack, and once more there just hovered underwater, an unmoving eerily source of blue light in the depths. That was the third set of the things and he was sure that they were not just there because they weren't going out.

"Water Gun on those Will O Wisps!" Maybe he could at least do something about whatever Alexander was doing with those things.

"Ally Switch then Shadow Claw!"

The flame that was closest to Lapras as he blasted at the blue balls of fire was replaced by Shedinja, who floated motionlessly in the water as Lapras blasted it *and still nothing happened!?*

"Smart Strike!"

Lapras avoided the Shadow Claw extensions with a backpedal from the shadow claws and once they faded he rammed an extended horn on his head into Shedinja *which bounced off like Quick Attack!?!?*

"Return!" He called Lapras back as Shedinja breached the surface, floating motionlessly as Alex looked at the bug with pride.

"Wonderful isn't it? Shedinja won me Unova in a battle much like this. My opponent had been powerful, and I was down to just Shedinja. He had his Conkeldurr, Eelektross, Escavalier, and Reuniclus left in various states of damage. Shedinja pulled off a come from behind victory that was nothing like I'd ever seen before."

If that was the case, then he had so much empathy for that poor opponent. Hopefully Charizard could actually hit that thing, or....well Red didn't even want to consider it.